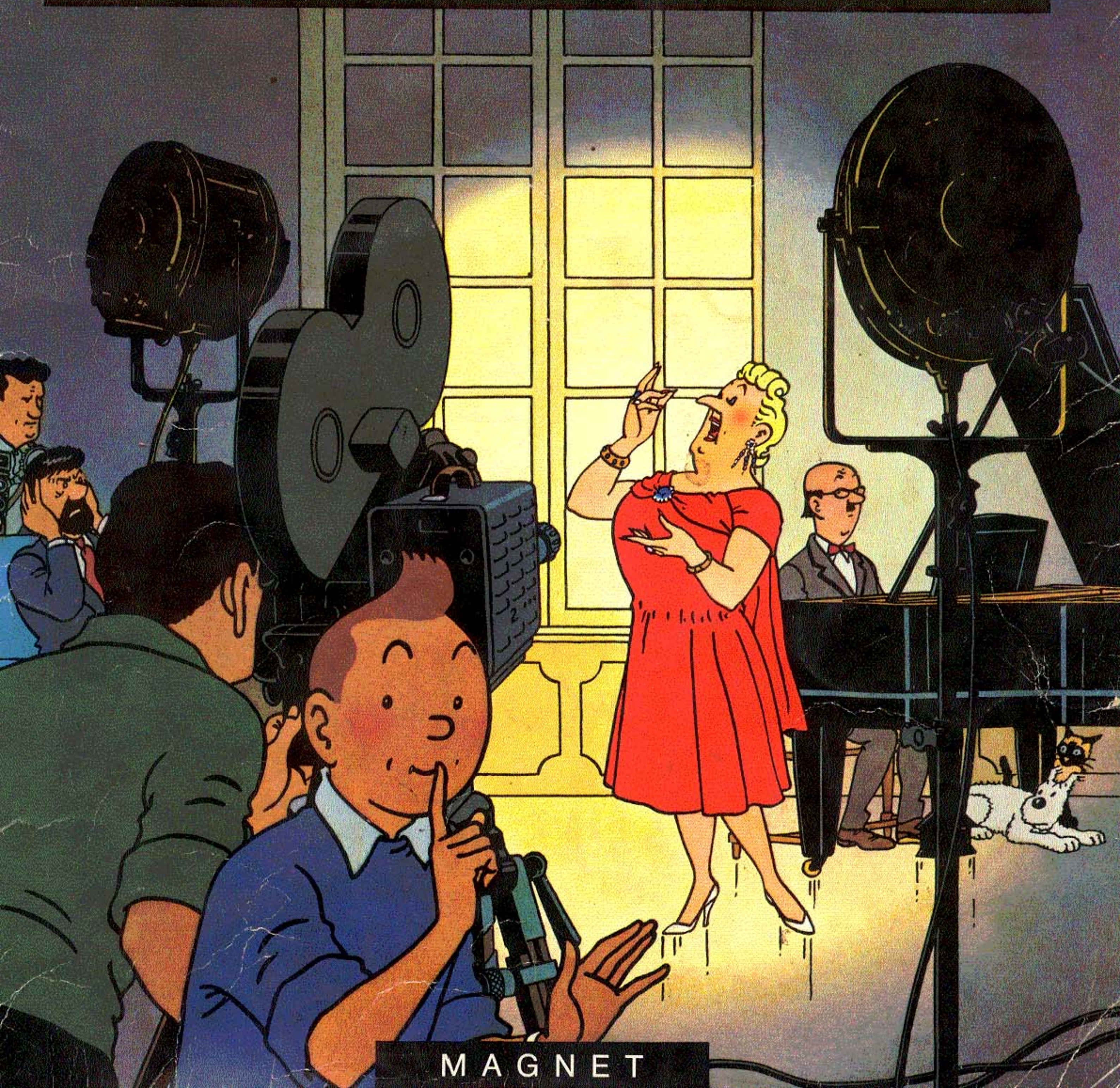


HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD



MAGNET

4.00

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

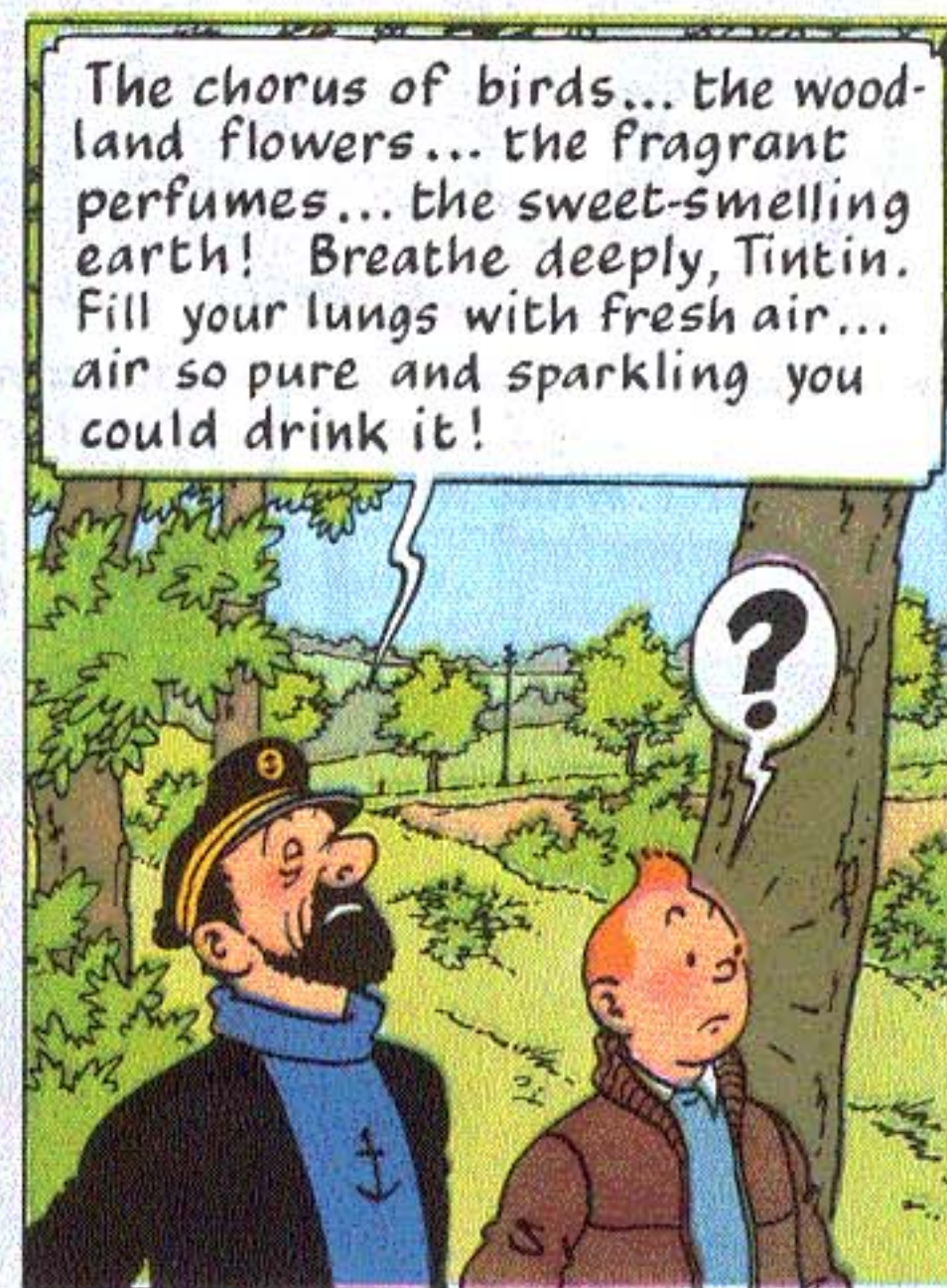


A MAGNET BOOK

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD



Ah, the merry month of May!...
Spring, the sweet spring 🎵
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

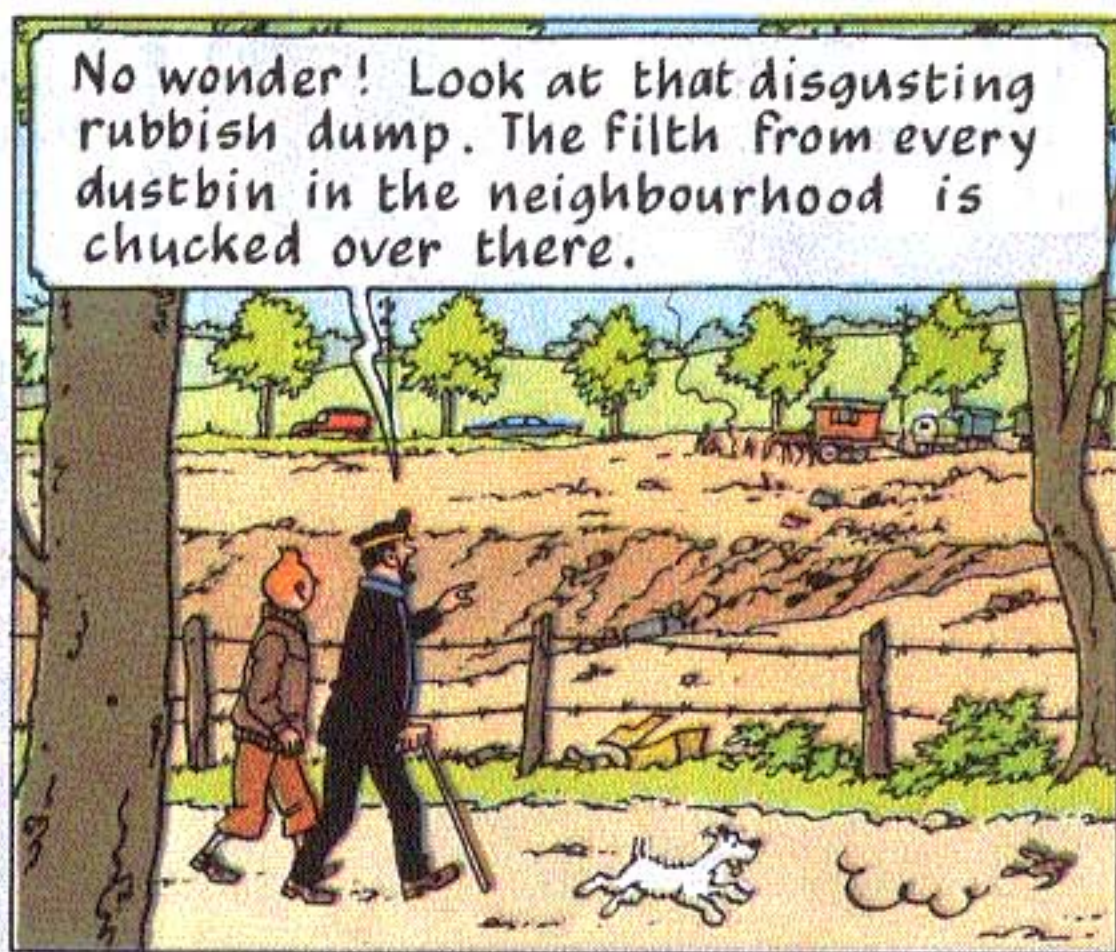


The chorus of birds... the woodland flowers... the fragrant perfumes... the sweet-smelling earth! Breathe deeply, Tintin. Fill your lungs with fresh air... air so pure and sparkling you could drink it!



As far as perfume goes, I wouldn't call this exactly fragrant.

You're right!



No wonder! Look at that disgusting rubbish dump. The filth from every dustbin in the neighbourhood is chucked over there.

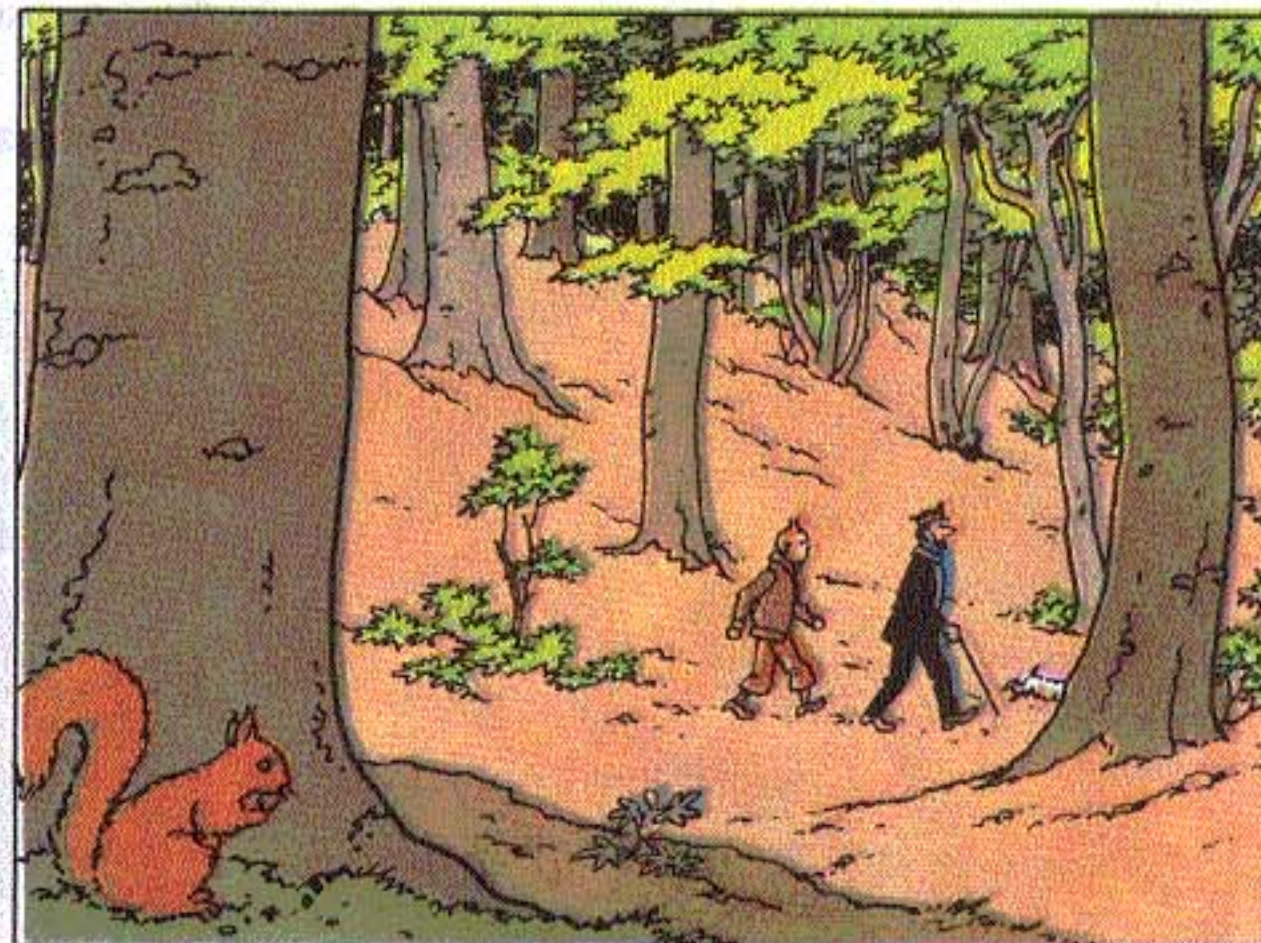


Good heavens! Some people seem to be attracted by the stink! ... Fantastic!

Gipsies!



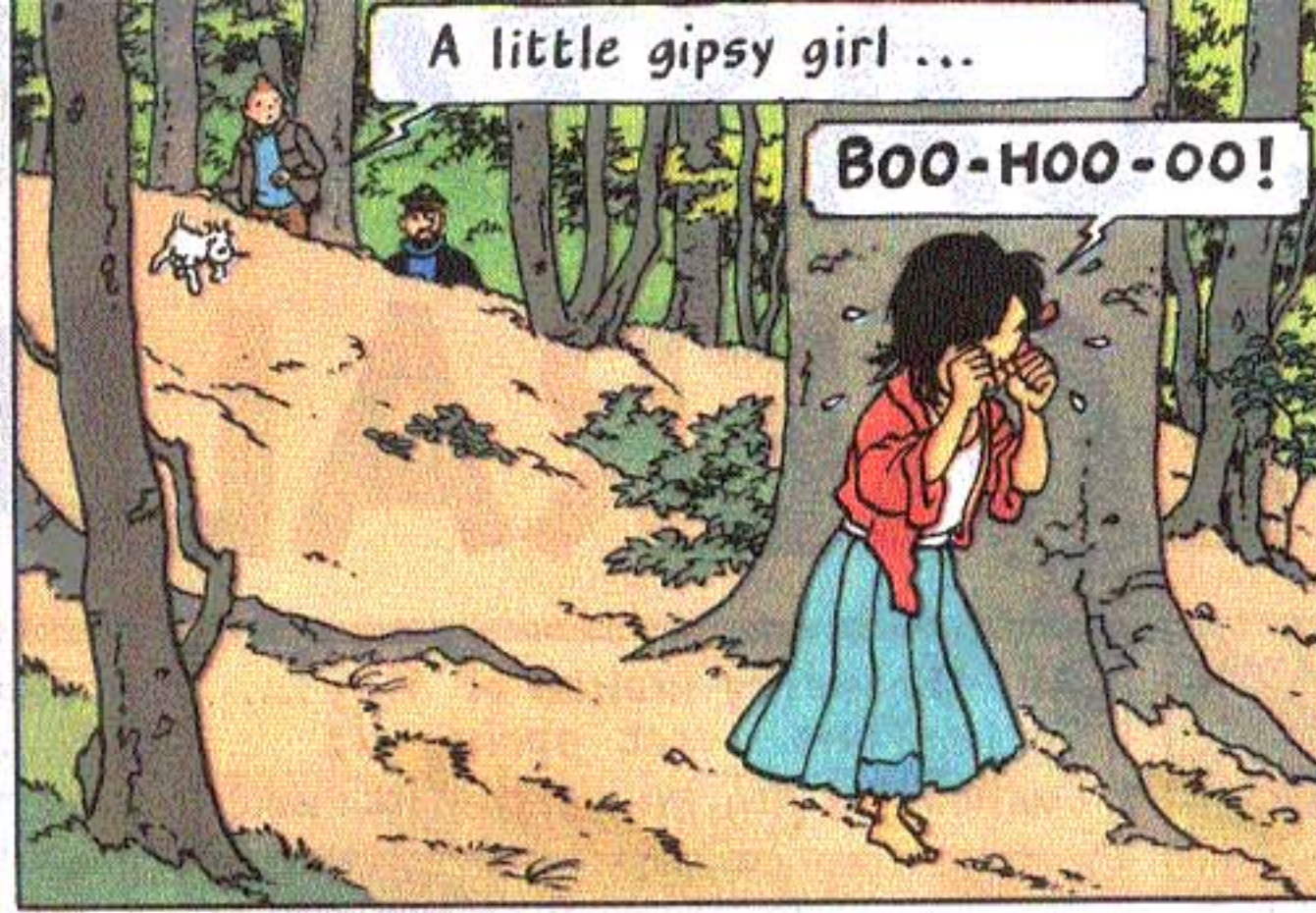
No sense of hygiene, the guttersnipes. Incredible!



Ssh! ... Listen! That sounds like a child crying ...



BOO-HOO!



A little gipsy girl ...

BOO-HOO-OO!



She must have wandered away from that camp.



Hello!... What's the matter? What are you crying for? Are you lost?

?



It's all right, don't be afraid. What's your name? I'm Tintin. Who are you?

Speak up, little 'un.



Thundering typhoons, don't be so timid! We're not going to eat you!

No, no, Captain.

HI-I-III!



YEOW!

GNAA!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!



Little spitfire! Just wait till I catch you!



Look at that! She's drawn blood, the little wildcat!

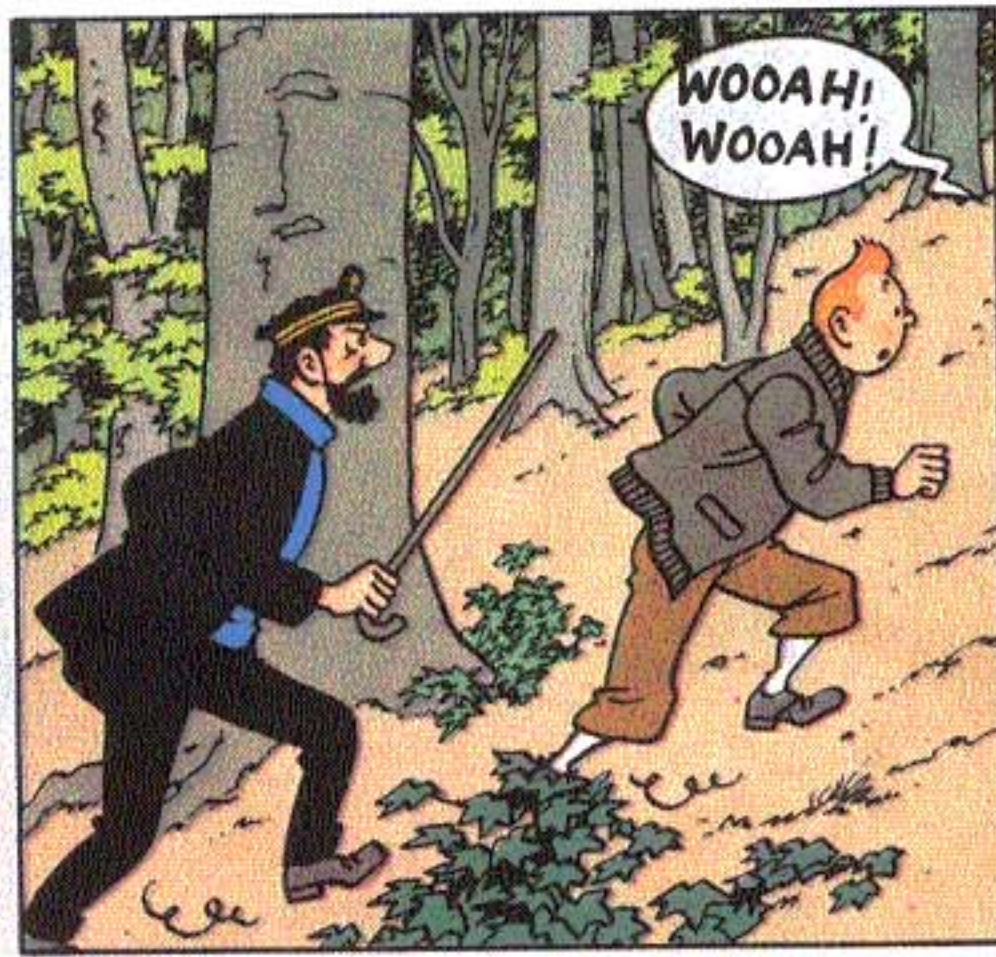
So she has; but you scared her.



WOOAH! WOOAH!

Now what's happened?

?



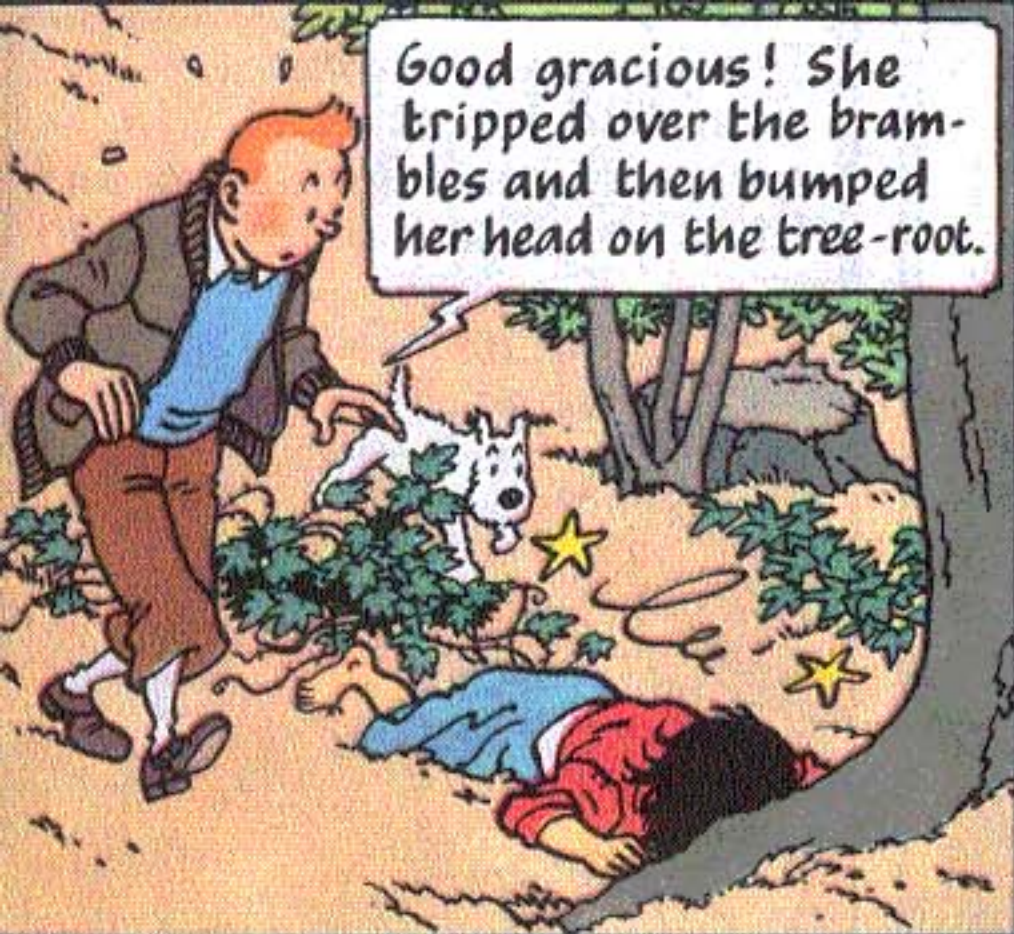
WOOAH! WOOAH!



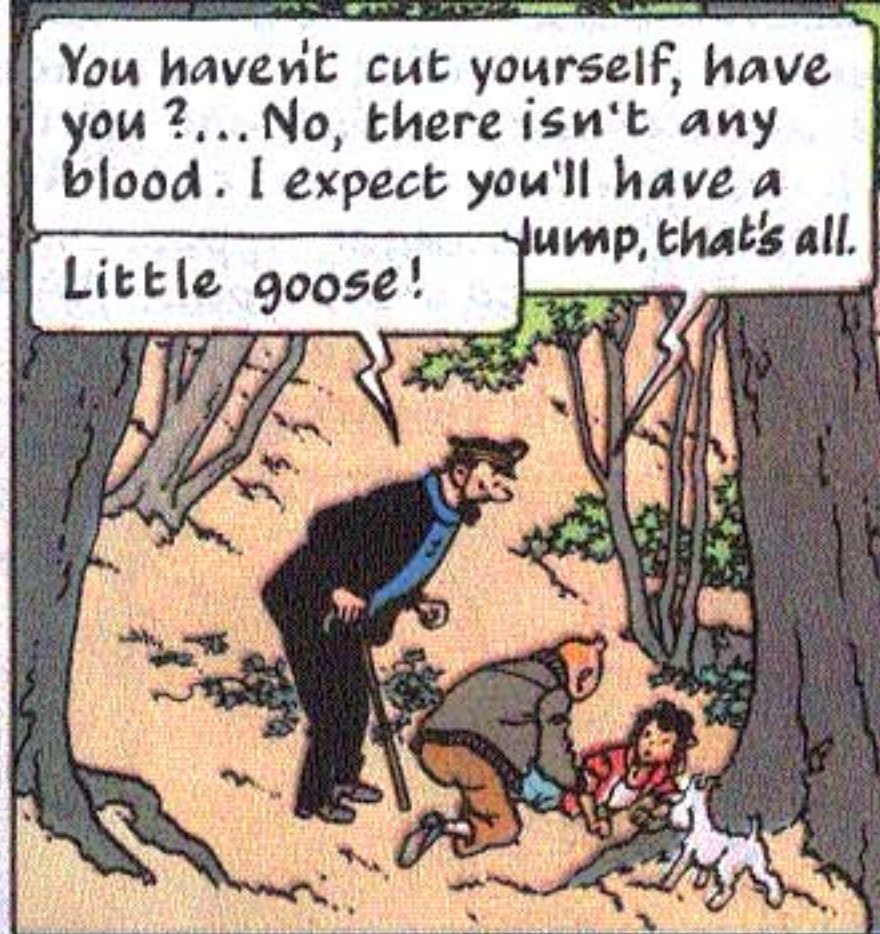
Oh, poor little thing!

Poor little...?

WOOAH! WOOAH!



Good gracious! She tripped over the brambles and then bumped her head on the tree-root.



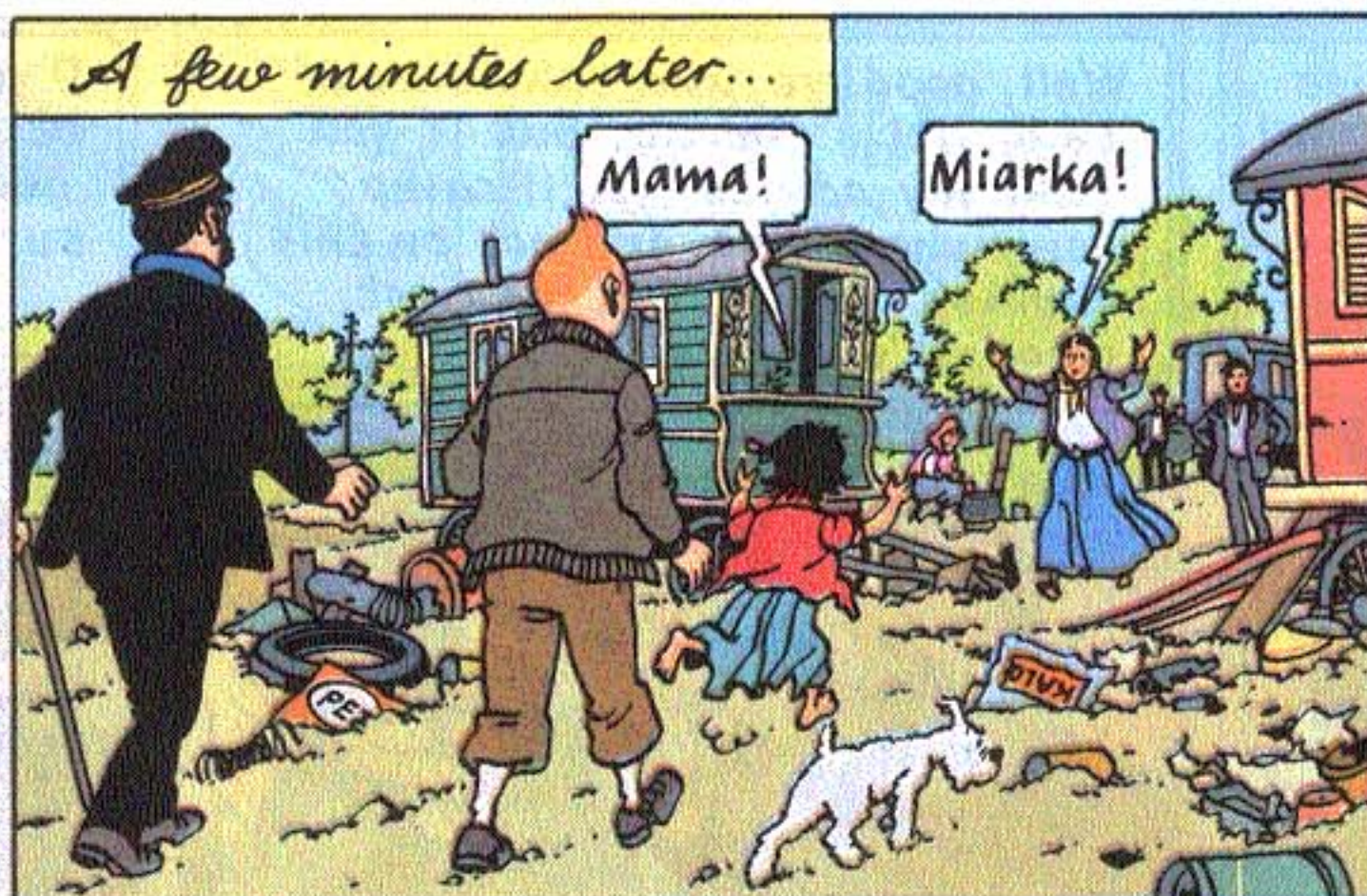
You haven't cut yourself, have you?... No, there isn't any blood. I expect you'll have a lump, that's all.
Little goose!



Please, don't be frightened. We'll take you back to your mother... Can you stand up?
KILIKILIKILI!



O.K. now?



A few minutes later...

Mama!

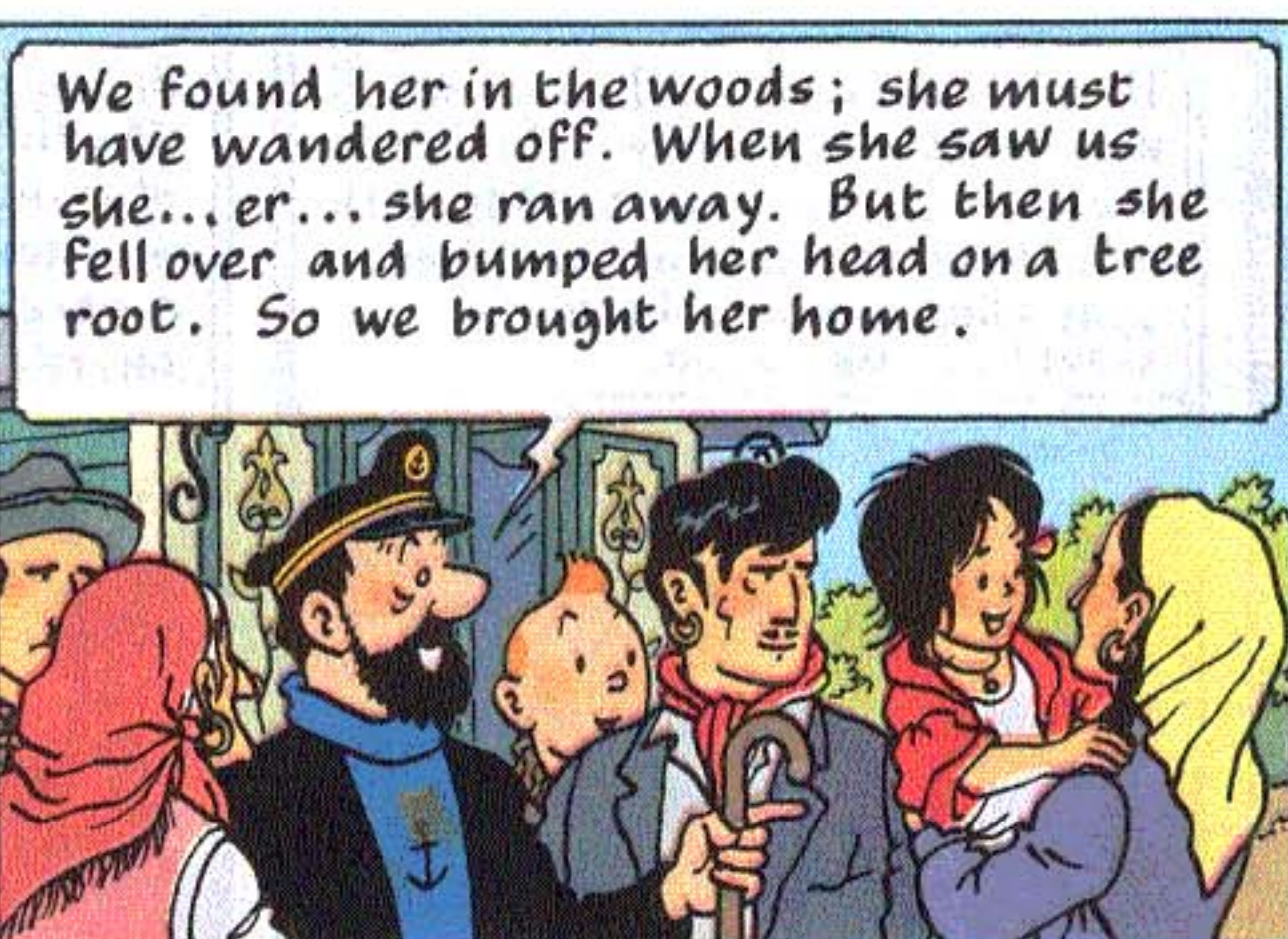
Miarka!



To think that people live in the midst of all this filth!
I know.



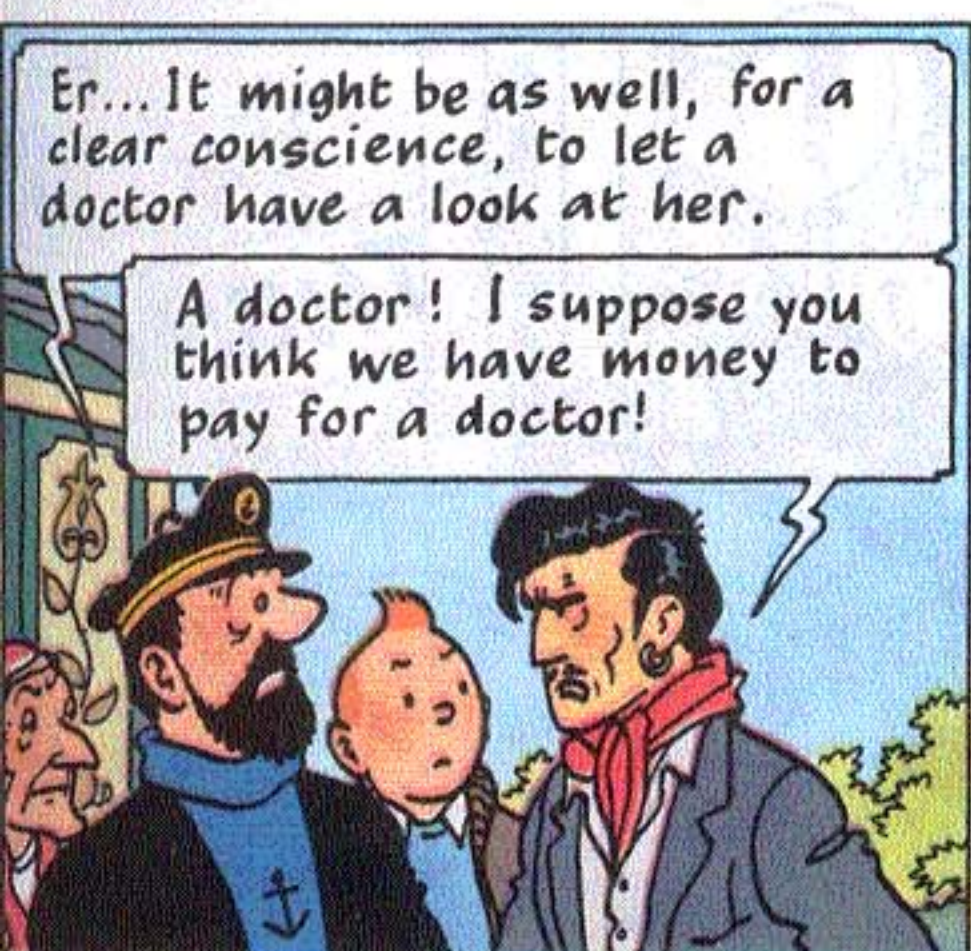
Good day to you!



We found her in the woods; she must have wandered off. When she saw us she... er... she ran away. But then she fell over and bumped her head on a tree root. So we brought her home.



You are a good man. I will tell your fortune. You cross my palm with silver!
No, thanks. Definitely not!



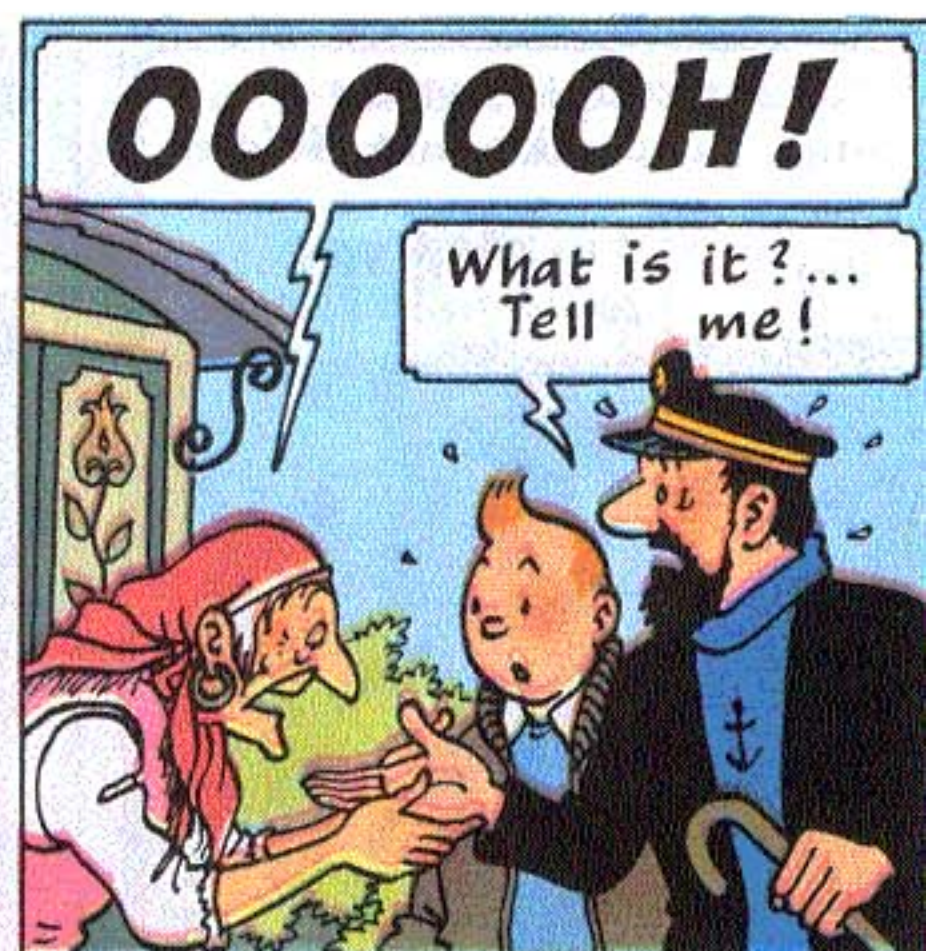
Er... It might be as well, for a clear conscience, to let a doctor have a look at her.

A doctor! I suppose you think we have money to pay for a doctor!



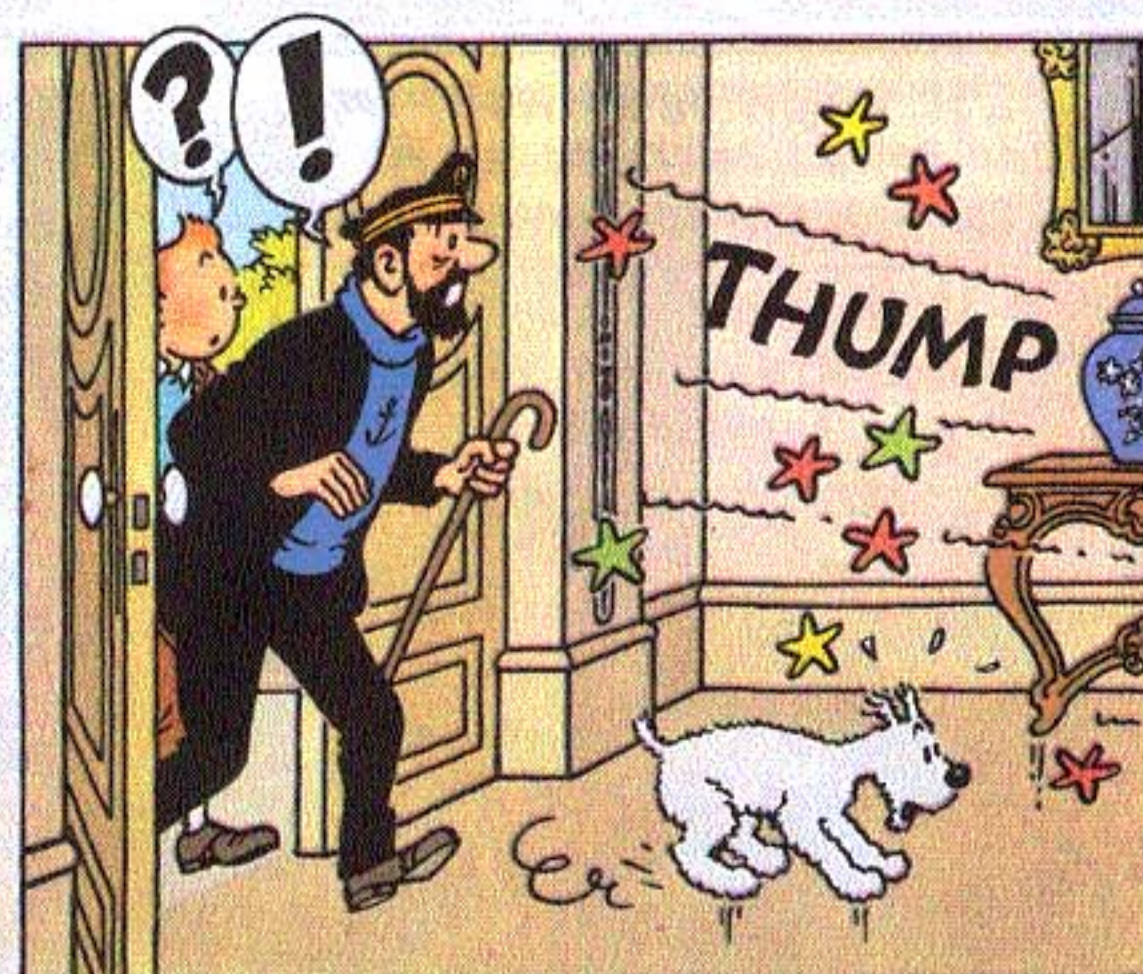
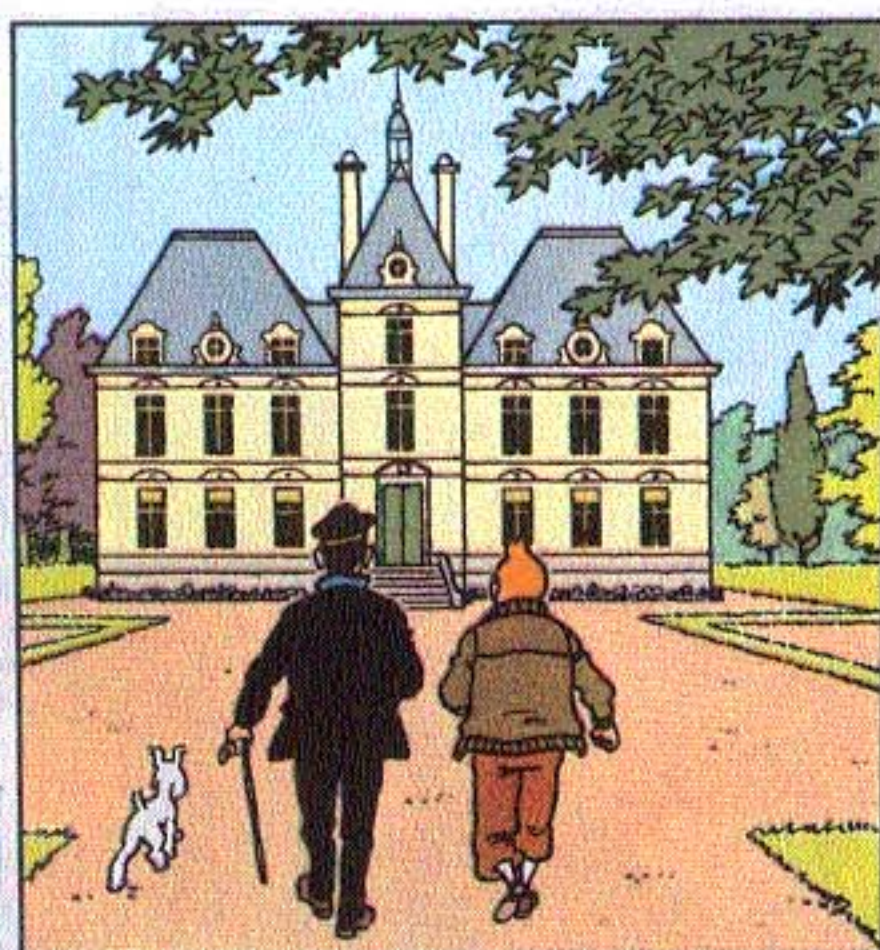
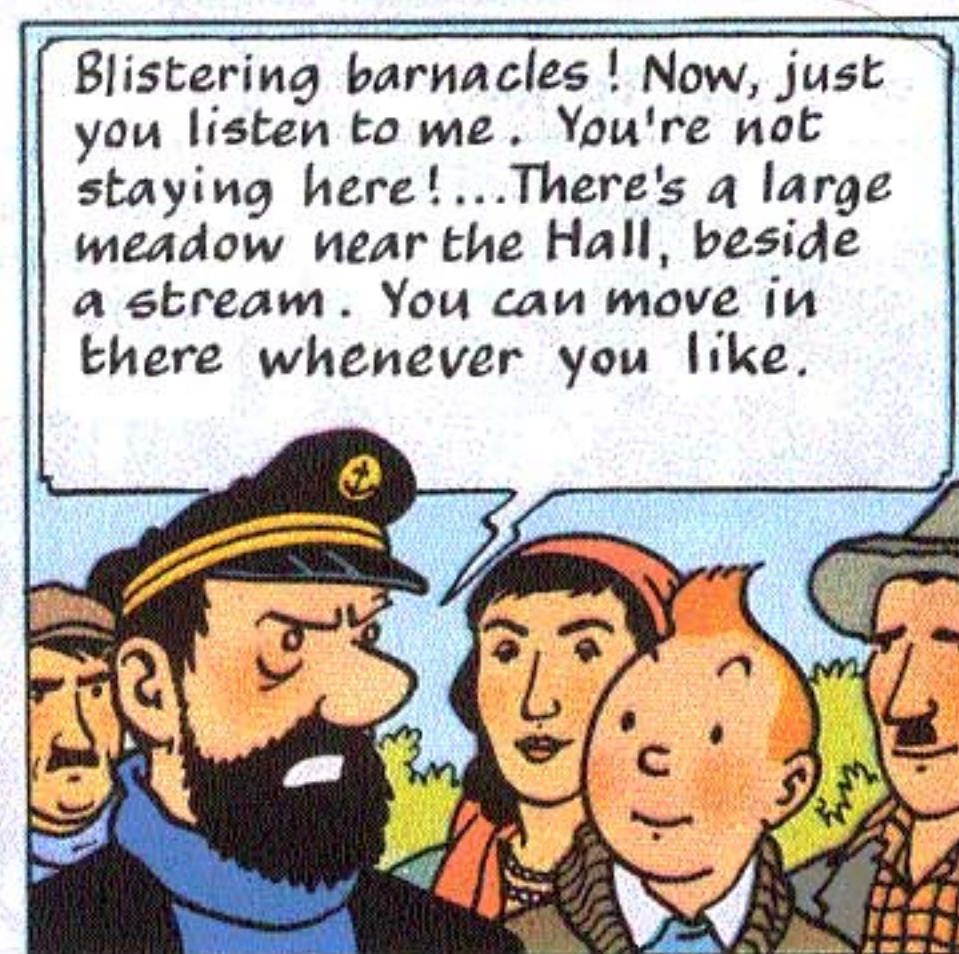
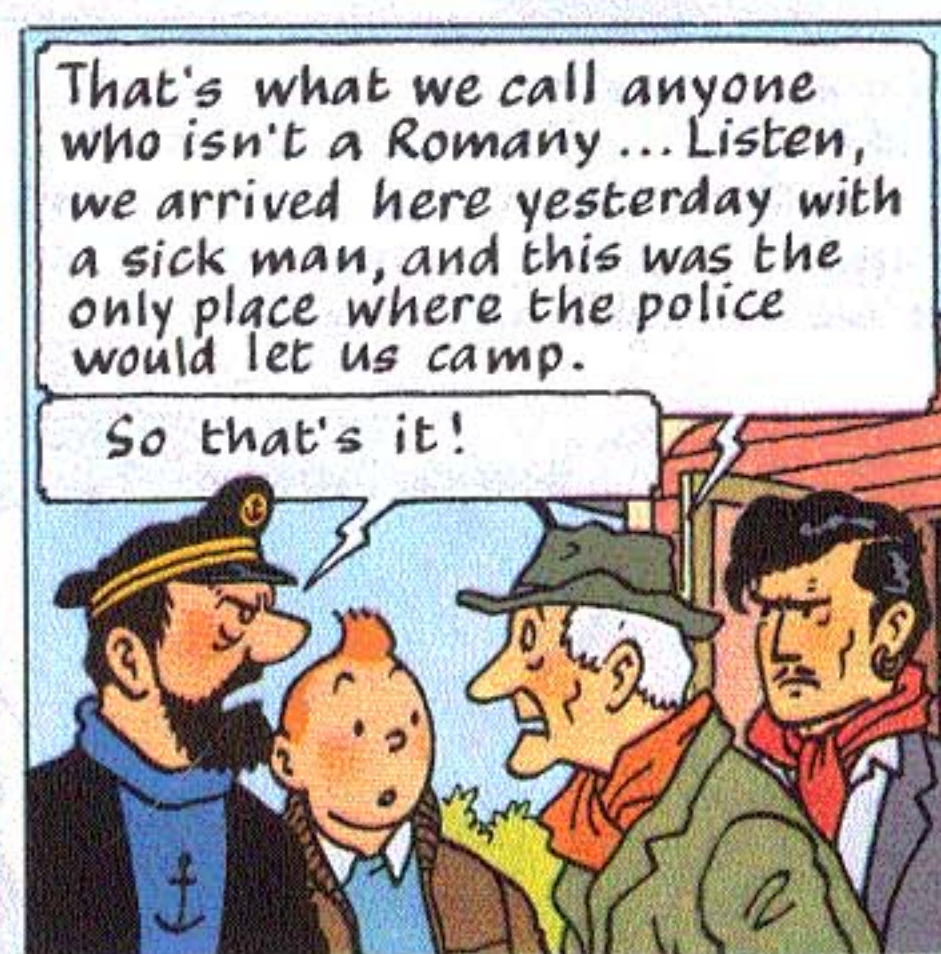
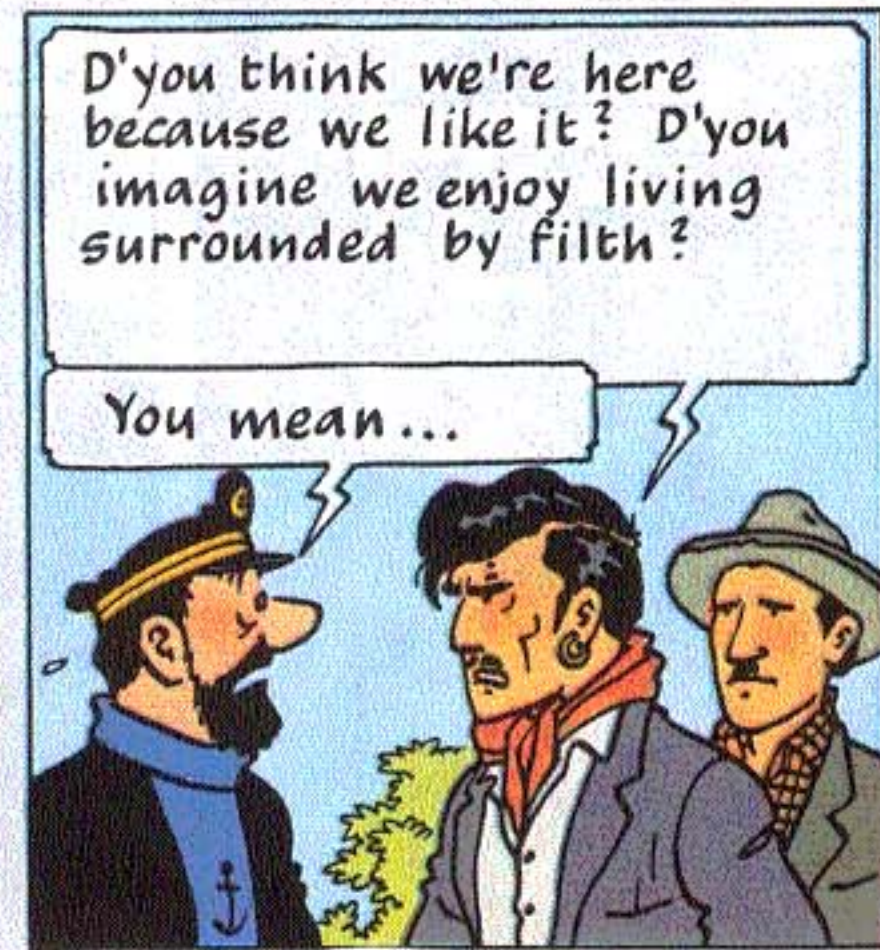
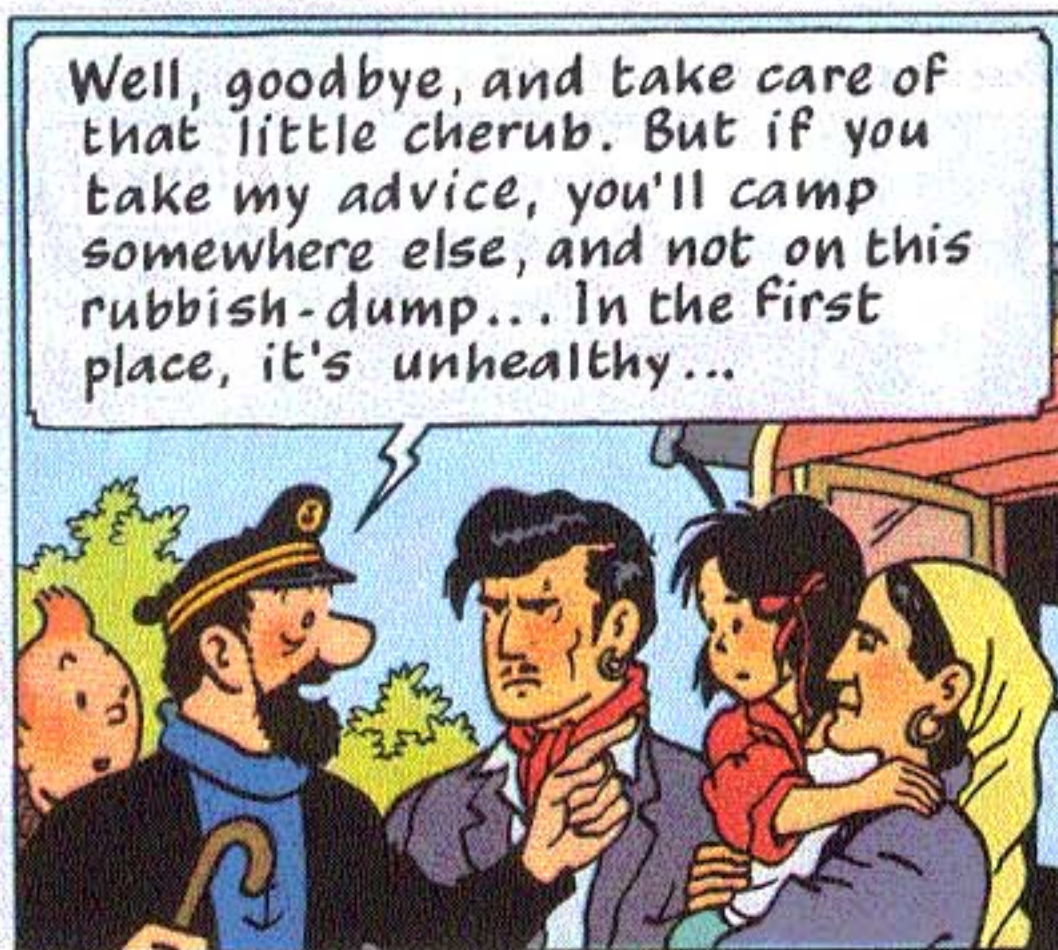
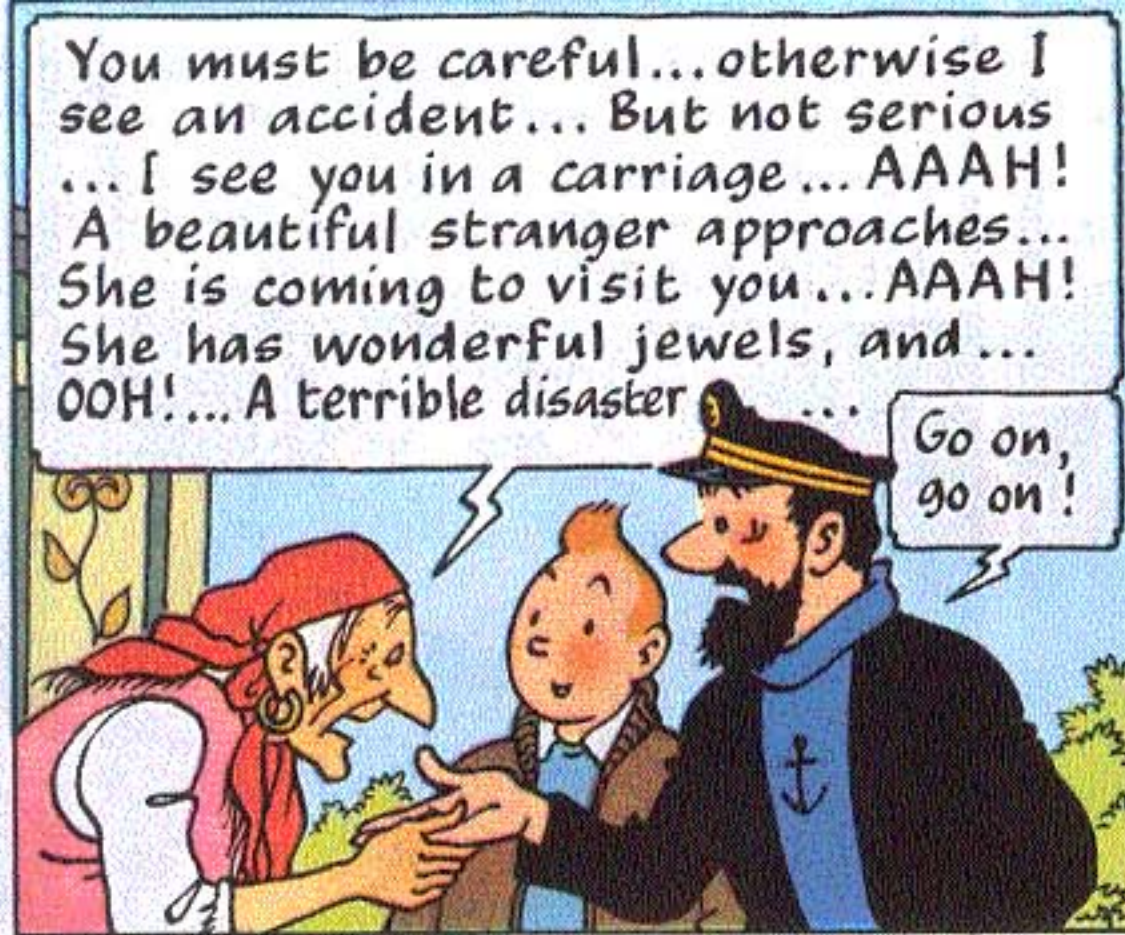
Kind gentleman! I'll tell your fortune... you cross my palm with silver...

No, no! Please leave me alone!



OOOOOH!

What is it?... Tell me!





Poor Professor!... Anything broken?



Yes, a piece several inches long!

That confounded step! Still not repaired! When's that sluggard of a builder coming?



I telephone him constantly, sir, and he assures me he'll come...

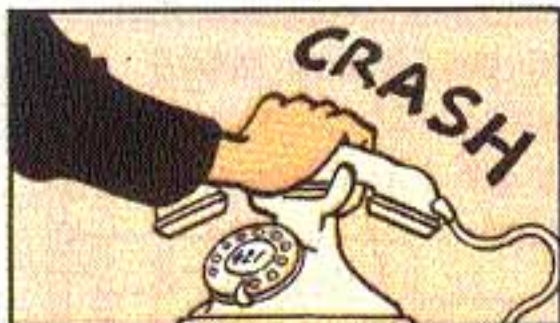
Well, I'll show you how to deal with him!



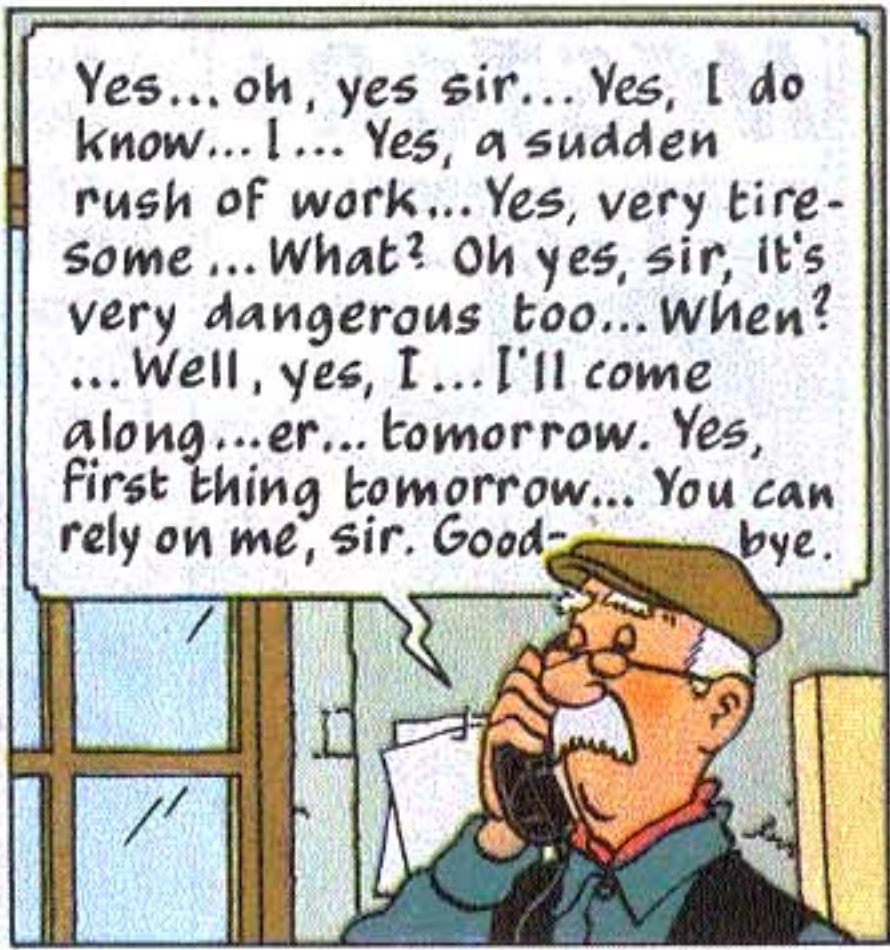
Hello?... Hello? Mr. Bolt?... What, that isn't Mr. Bolt?



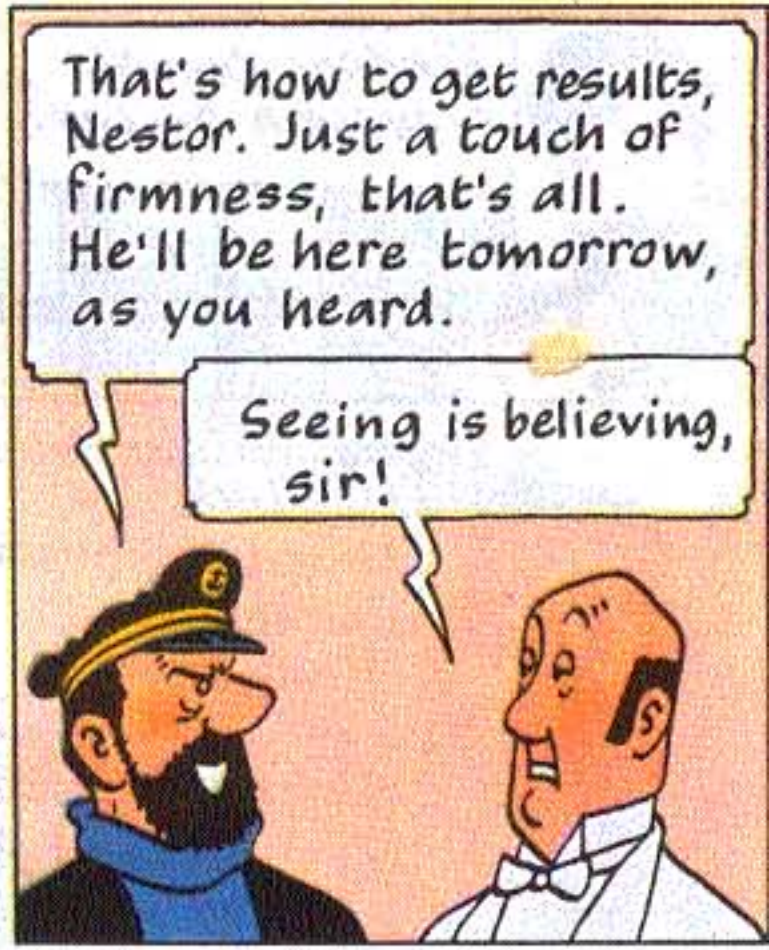
No, sir, this is Cutts the butcher... Yes, sir, ... Not at all, sir.



Hello?... Is that Mr. Bolt?

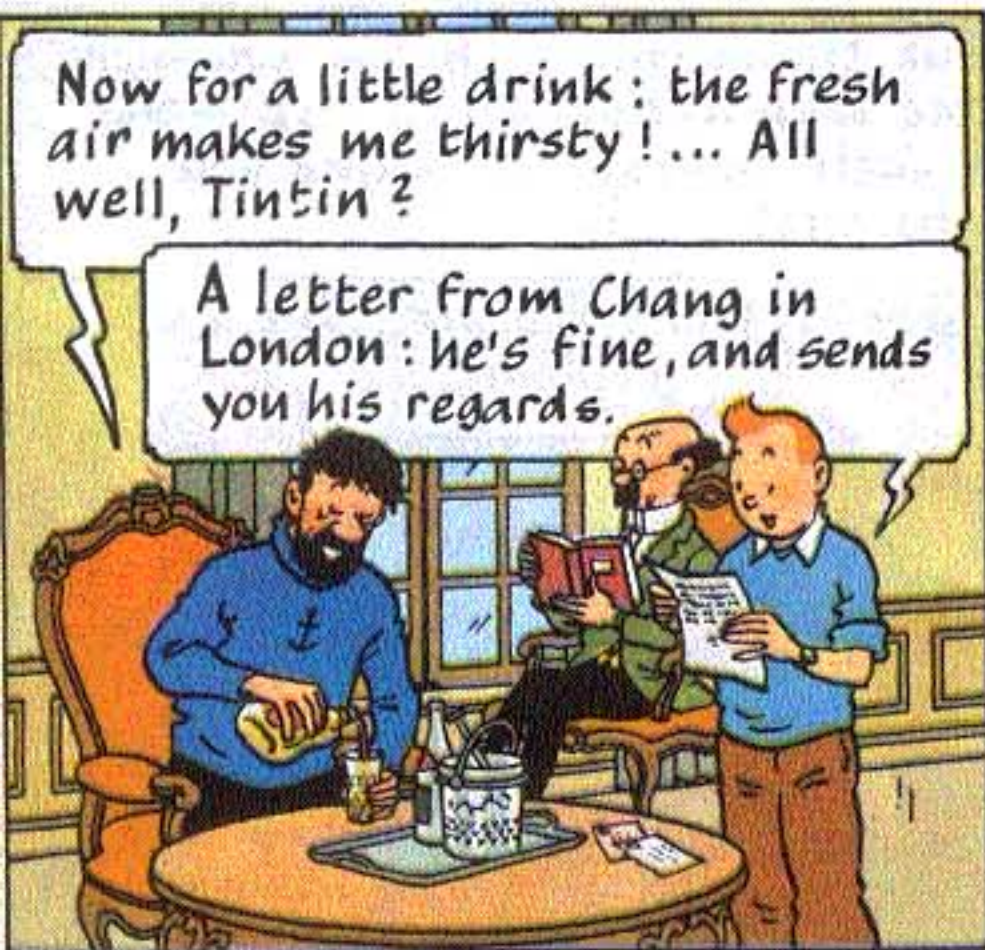


Yes... oh, yes sir... Yes, I do know... I... Yes, a sudden rush of work... Yes, very tiresome... What? Oh yes, sir, it's very dangerous too... When? ... Well, yes, I... I'll come along... er... tomorrow. Yes, first thing tomorrow... You can rely on me, sir. Good-bye.



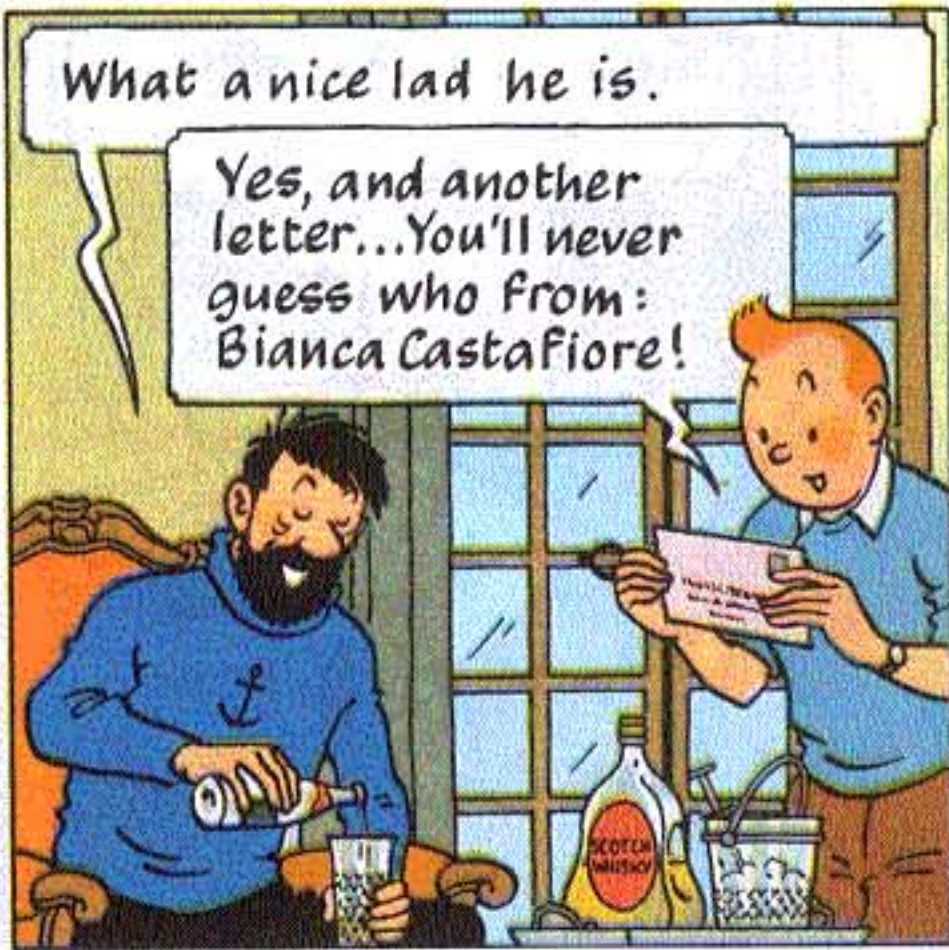
That's how to get results, Nestor. Just a touch of firmness, that's all. He'll be here tomorrow, as you heard.

Seeing is believing, sir!



Now for a little drink: the fresh air makes me thirsty!... All well, Tintin?

A letter from Chang in London: he's fine, and sends you his regards.



What a nice lad he is.

Yes, and another letter... You'll never guess who from: Bianca Castafiore!



Bianca Castafiore! Ha! ha! ha! The dear old Milanese nightingale!

AAAAAH ♪♪ My beauty... ♪♪



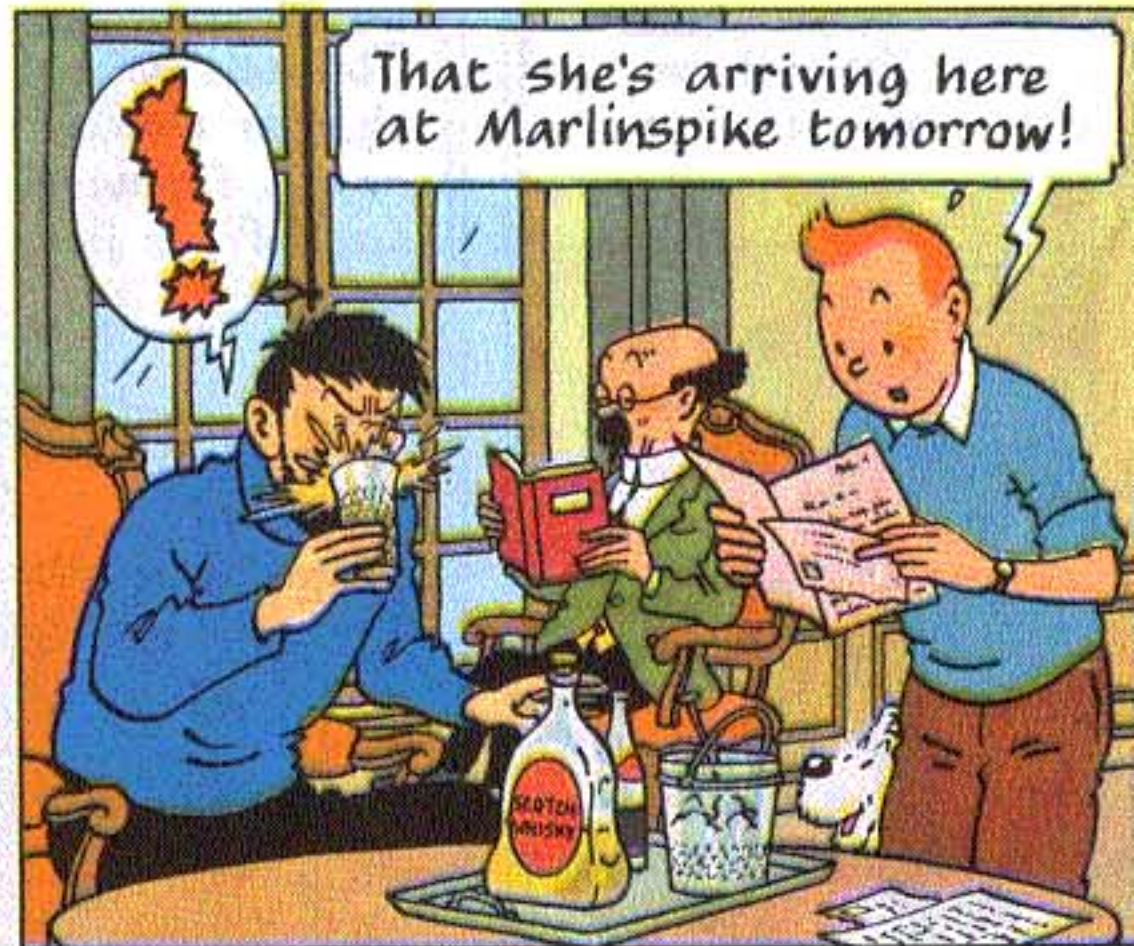
... past compare... ♪ Ma-a-a-argarita ♪

Hello, there's a storm brewing.

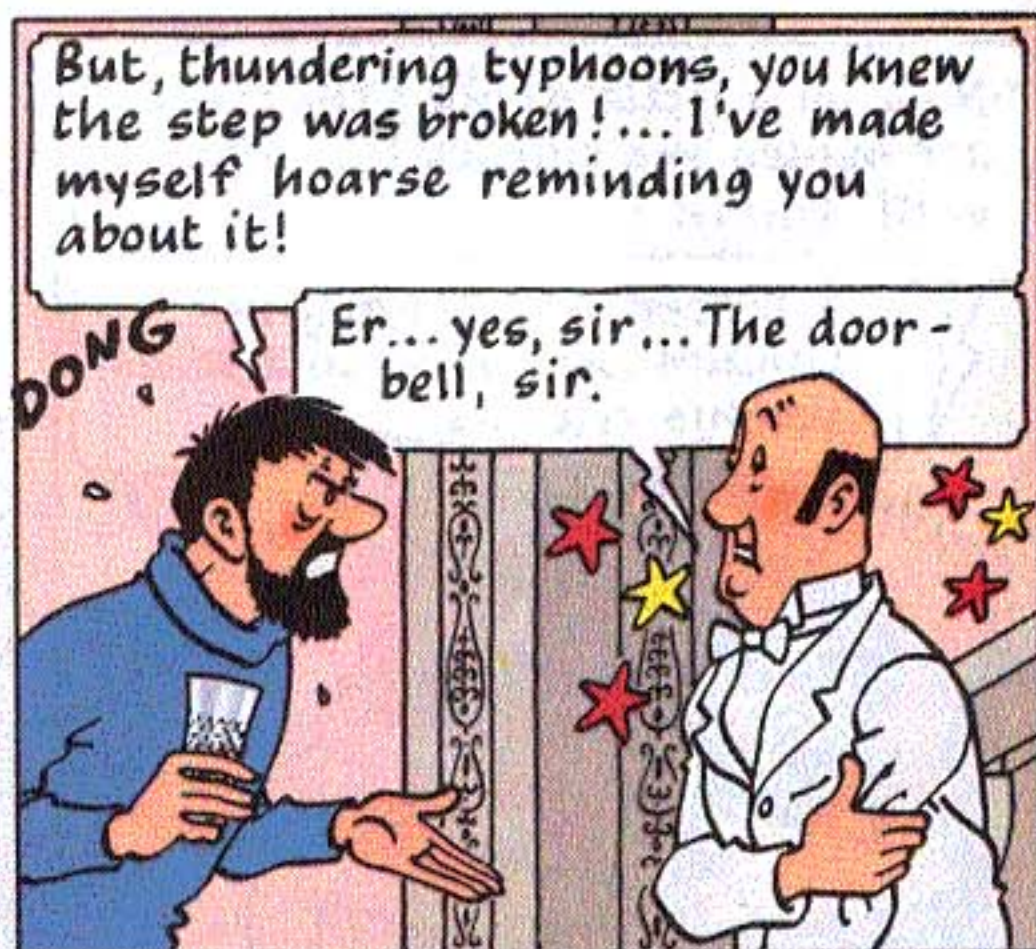
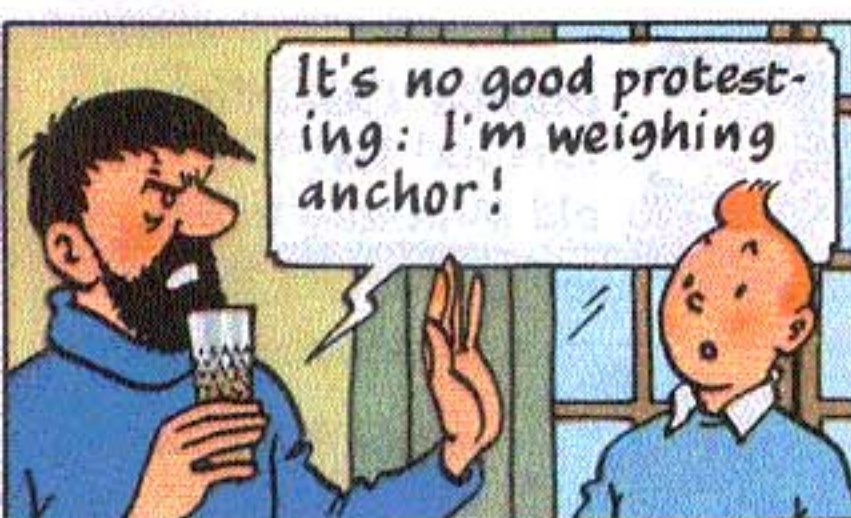
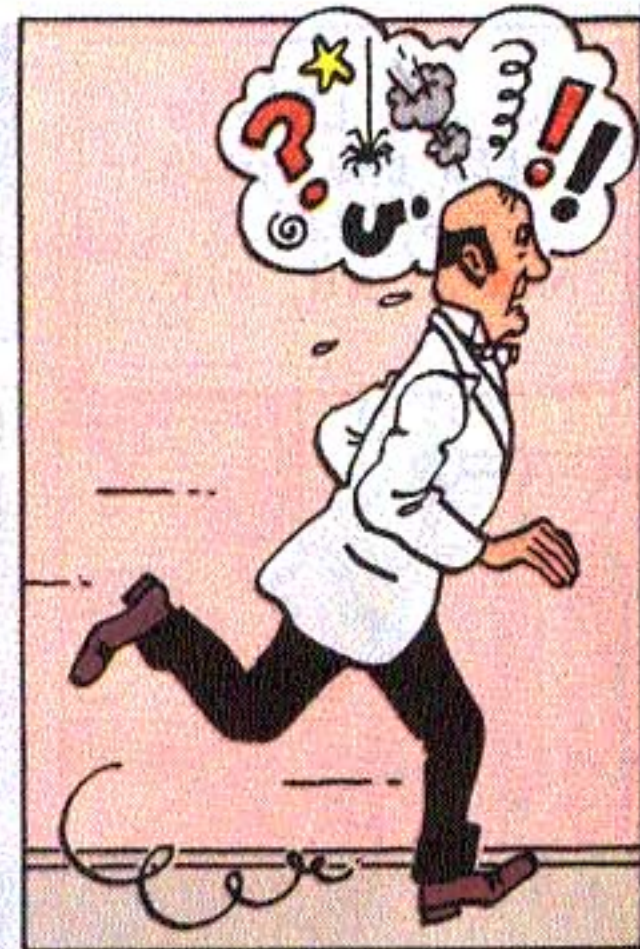
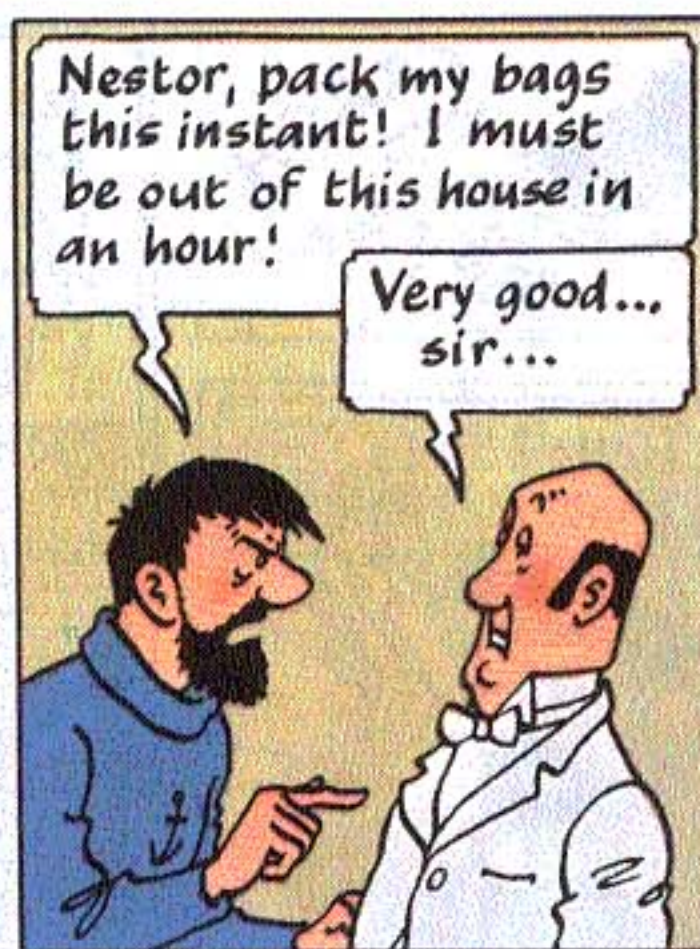
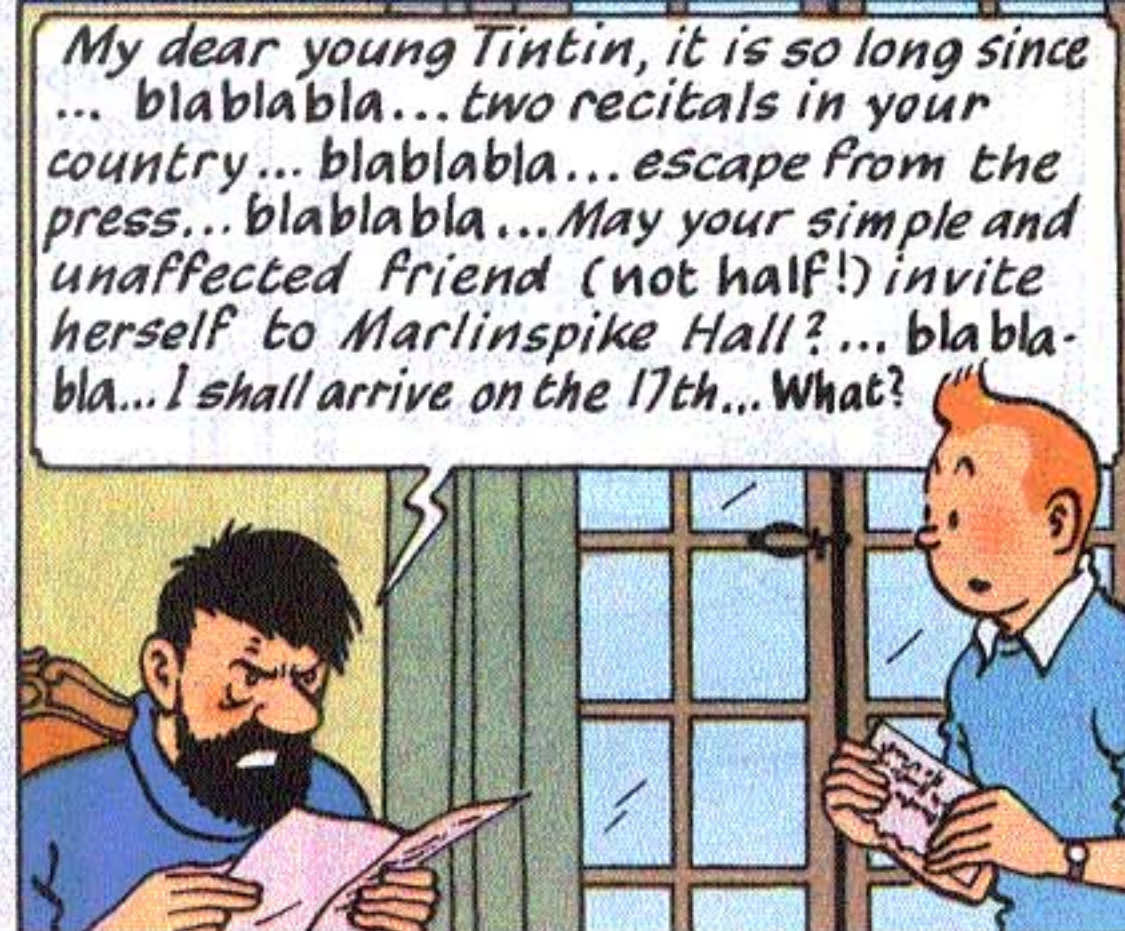
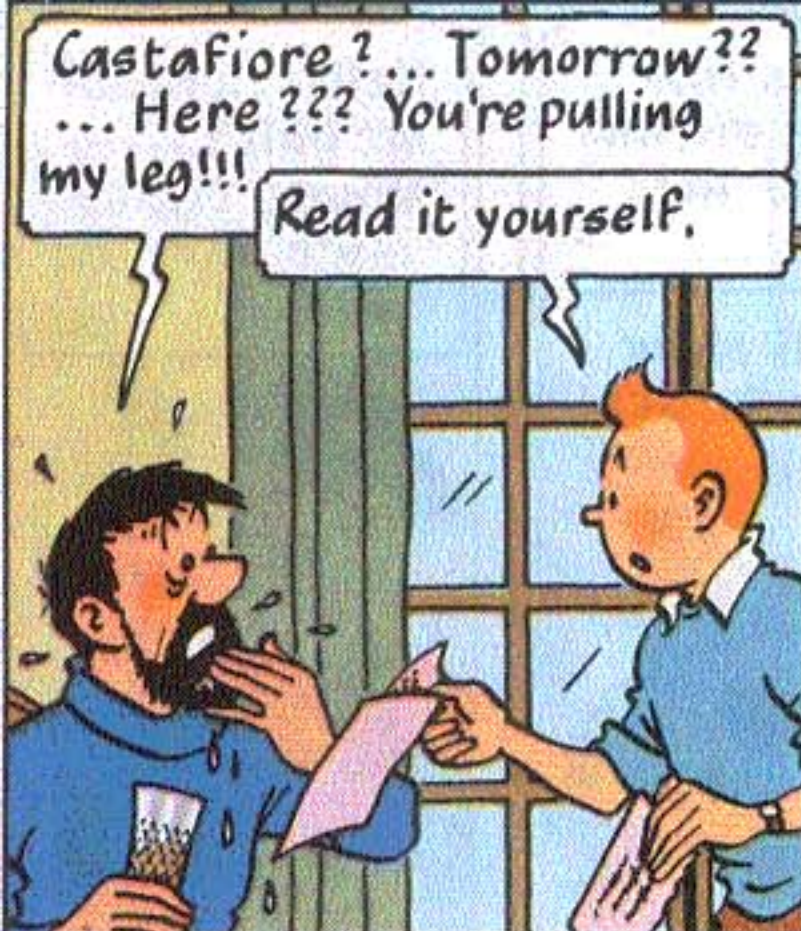


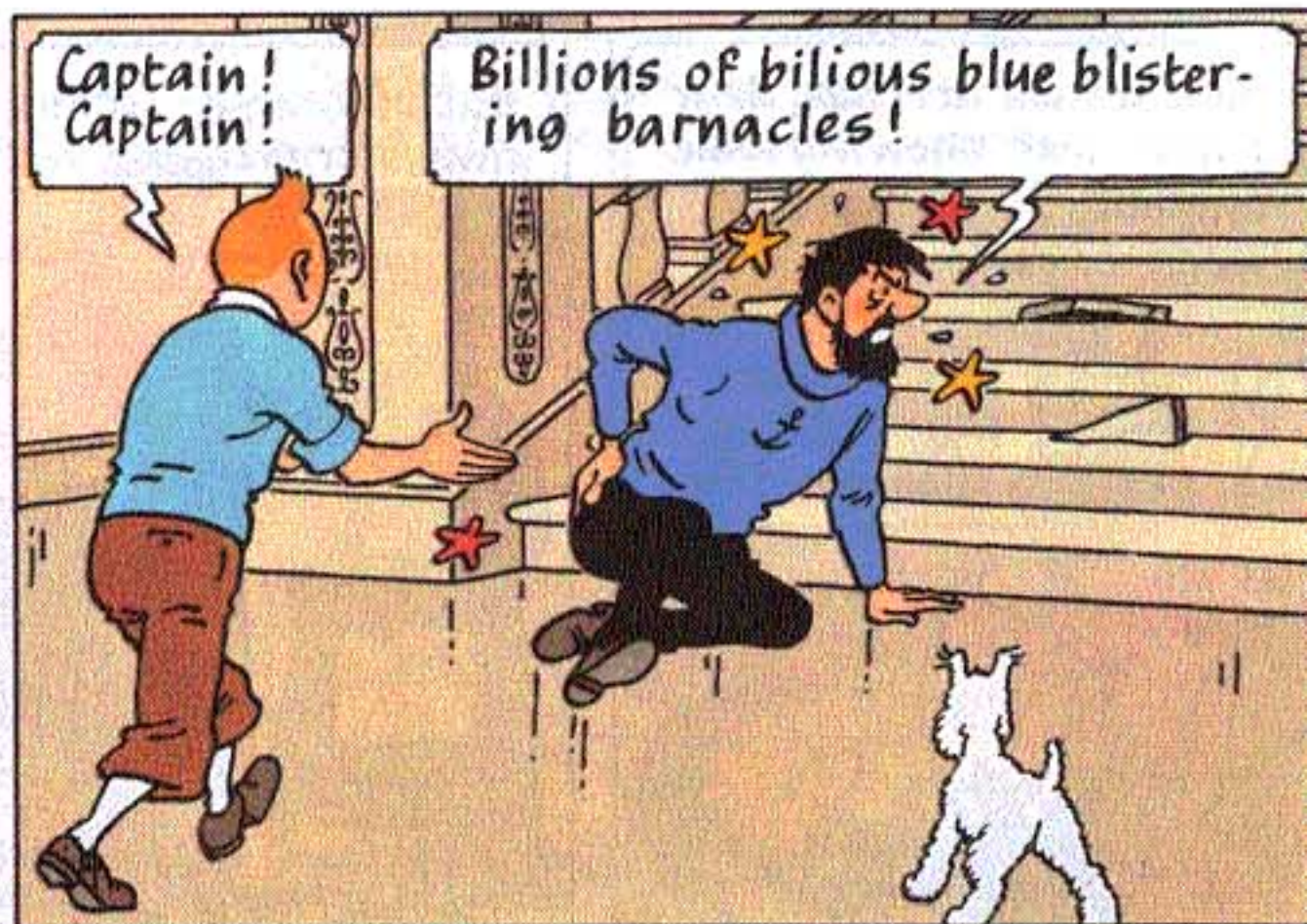
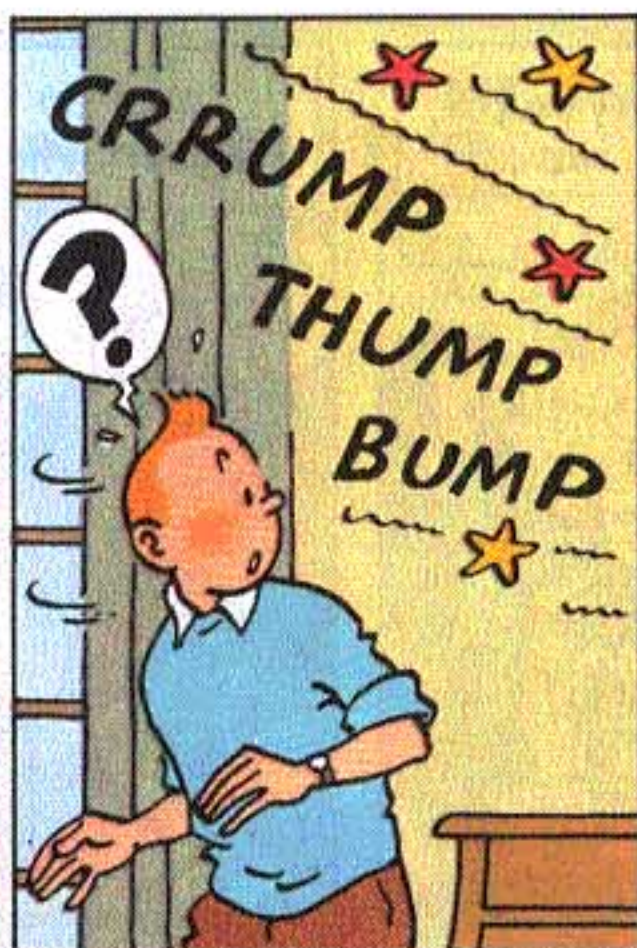
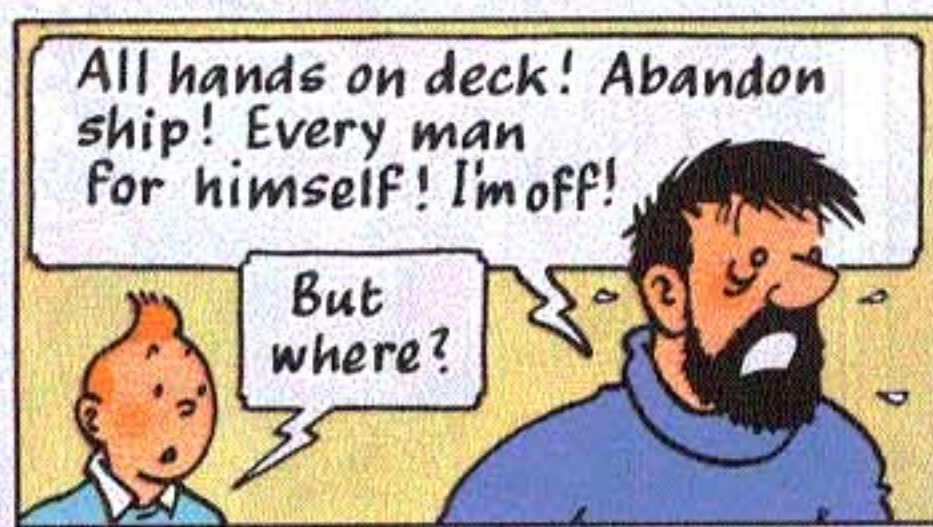
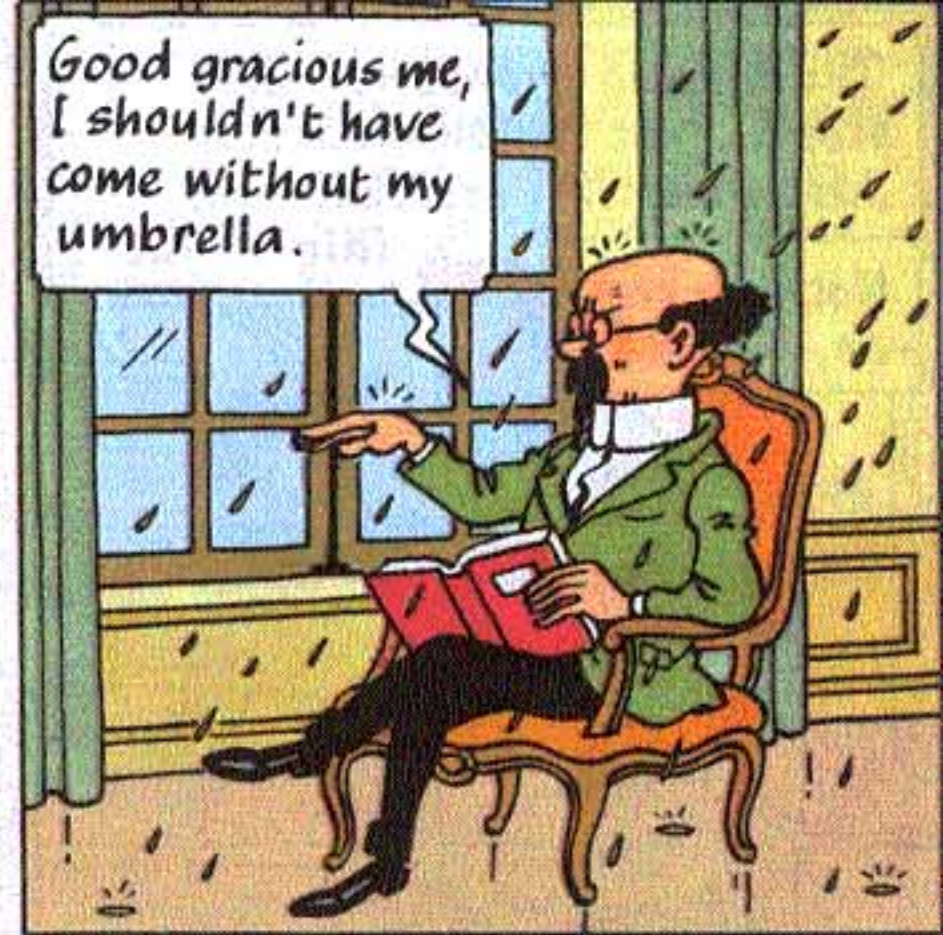
And what has that delightful creature to say?

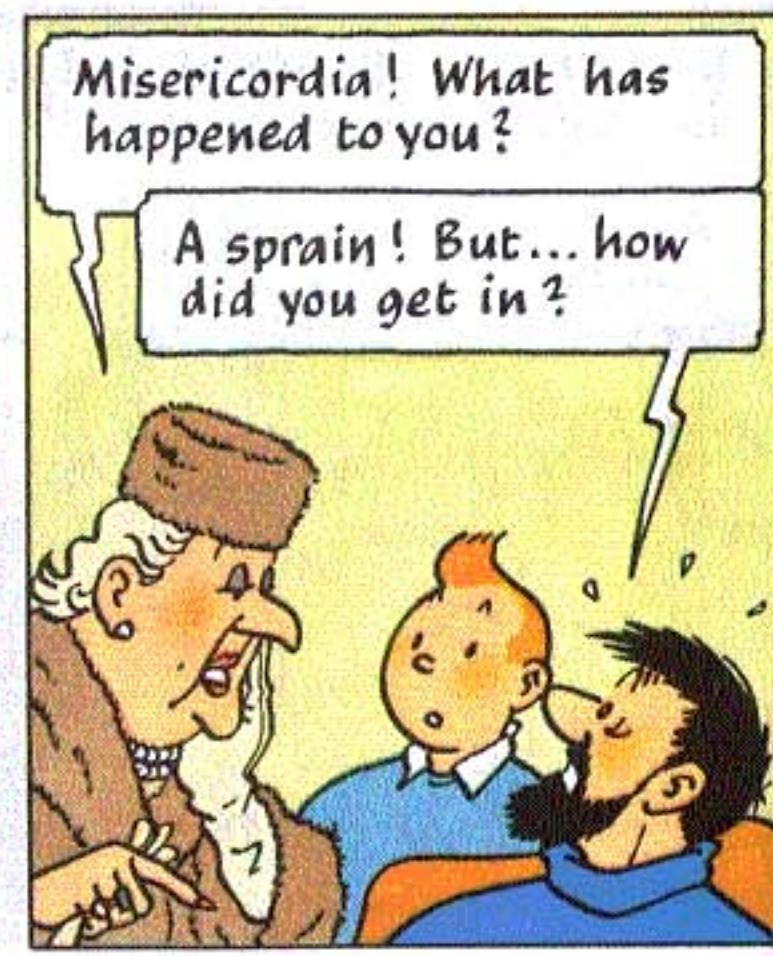
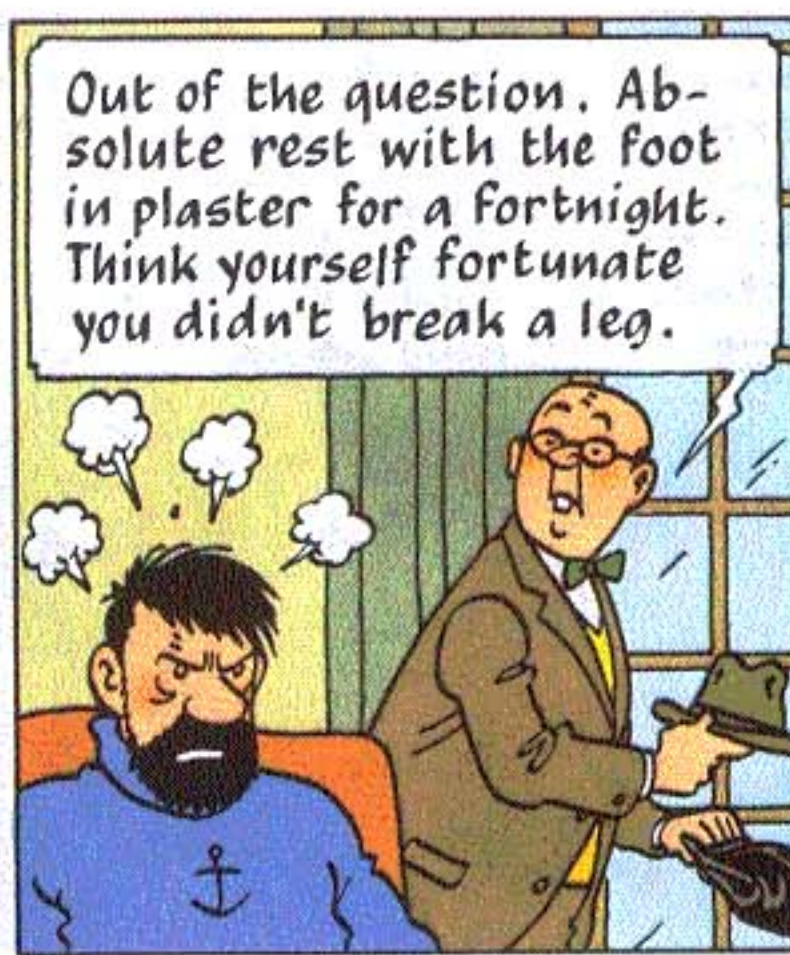
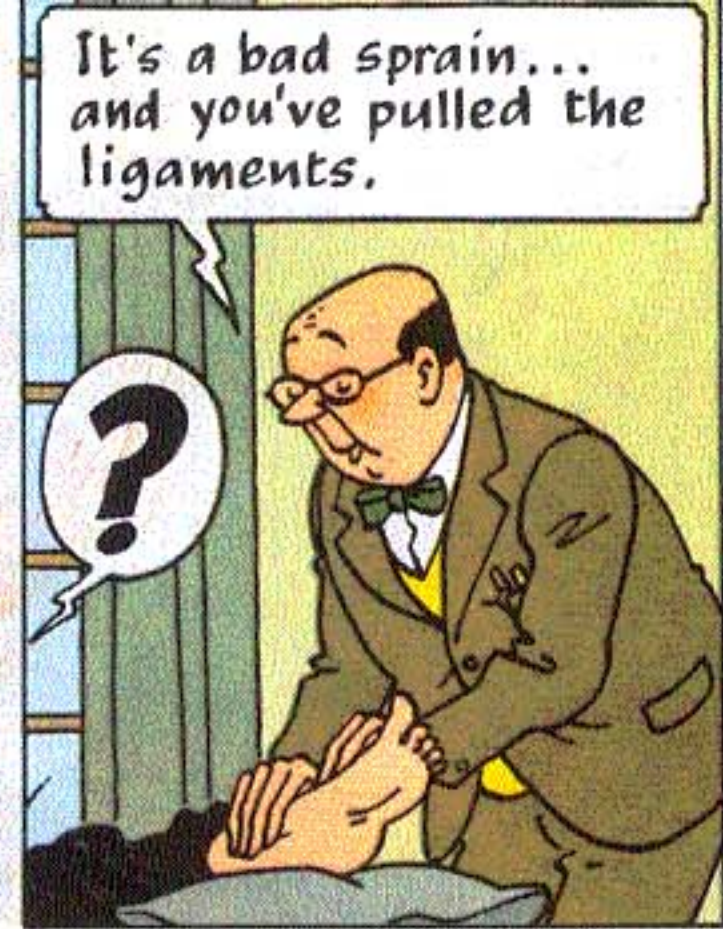
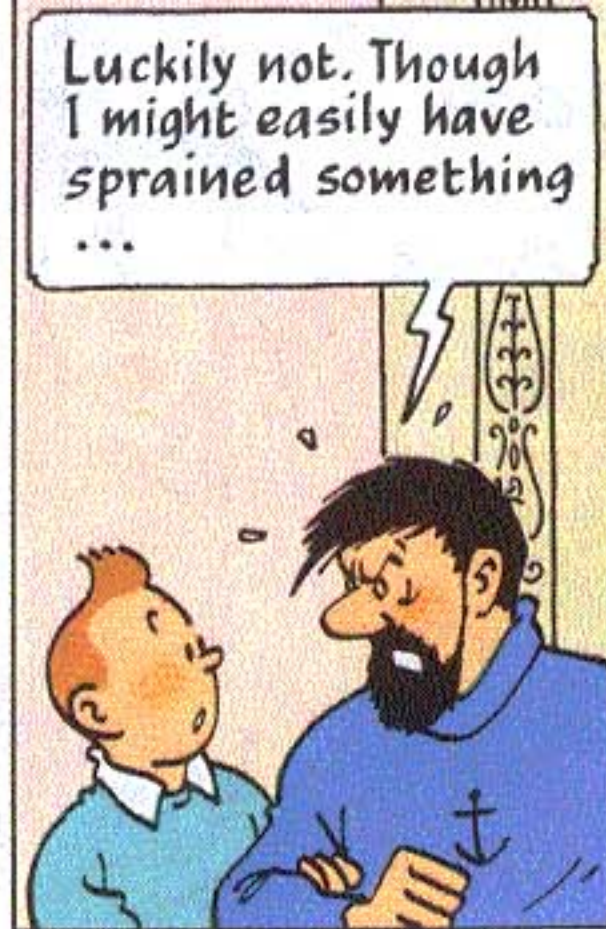
No, it's passed over.

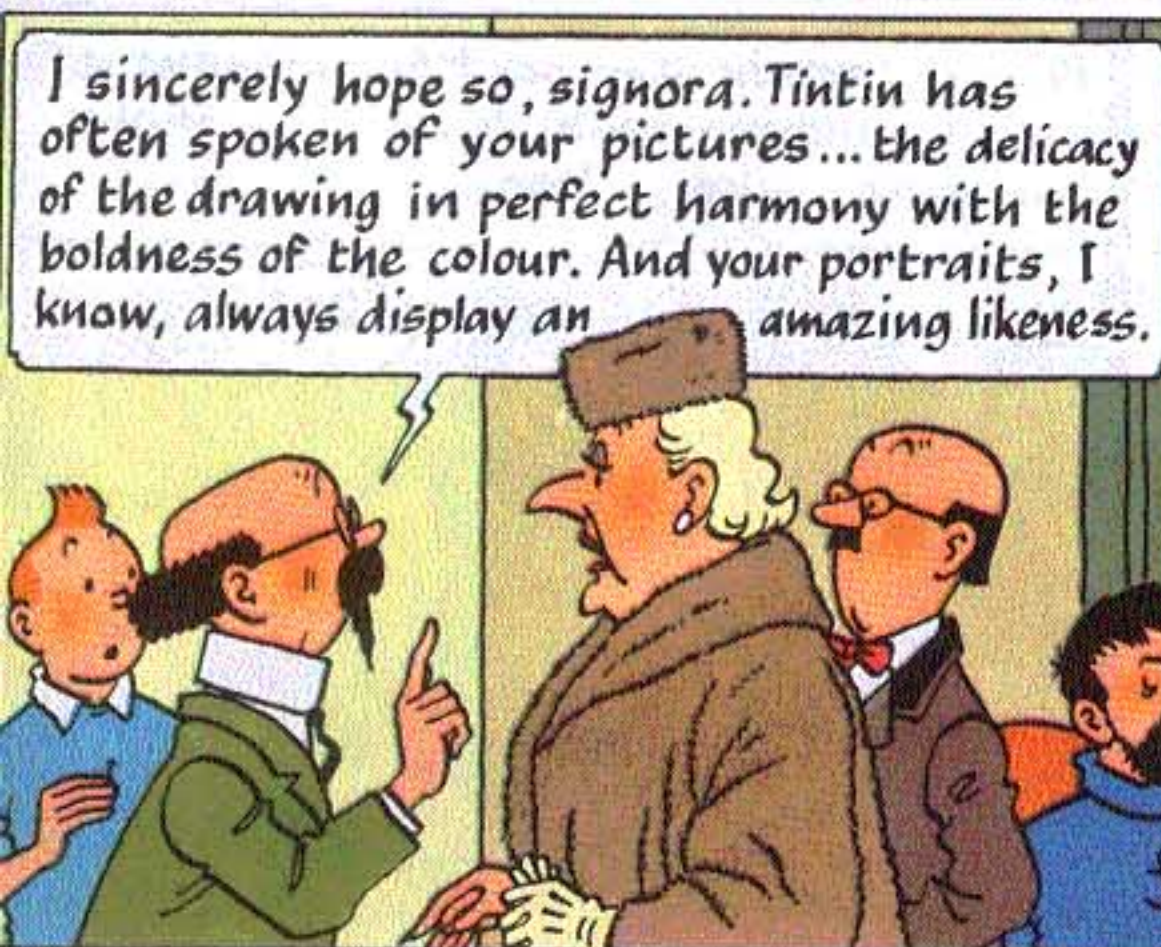
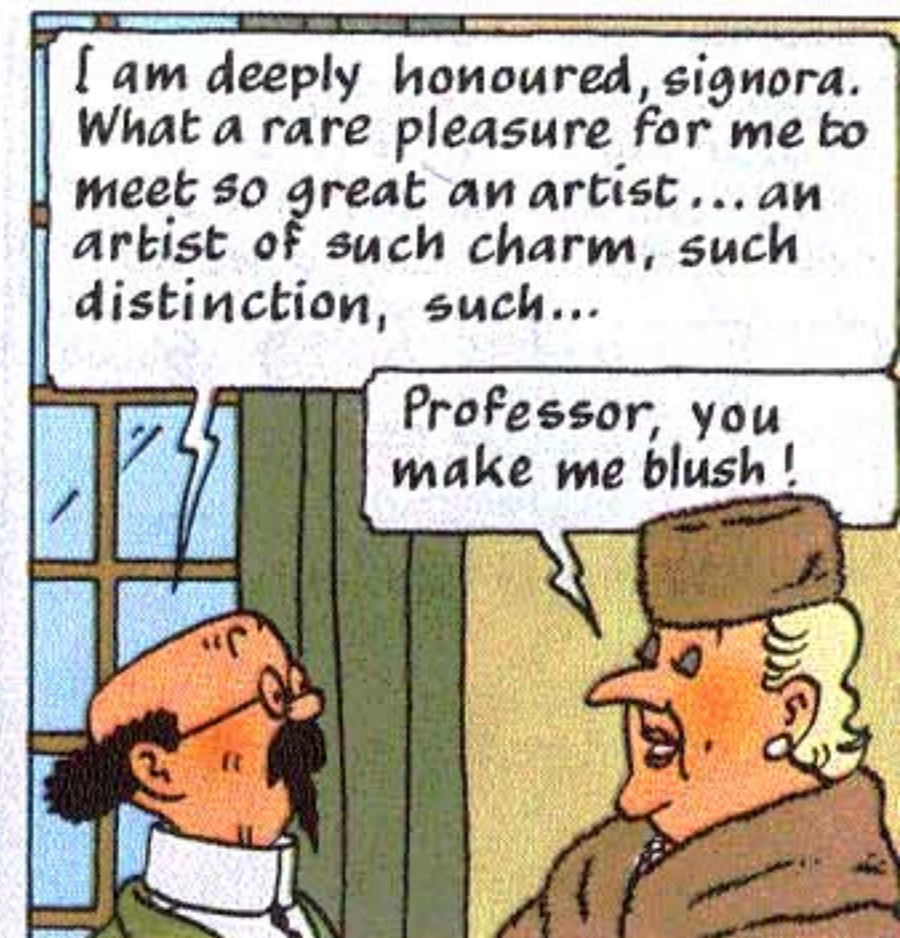
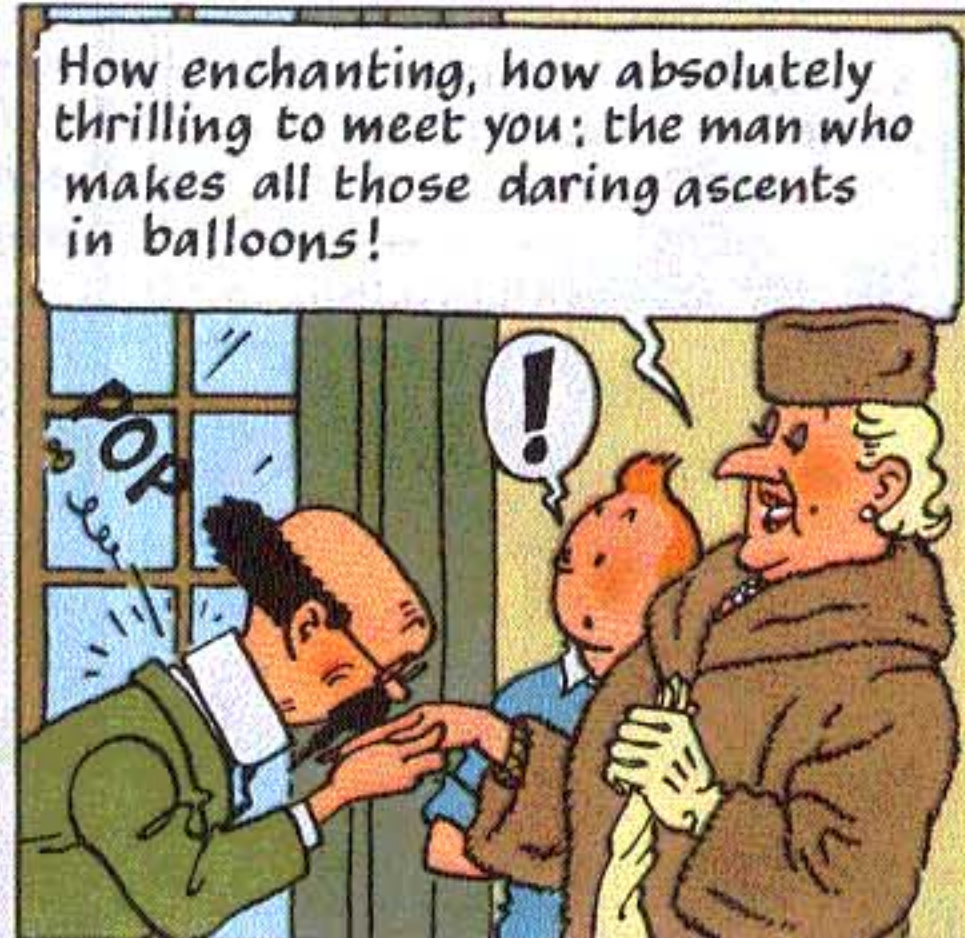
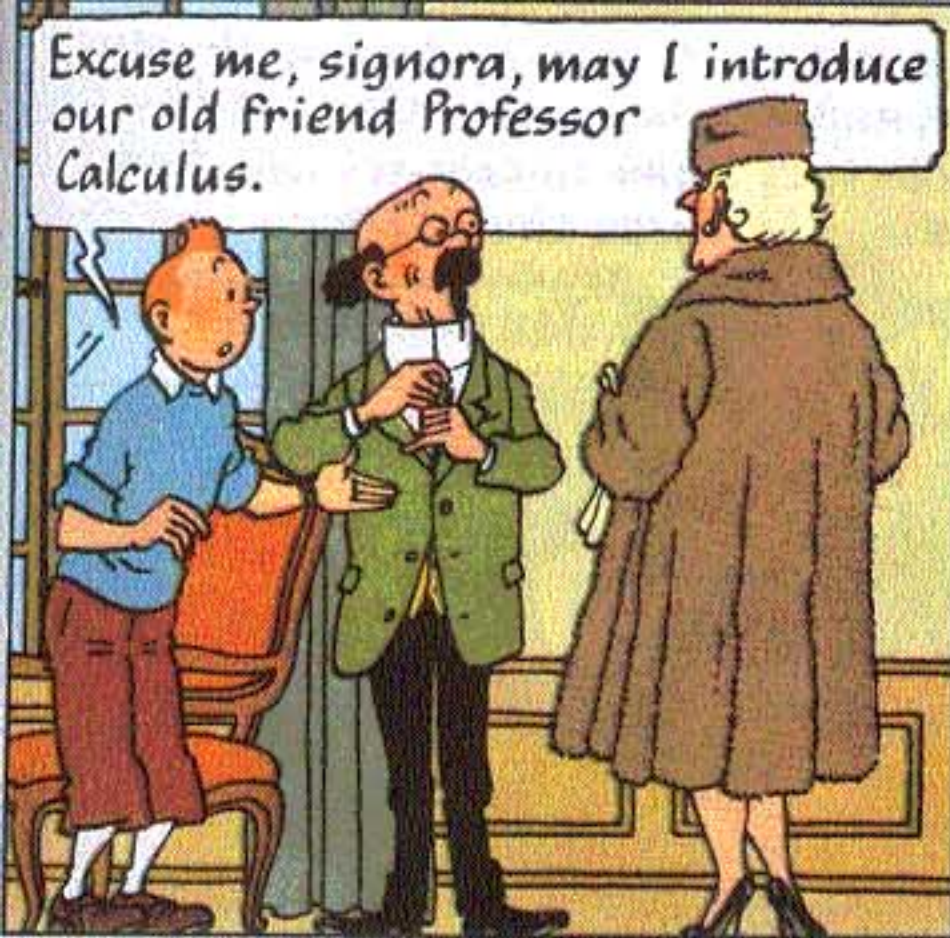


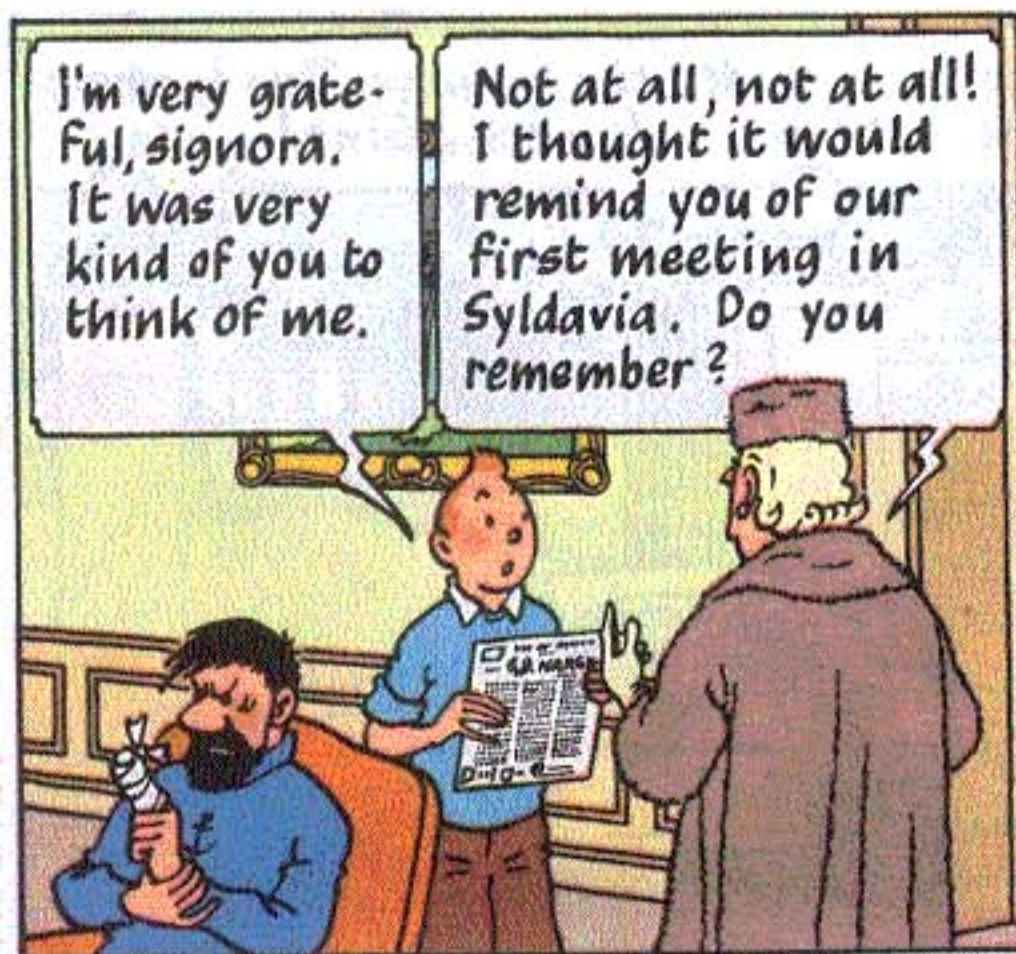
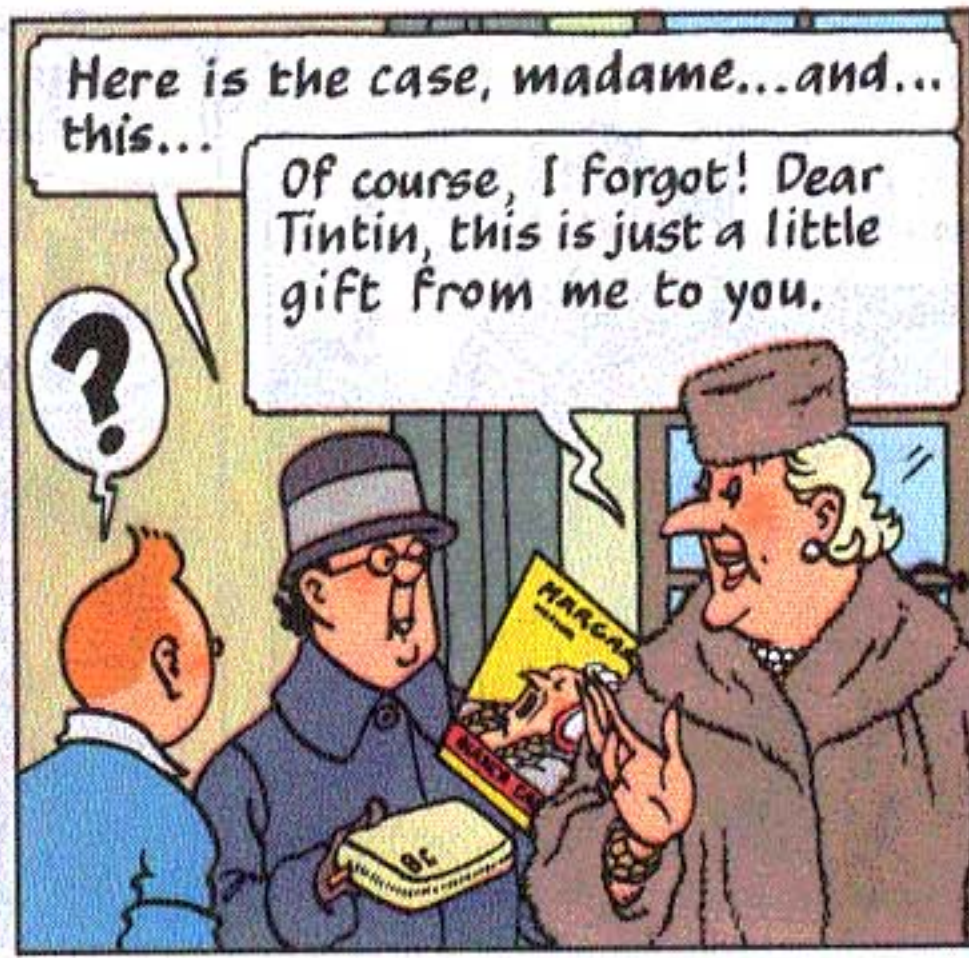
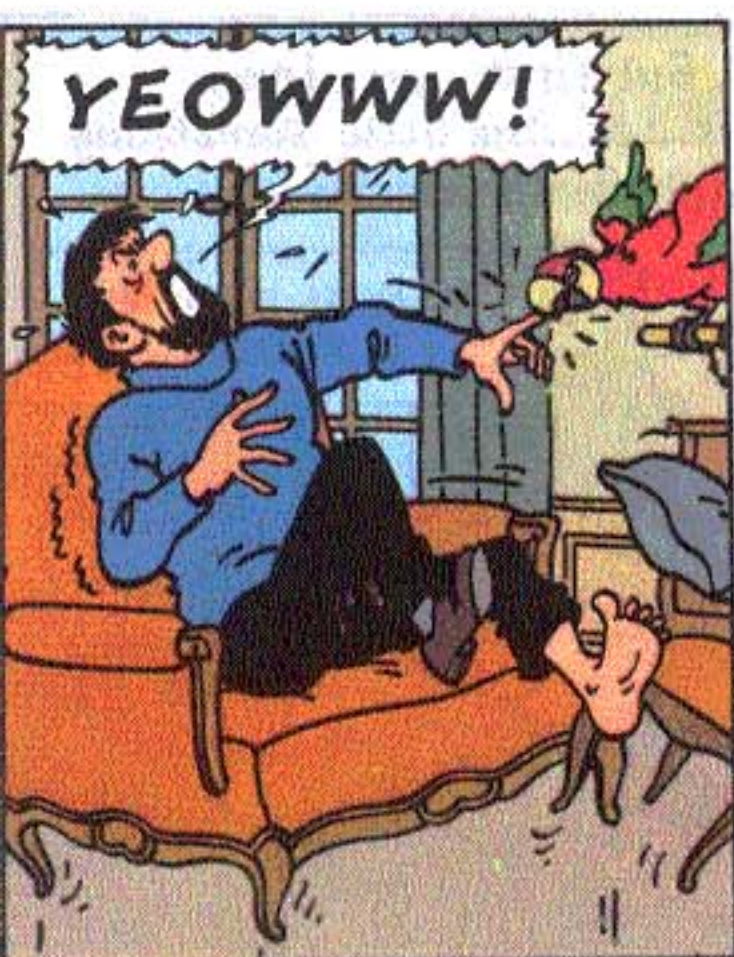
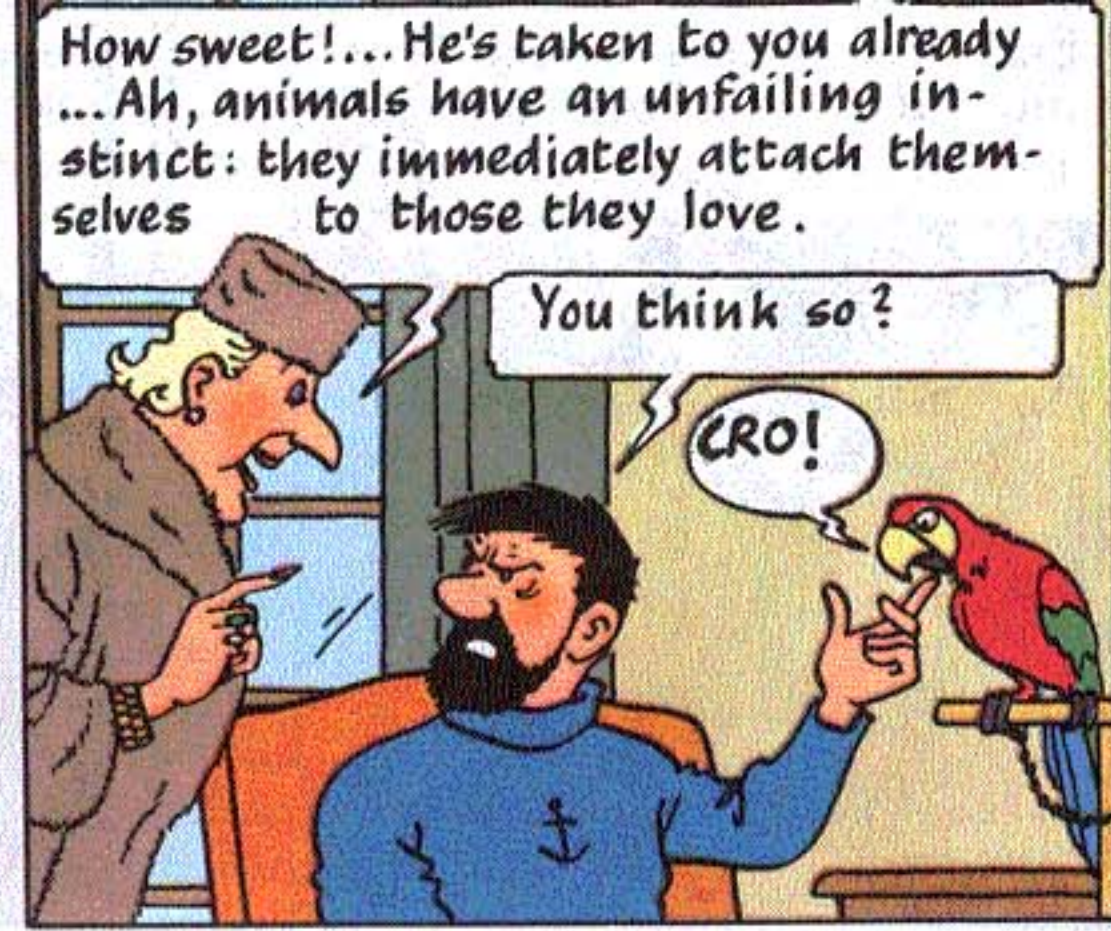
That she's arriving here at Marlinspike tomorrow!













Here, madame; I've got your jewel-case.

Oh, so you have. I can breathe again!



Now, my man, if you'd be kind enough to show me to my room...

As the signora wishes.



Oh, I almost forgot... The reporters will probably run me to earth here. May I ask my brave sailor to protect me?... Not a single interview, no publicity, no photographs... nothing! I came here incognito; you must help me to escape.

Of course!



May I point out to the signora that the fourth step is broken.

Yes, yes, I see.



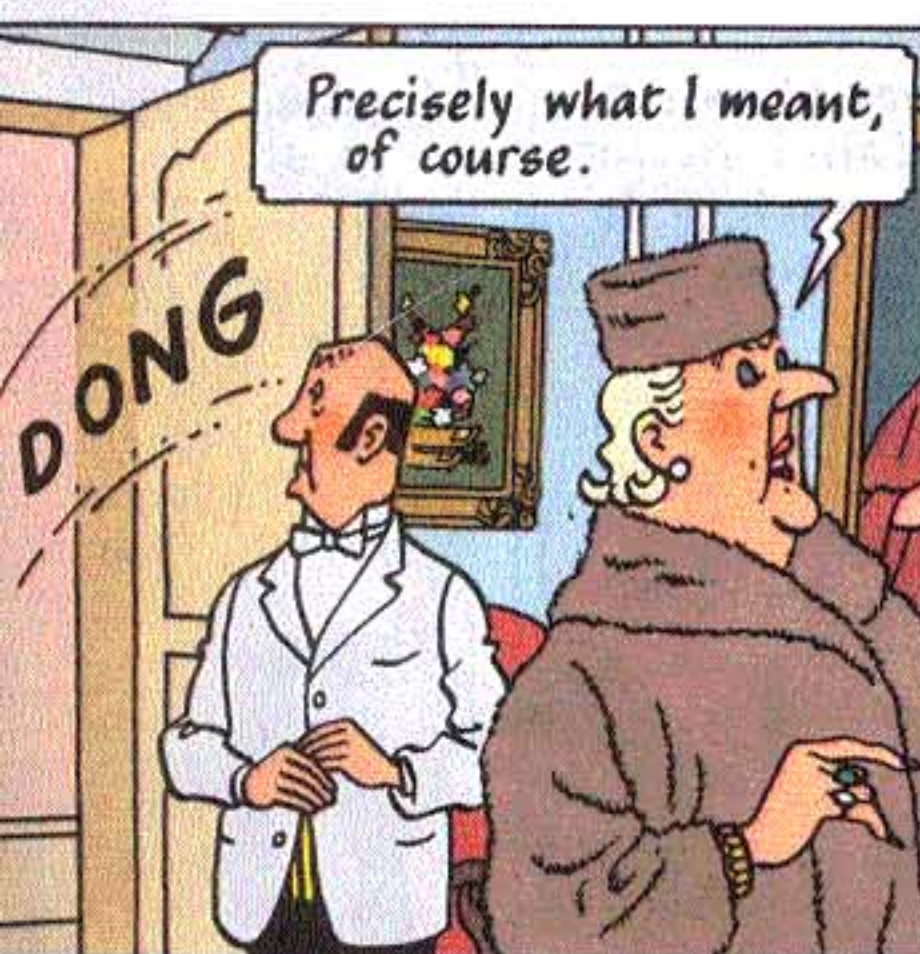
The signora's room.

Ravishing!



What delightful old furniture! ...and a four-poster bed. It's... er... Henry the Tenth, is it not?

Charles the First, signora.



Precisely what I meant, of course.



If the signora will excuse me: the door-bell.

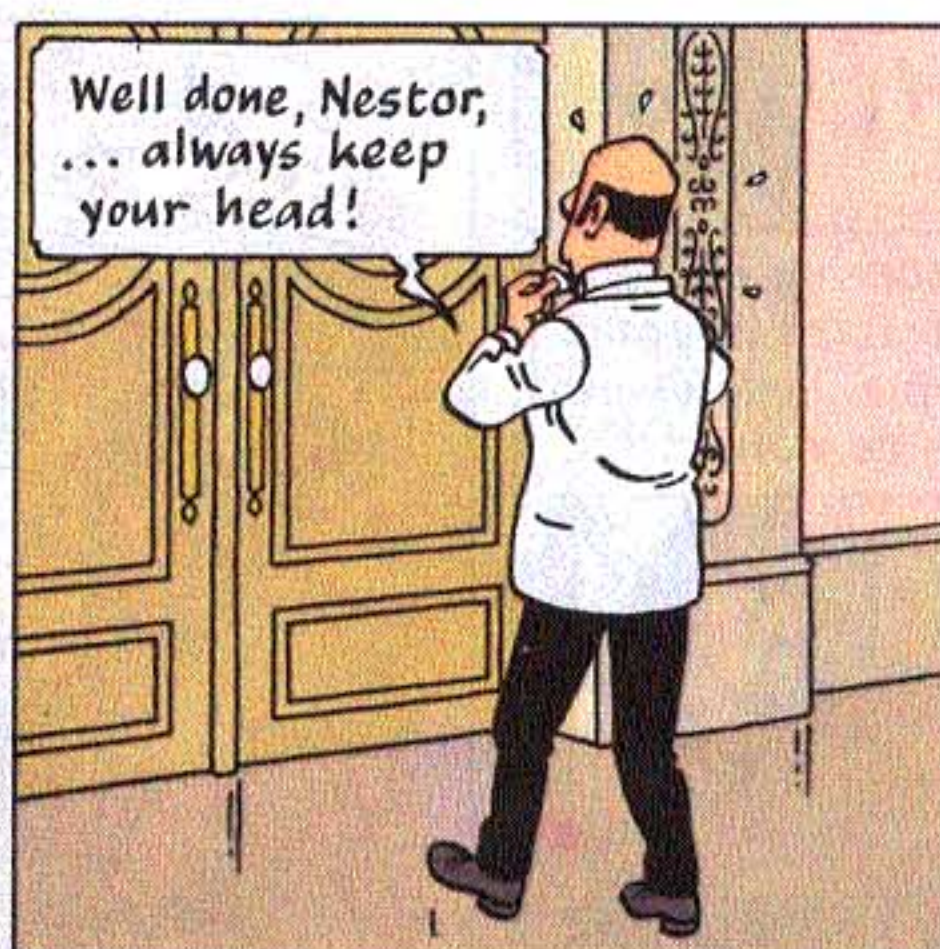
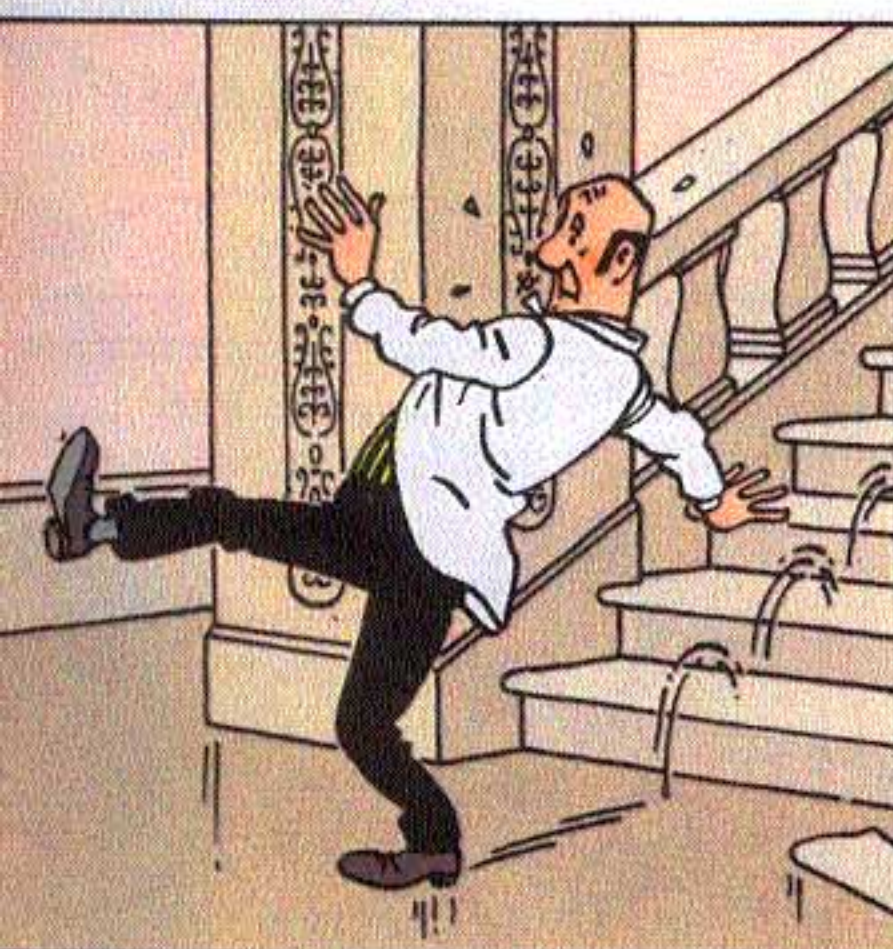
You may go.



Fiddle! What is it now?

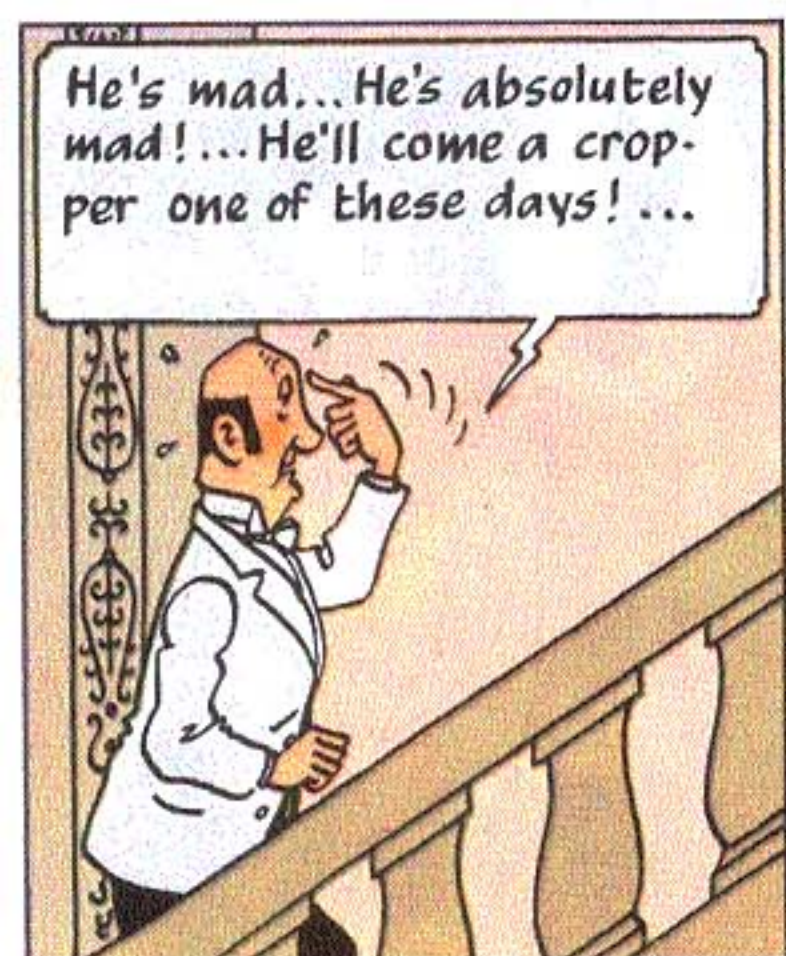
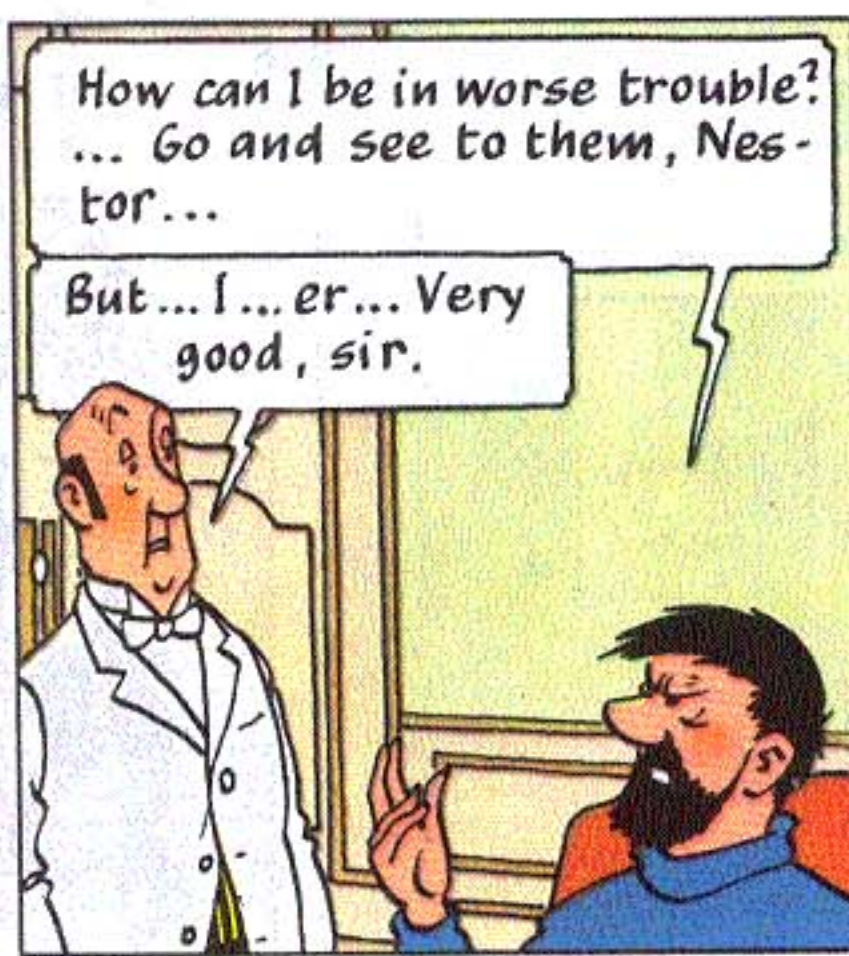
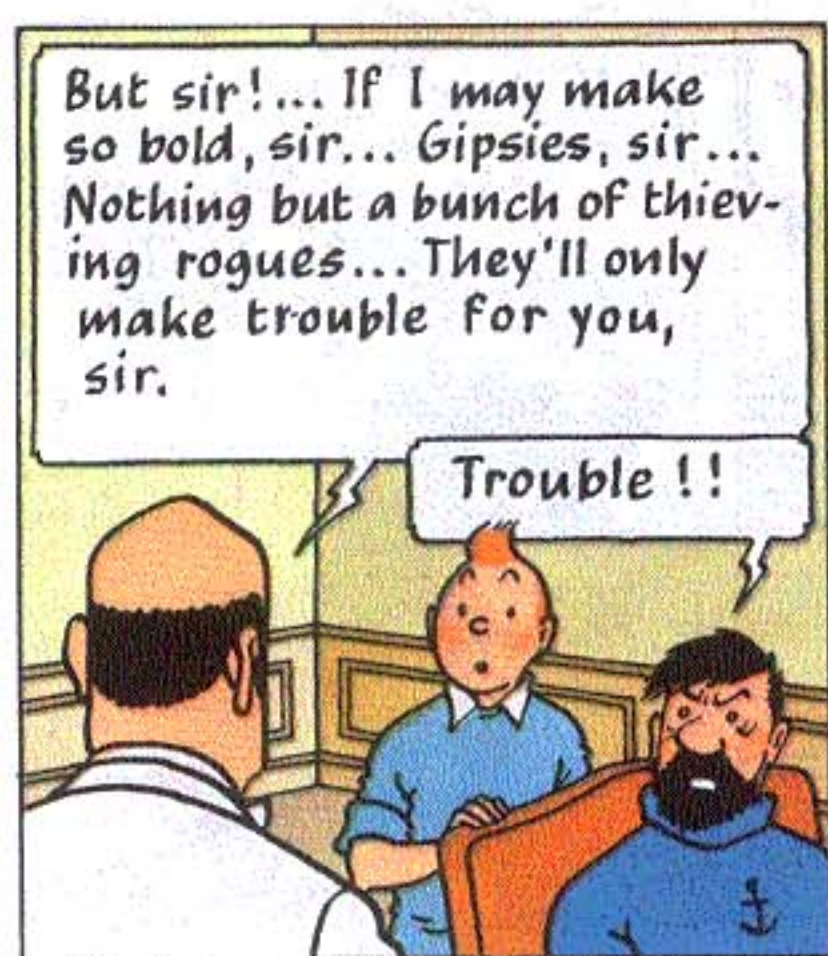
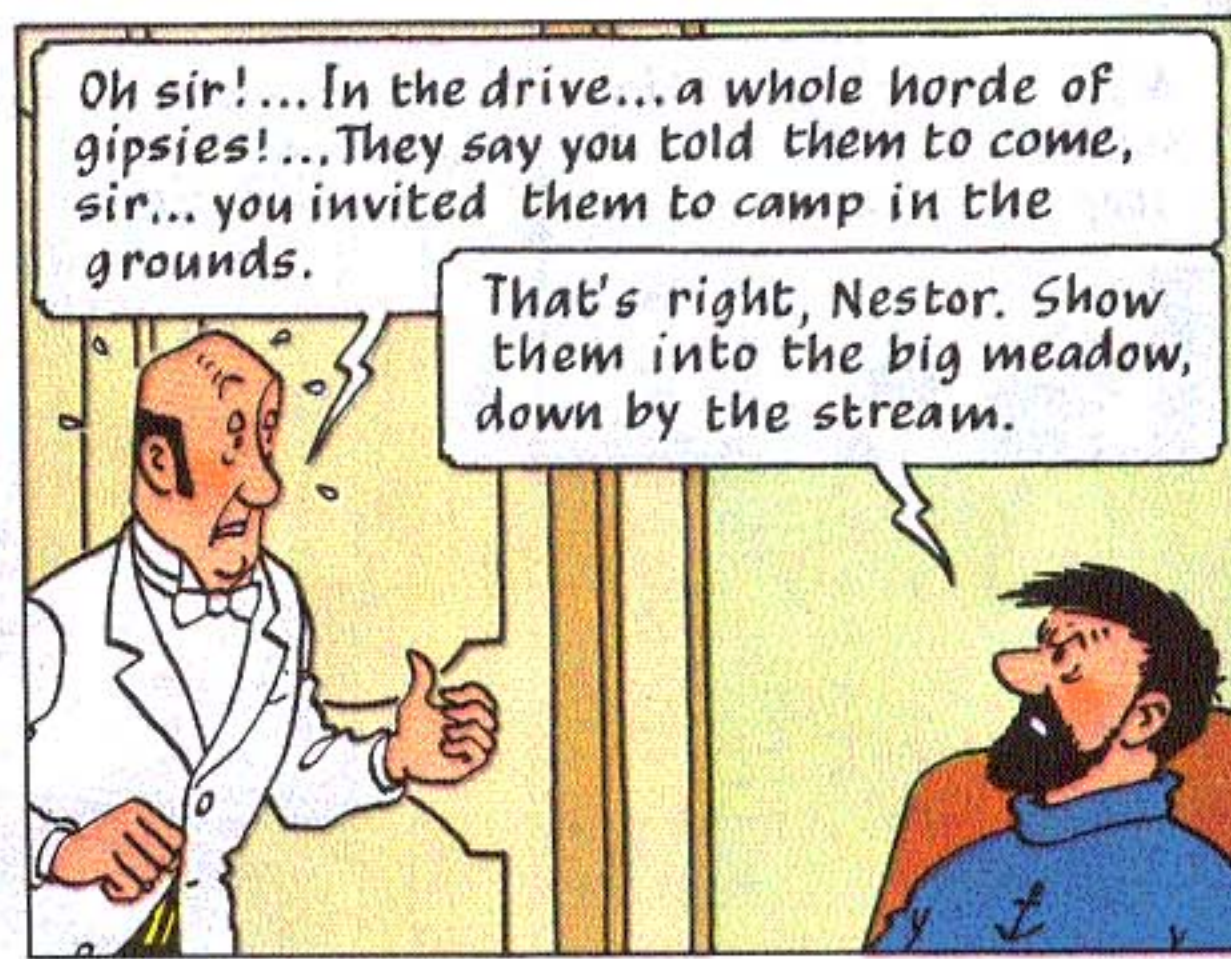
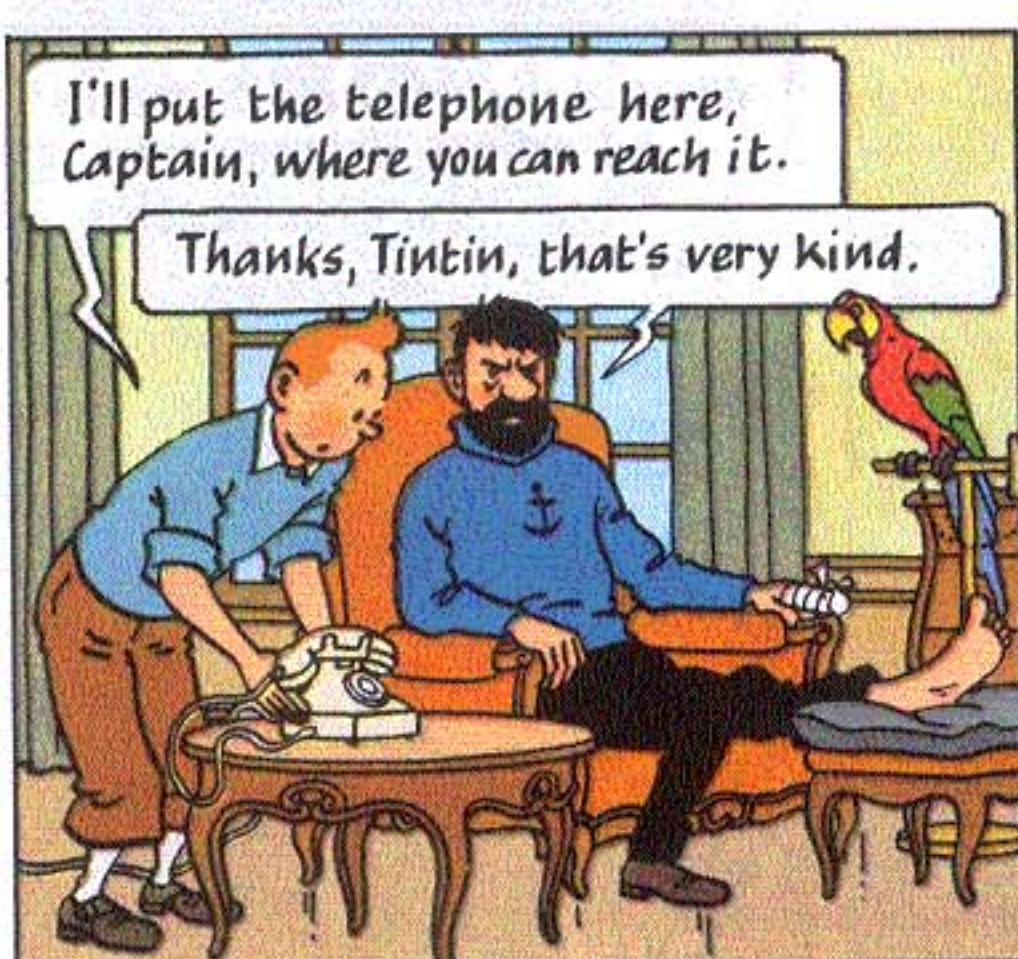
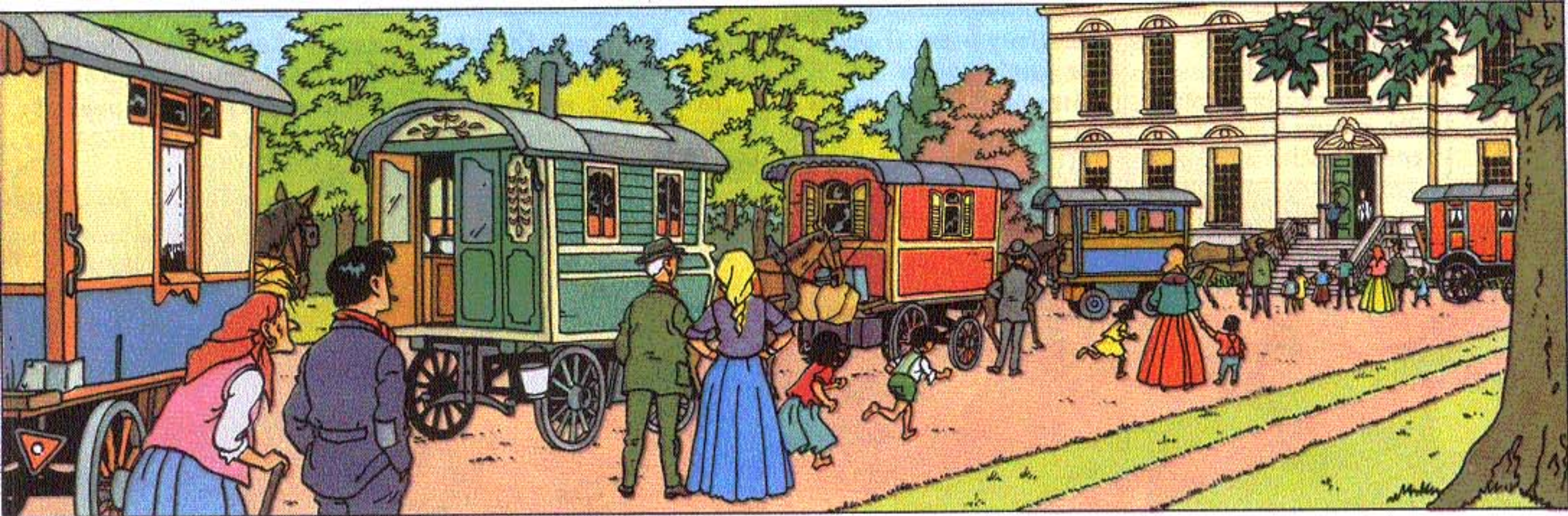


Oh dear!...The step!



Well done, Nestor, ... always keep your head!





Ah, Captain: my men report that some gipsies who were camping by the main road have moved ... It seems you invited them to pitch camp on your land ... Is that so?



Quite correct, Inspector. I think it's intolerable! Those wretched creatures forbidden to camp except on a rubbish dump! And as I have a meadow...



Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Hello?... What?... You can hear me?... Well, I can hear you. And since we can hear each other, let me say I quite understand your action, Captain. It's most generous... I beg your pardon ... Did you say shut up?



No... not you!... I'm talking to this pestilential parakeet! Will you shut up, you ...



Hello-o-o! I can hear you!

Ah, I see. You're still addressing your parrot... Now, about those gipsies. Of course, you're free to do as you like. But I should warn you: you'll only have yourself to thank when they make trouble for you.

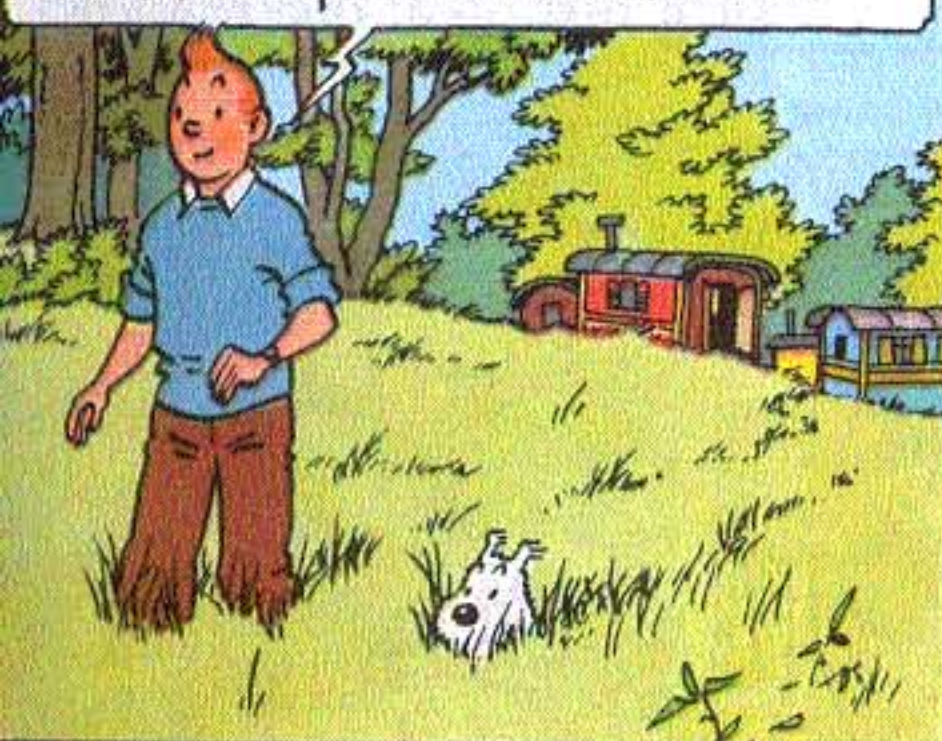


Trouble!... Ha! ha! First I'm bitten by a little wildcat, then by a parrot!... I sprain an ankle... Castafiore descends on me with Irma and that budding Beethoven... And they talk about trouble!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!...



Meanwhile ...

Mission completed: all settled in.



I hate them, the gajos. They pretend to help, but in their hearts they despise us ...



Not these, Mike, not these.

GRRR! WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR!

Hello, what's up? Snowy's got wind of something.



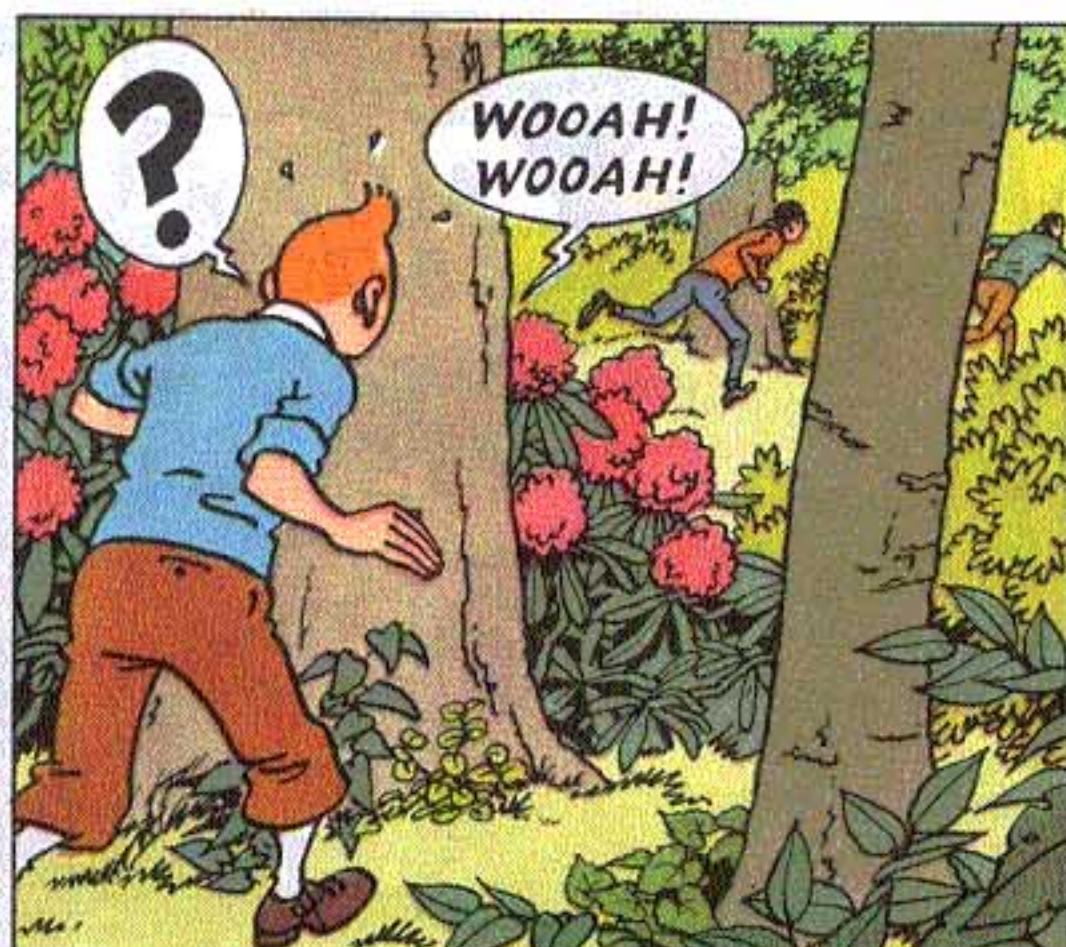
WOOAH! WOOAH! GRRR! GRRR!

Snowy!... Here, Snowy!



?

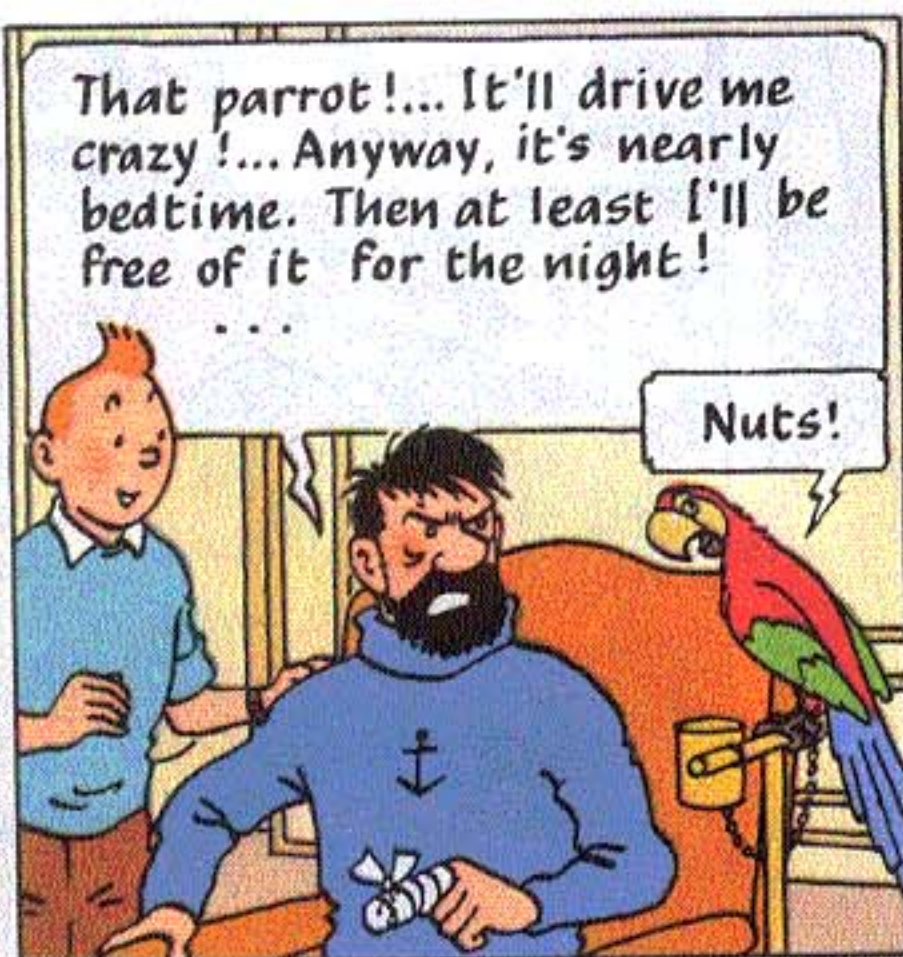
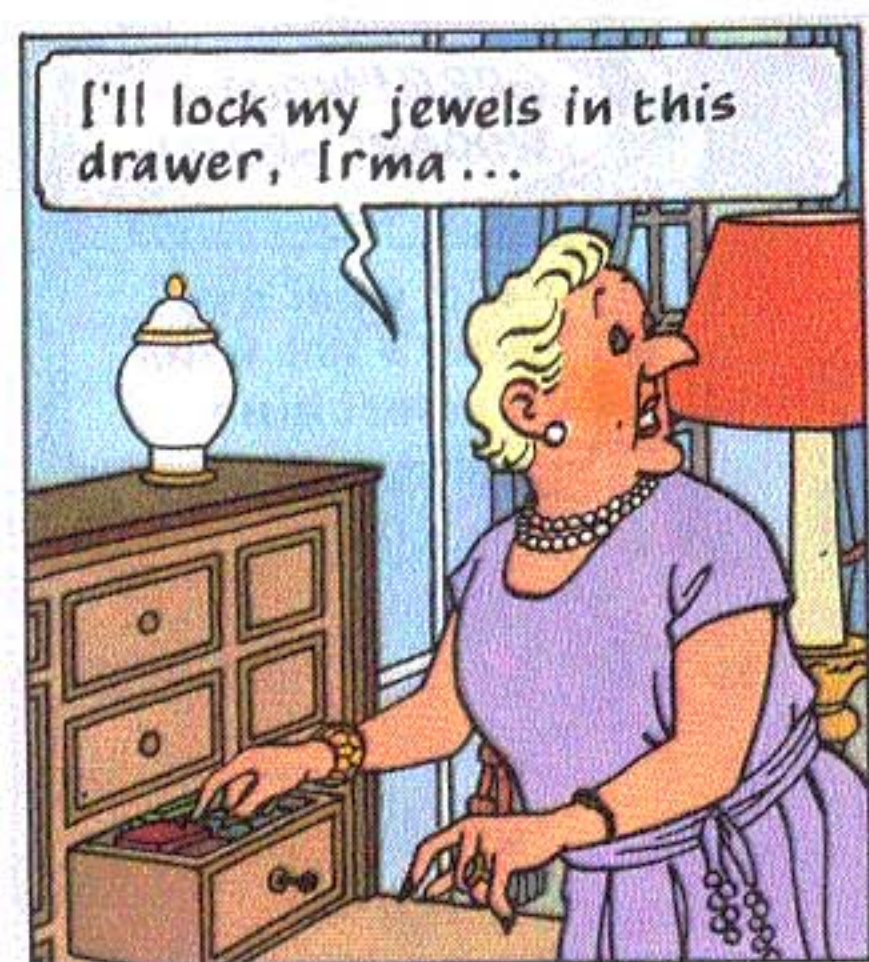
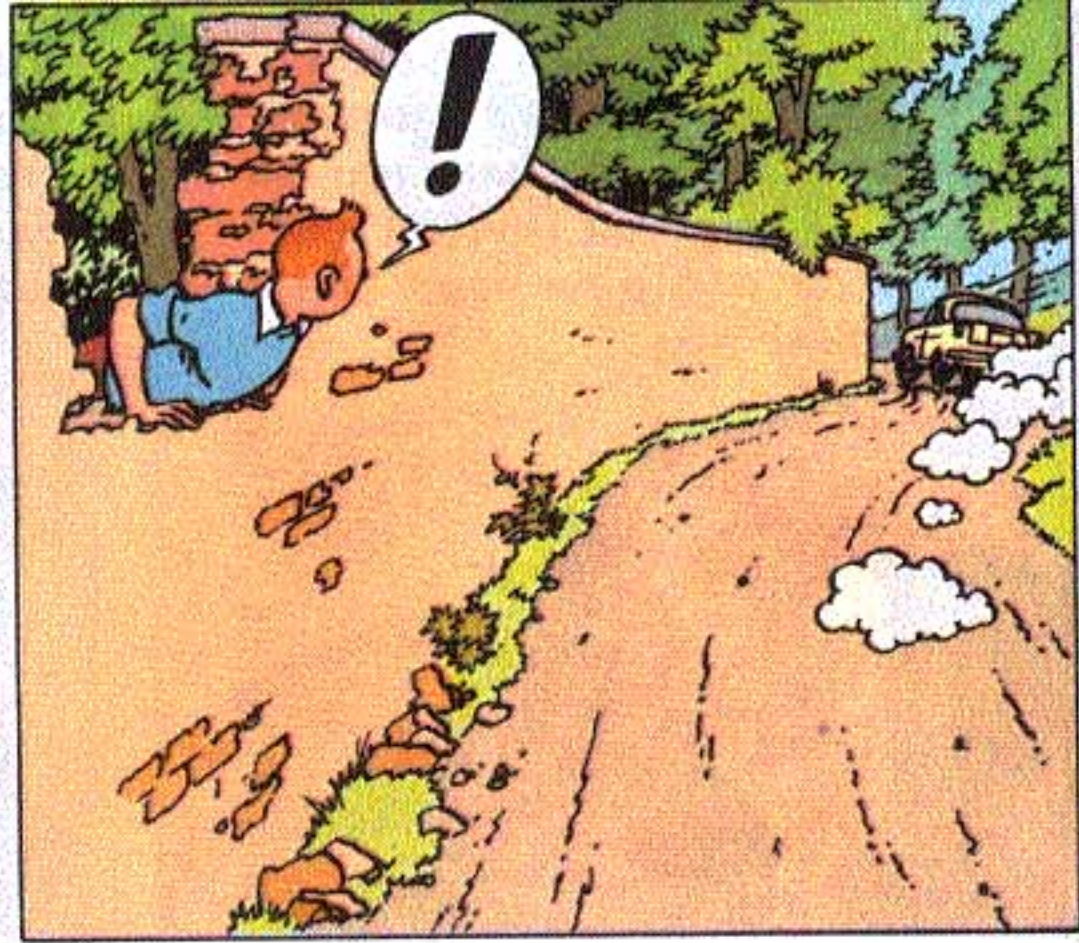
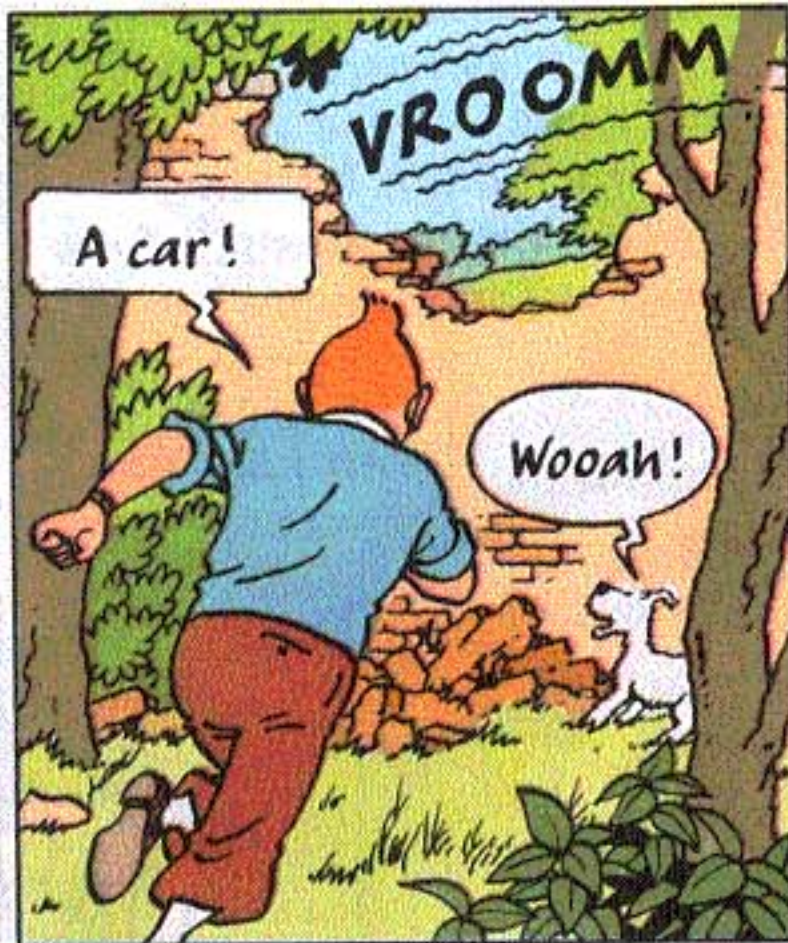
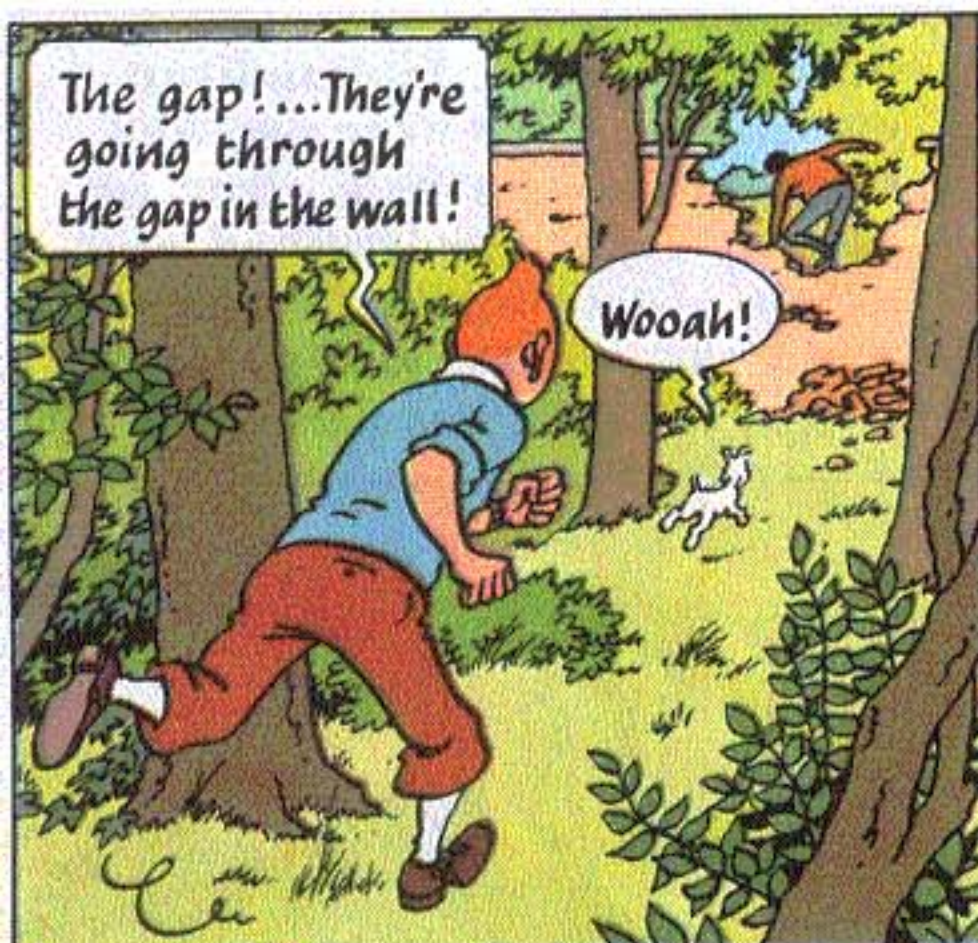
WOOAH! WOOAH!

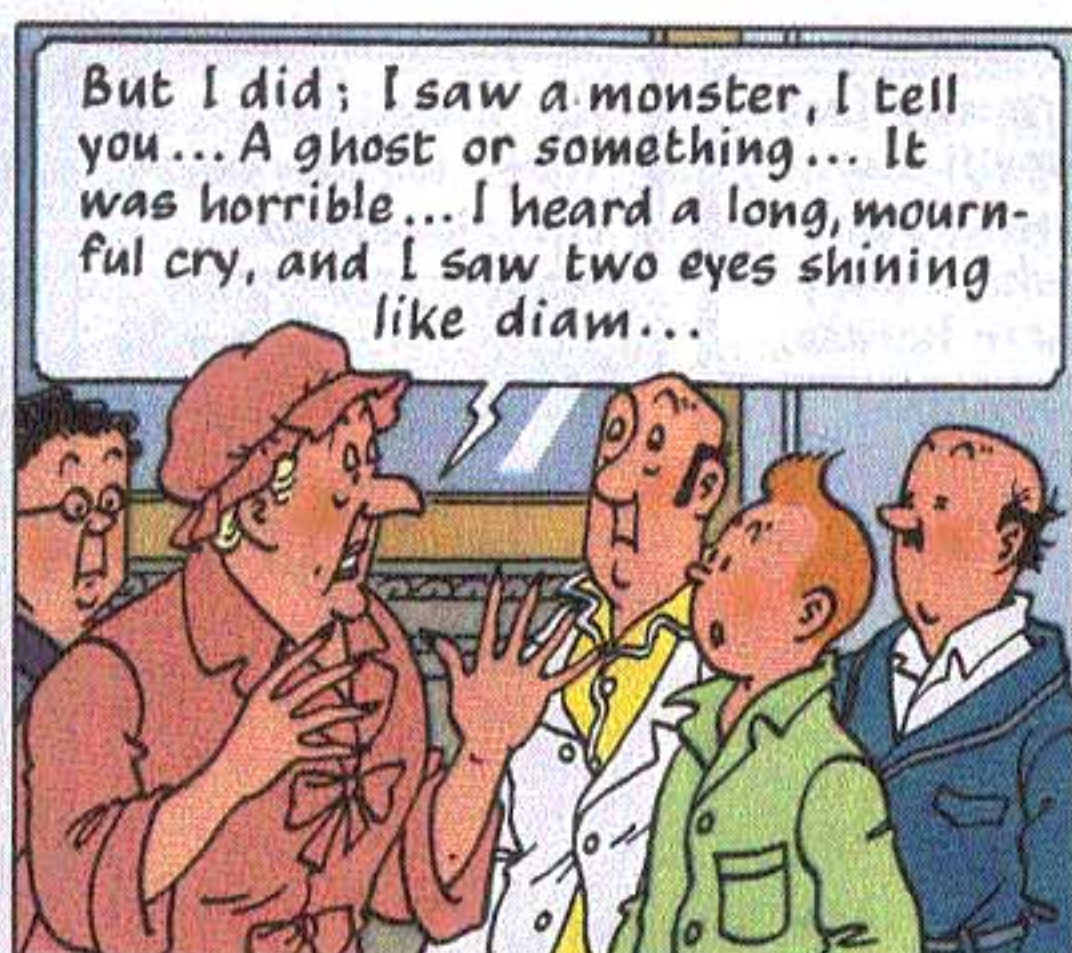
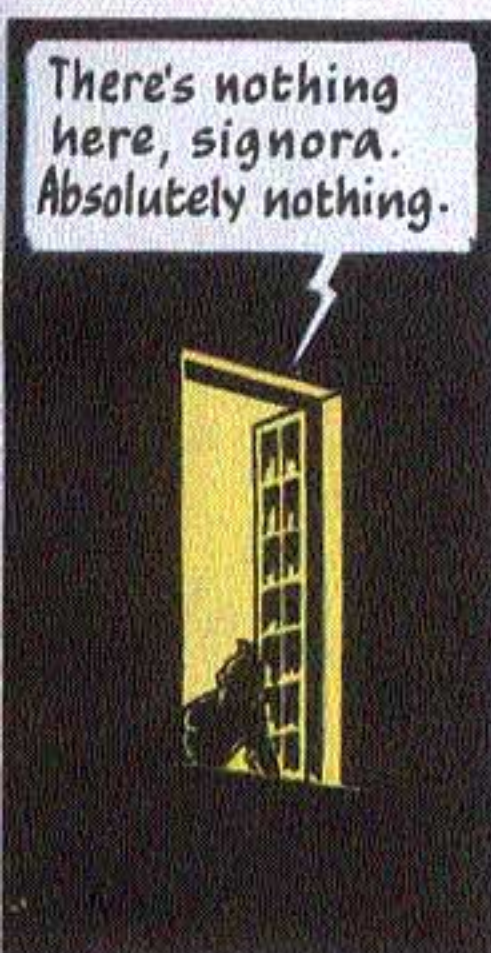


Hey, who are you? ... Stop!

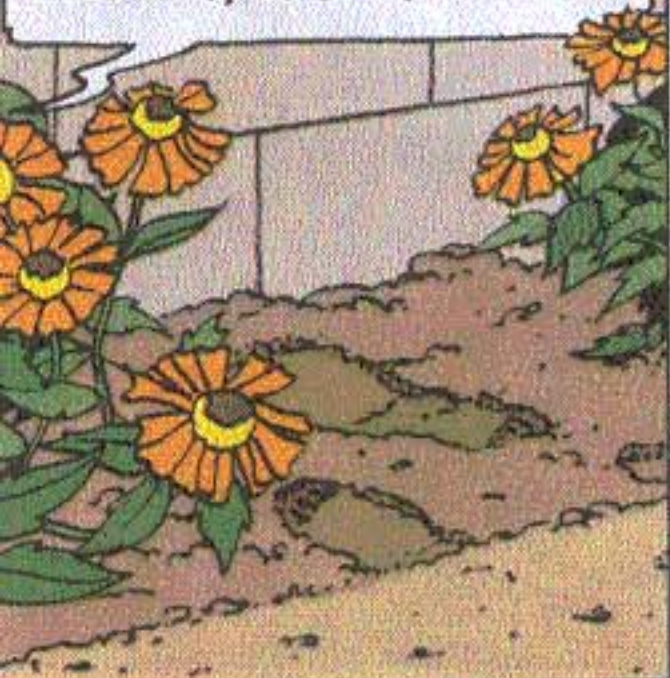
WOOAH! WOOAH!



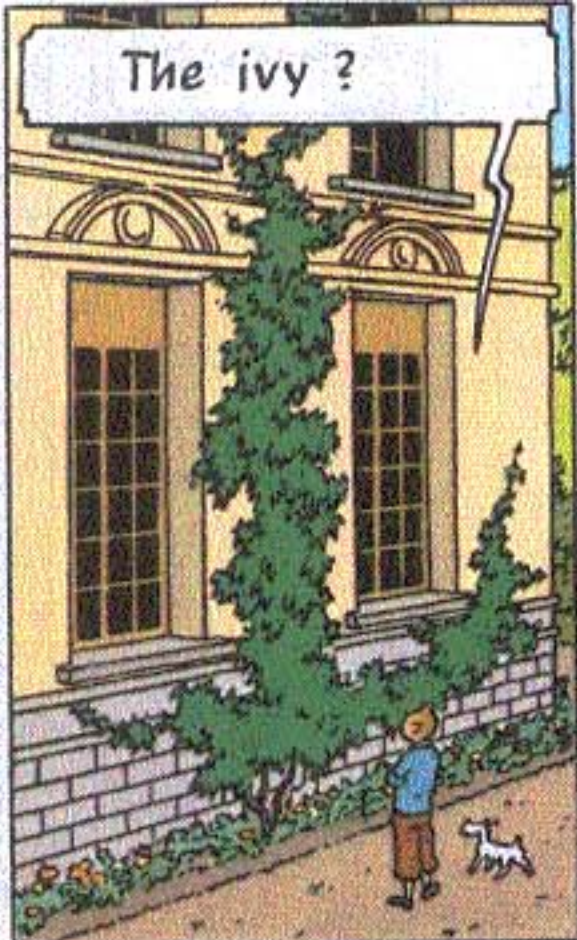




Footprints! ... Right under the window! ... Was she telling the truth, then?



The ivy?



No. It would never support a man's weight... A child, maybe? ... But then there'd be traces of the climb... Anyway, the footprints are those of an adult...



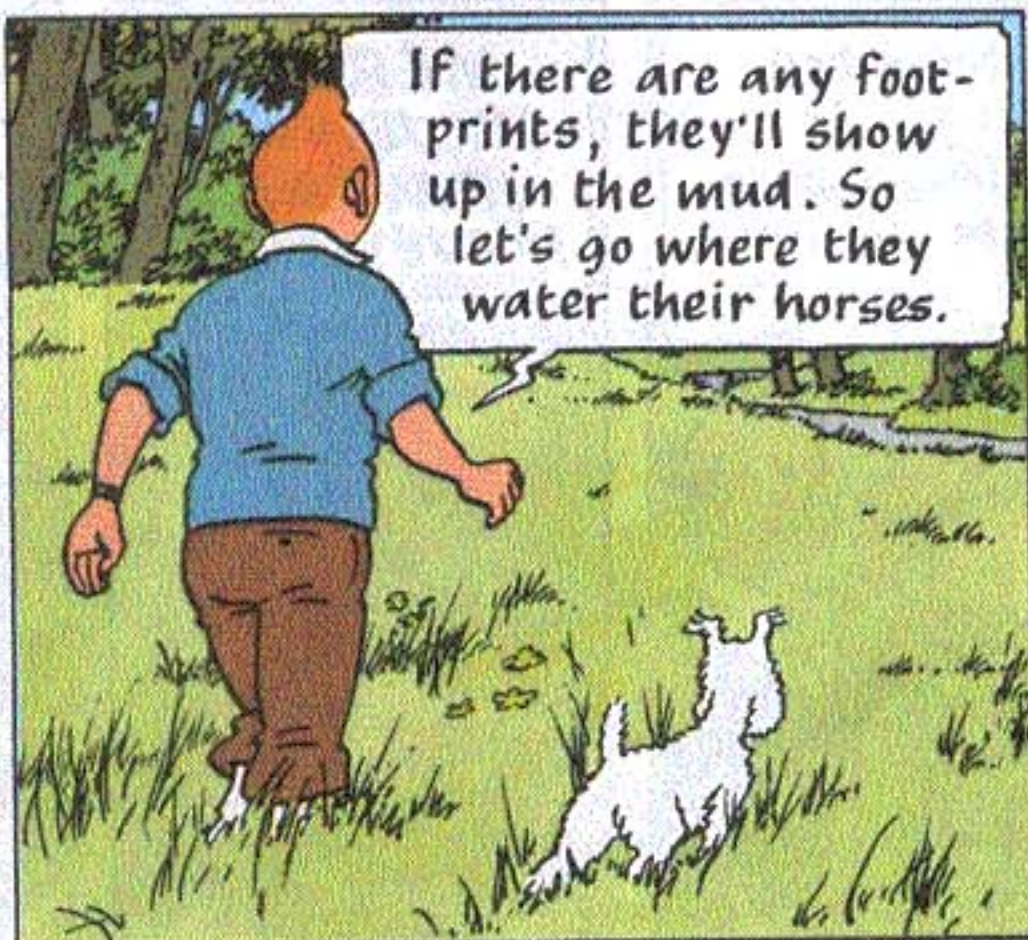
... But whose? That's the problem... Someone from the house? ... One of the two strangers I chased yesterday? ... A gipsy?



Here, Snowy. We'll take a walk down by the encampment.



If there are any footprints, they'll show up in the mud. So let's go where they water their horses.



No, none like those we saw in the flowerbed.



SPLASH



?!



There he goes. Ha! ha! He didn't wait for a second round, the little brat. I don't like the way he's always snooping around.



Come on, Snowy. We shan't find our humorous friend by staying here...



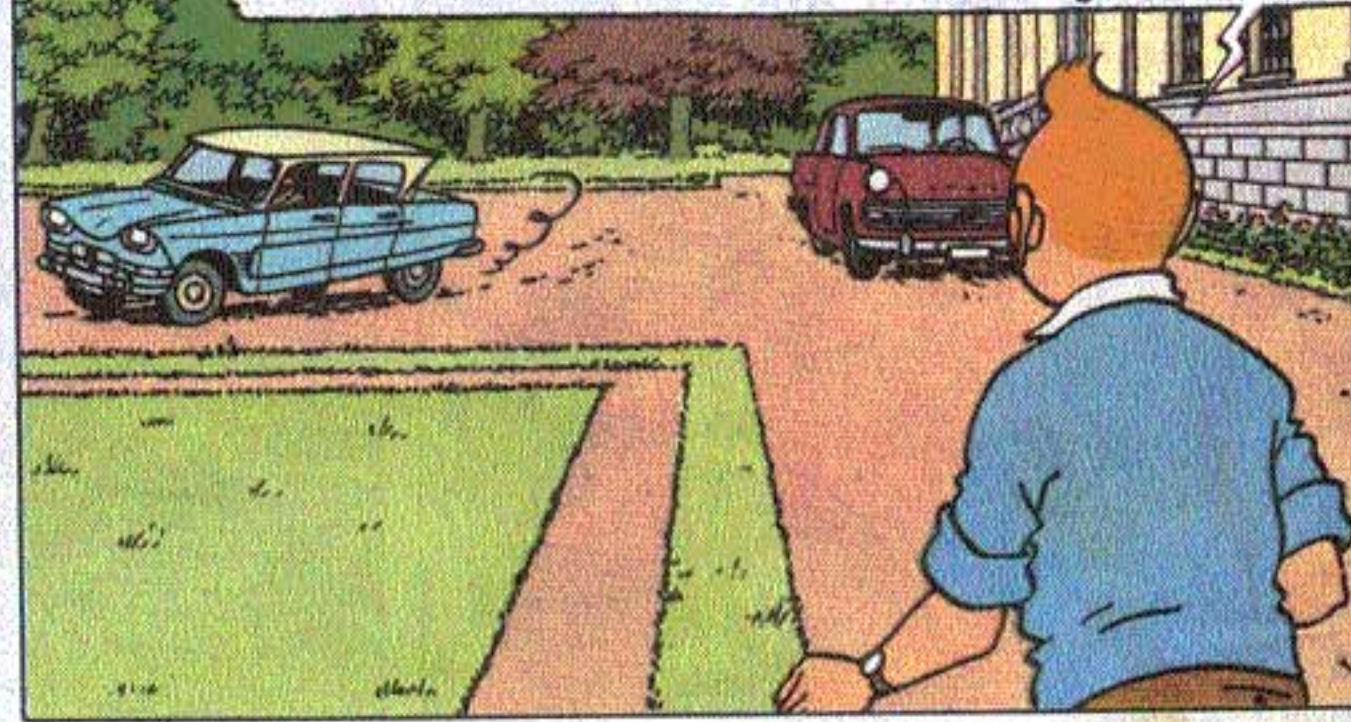
So, that's who it was... that gipsy... he threw the stone. But why?

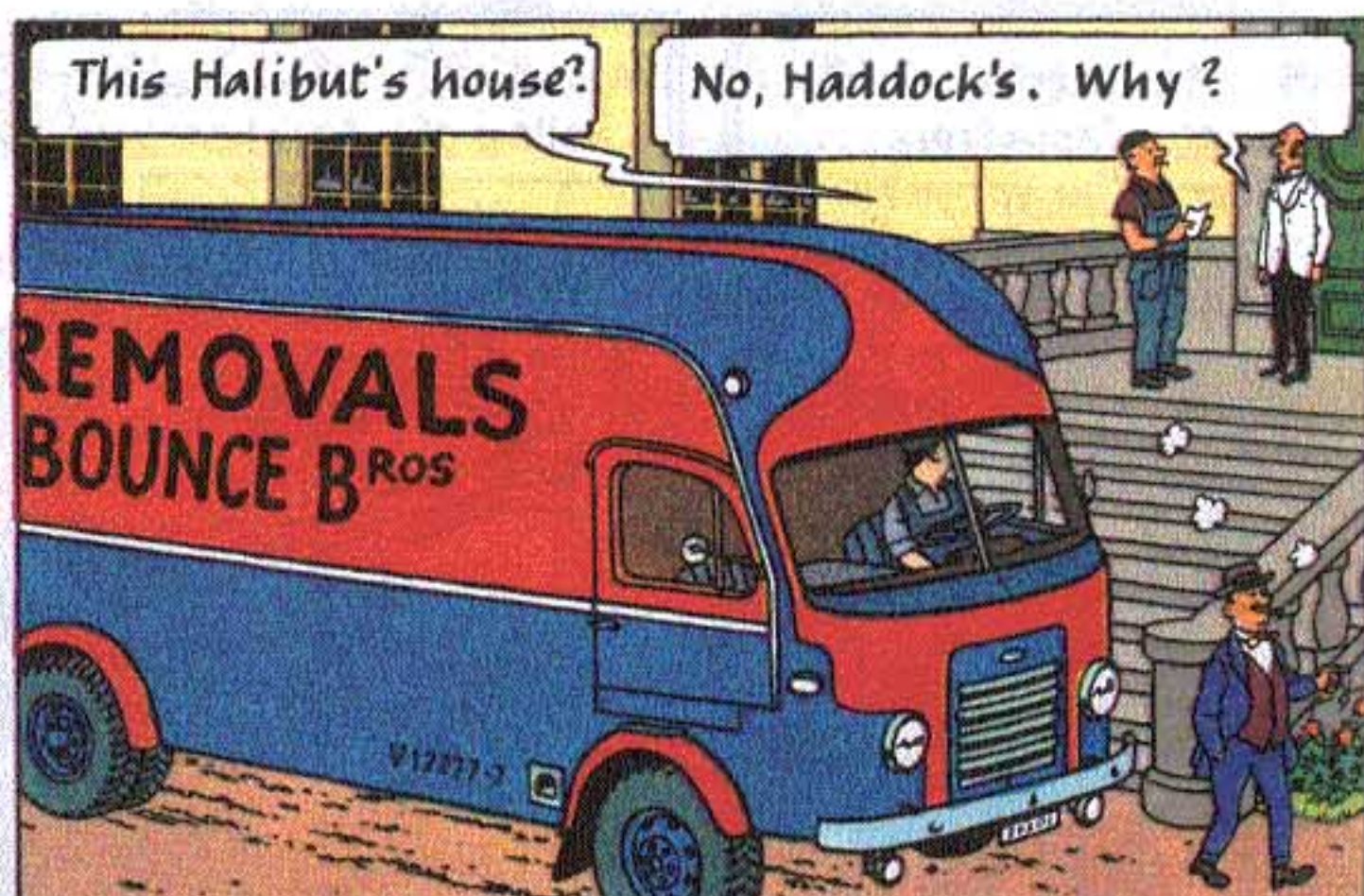
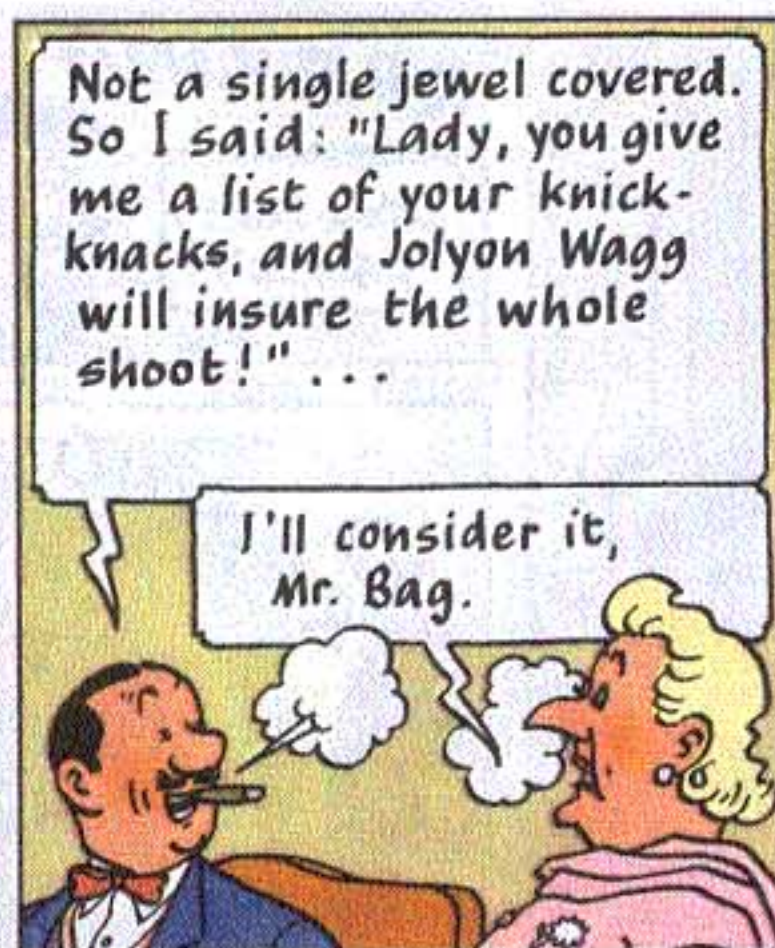
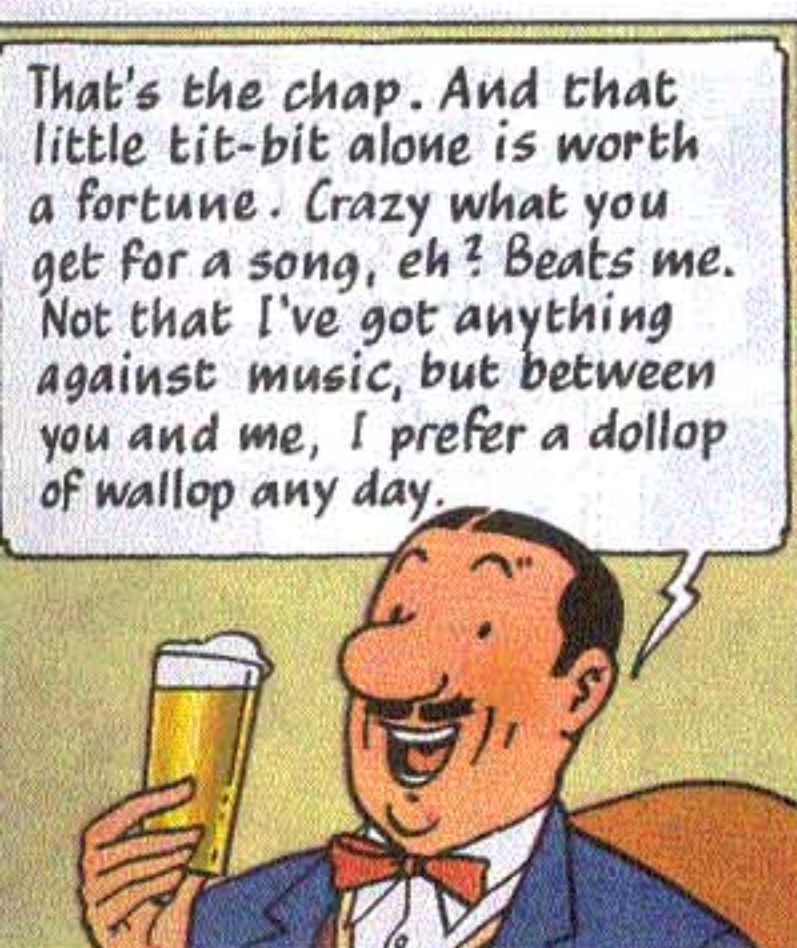
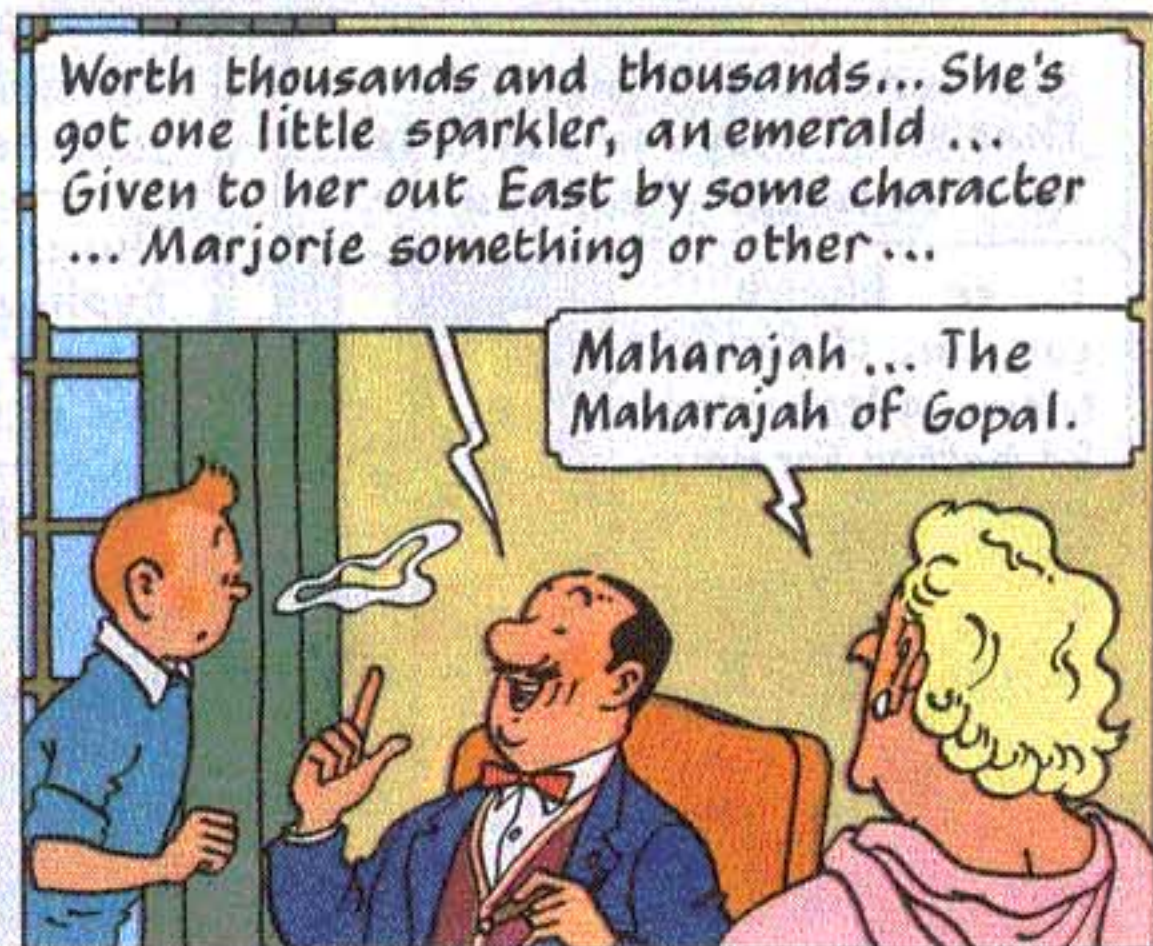
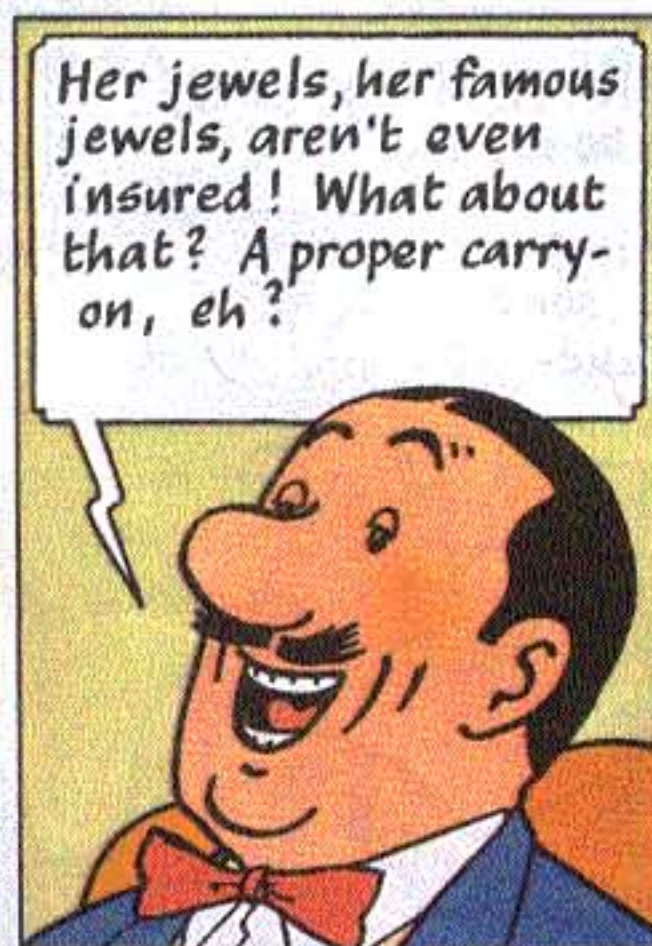
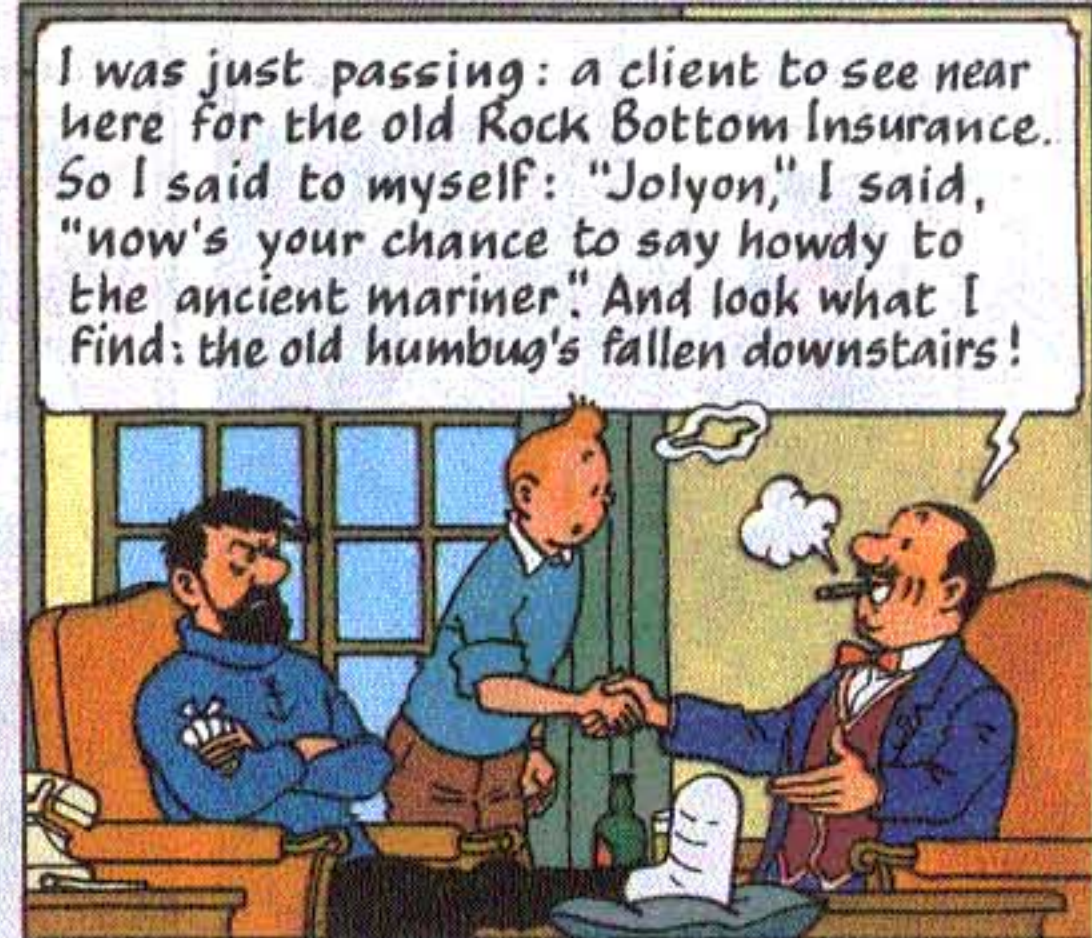
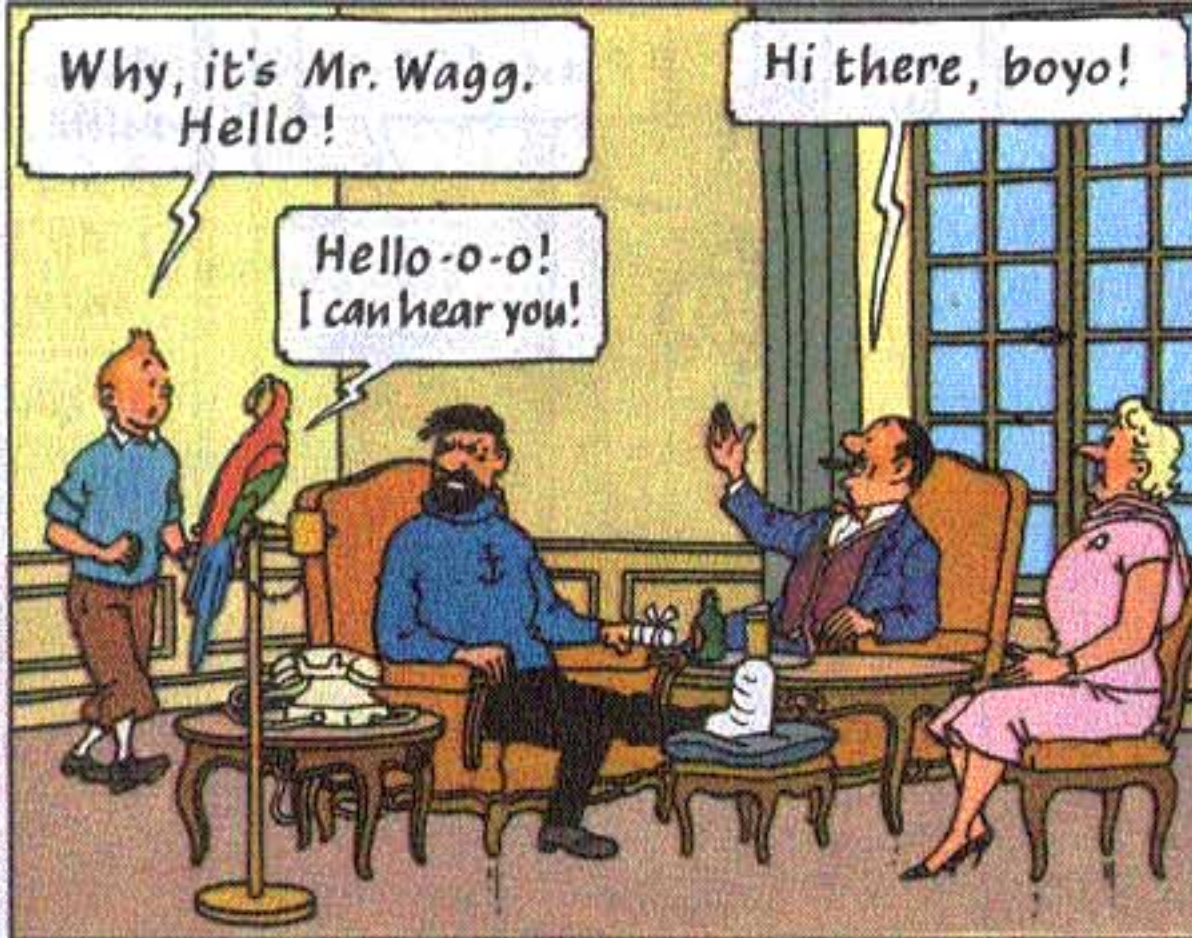


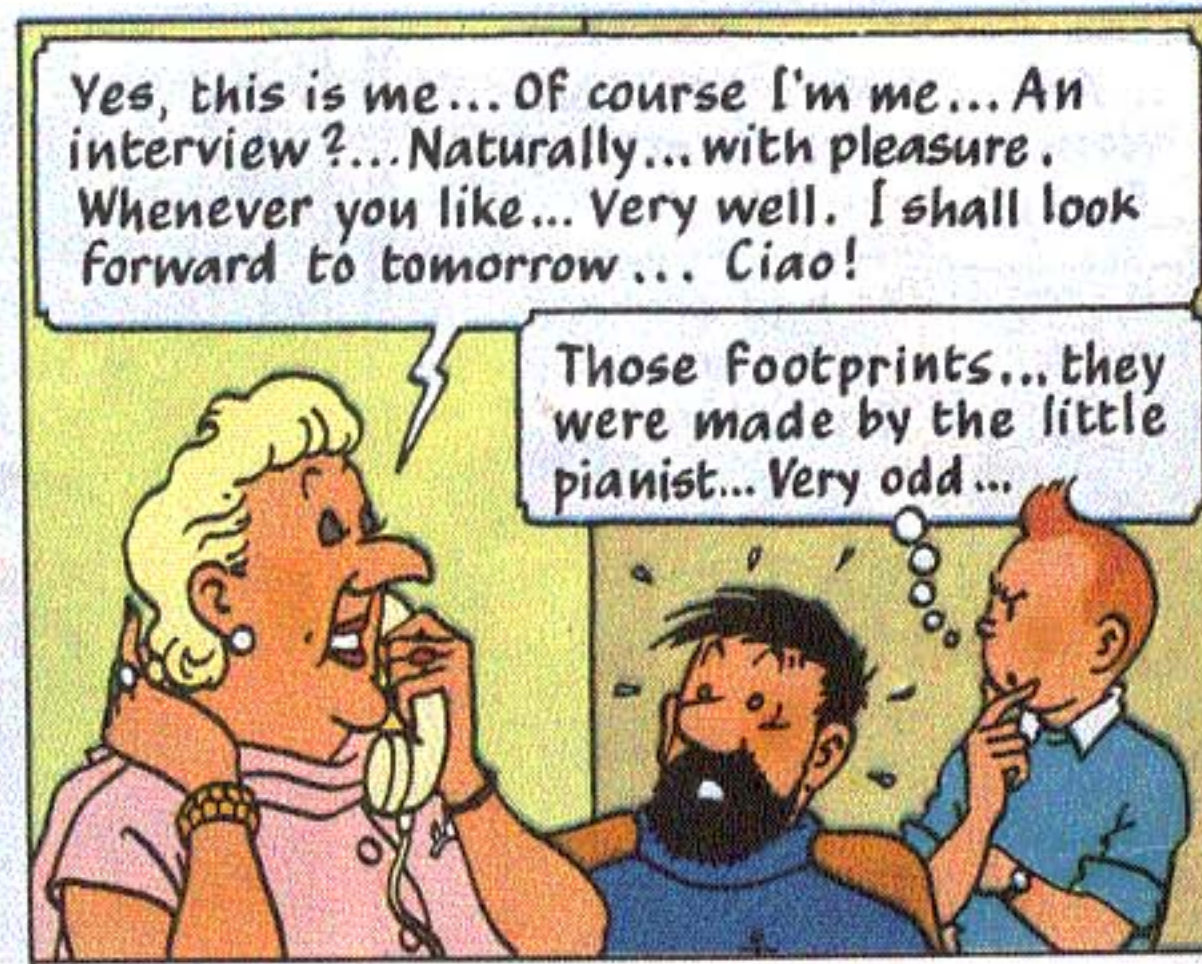
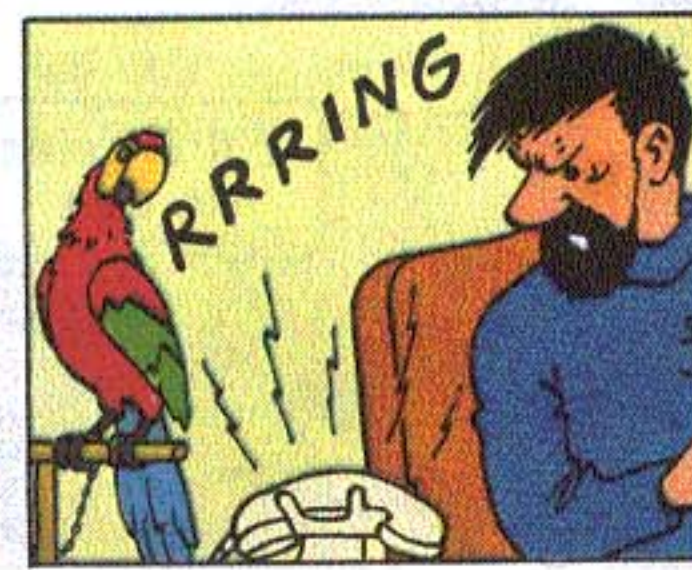
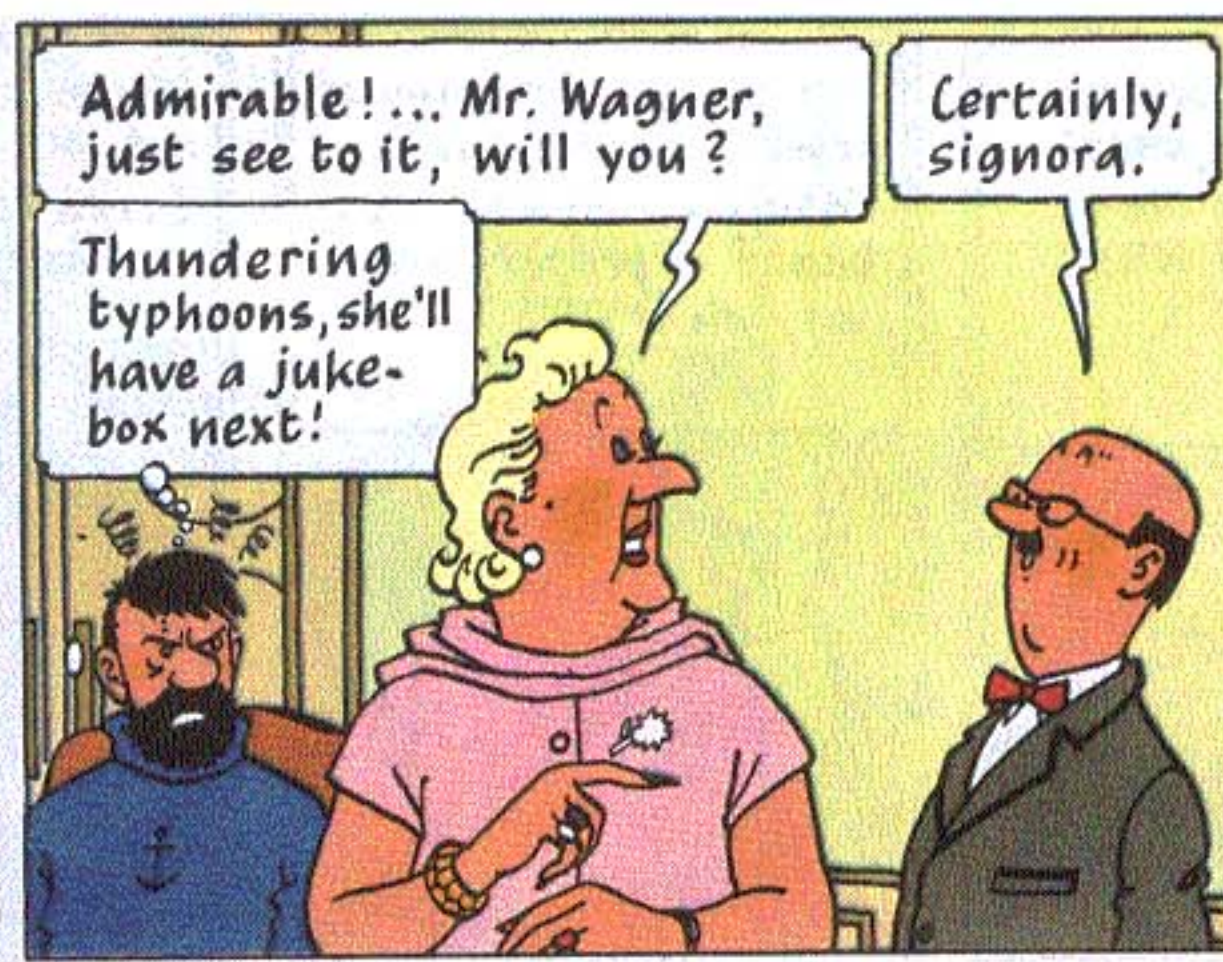
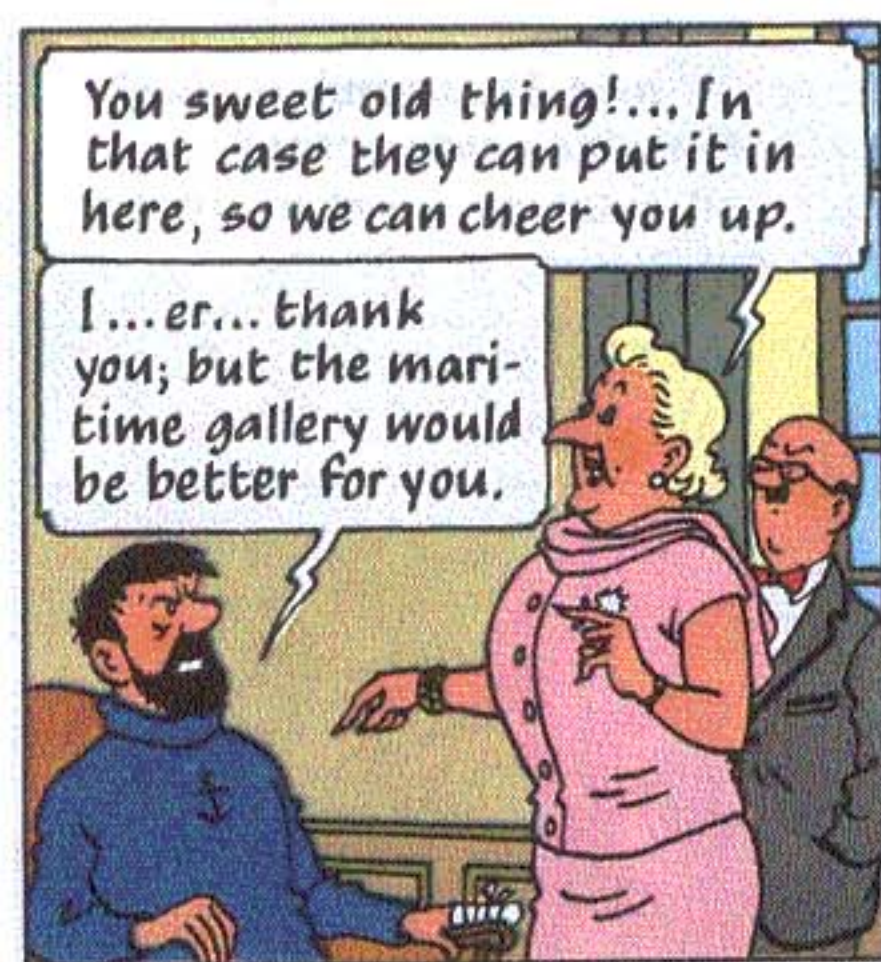
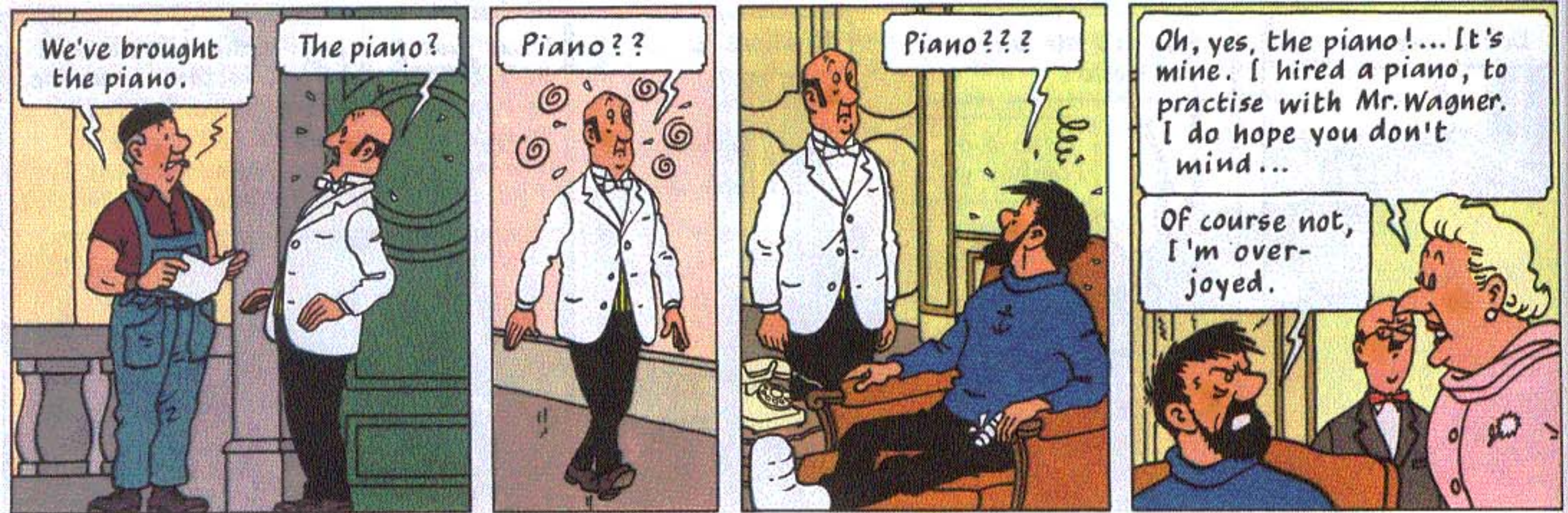
We don't seem to be much further on ... Come on Snowy, ... home.

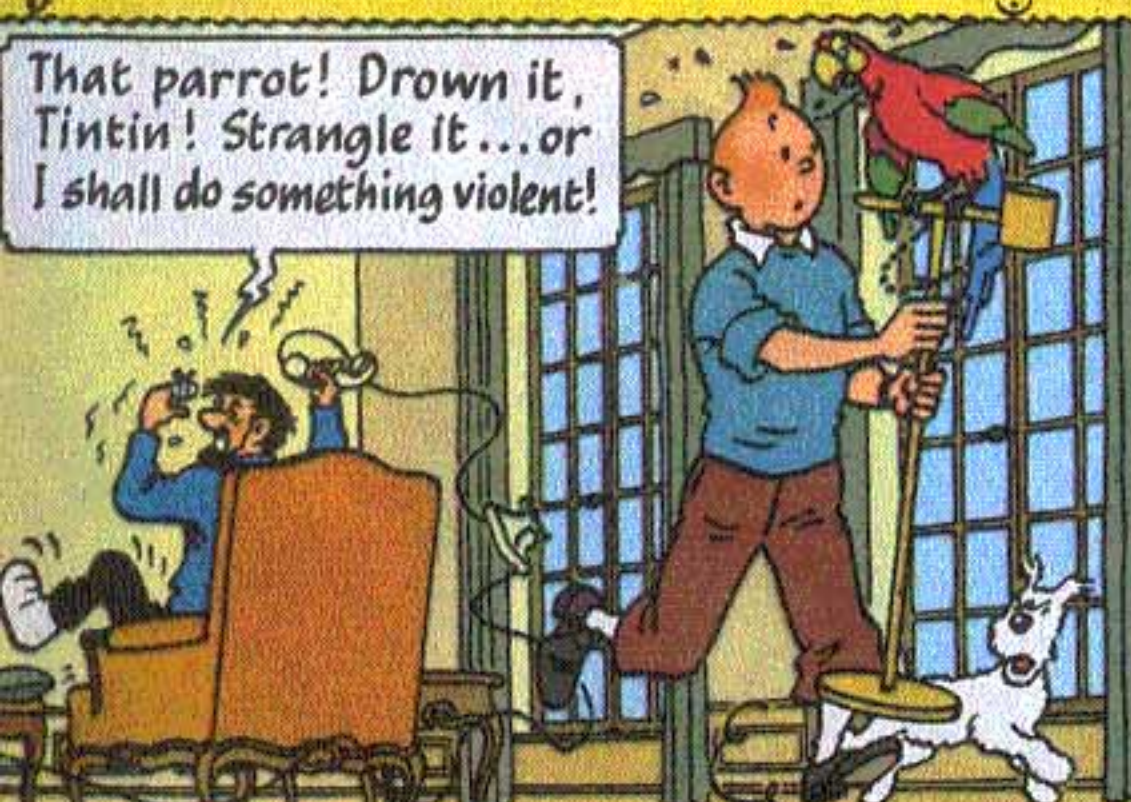
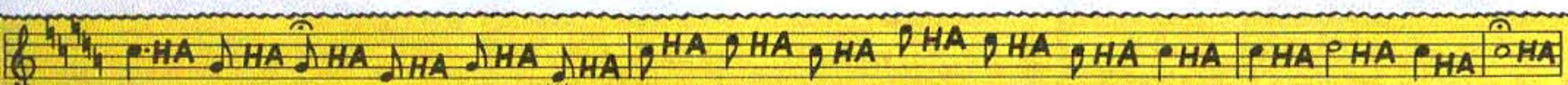
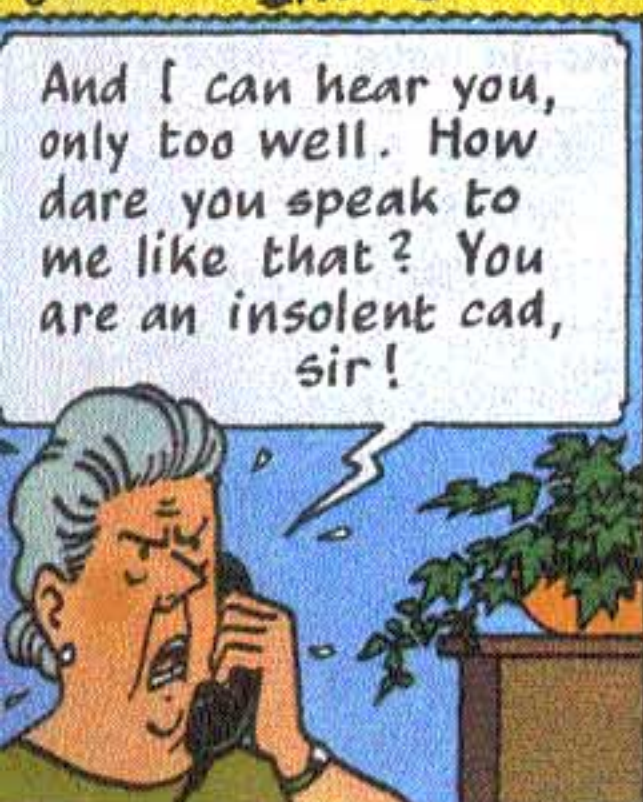
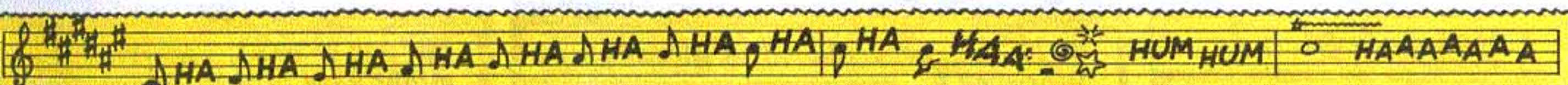
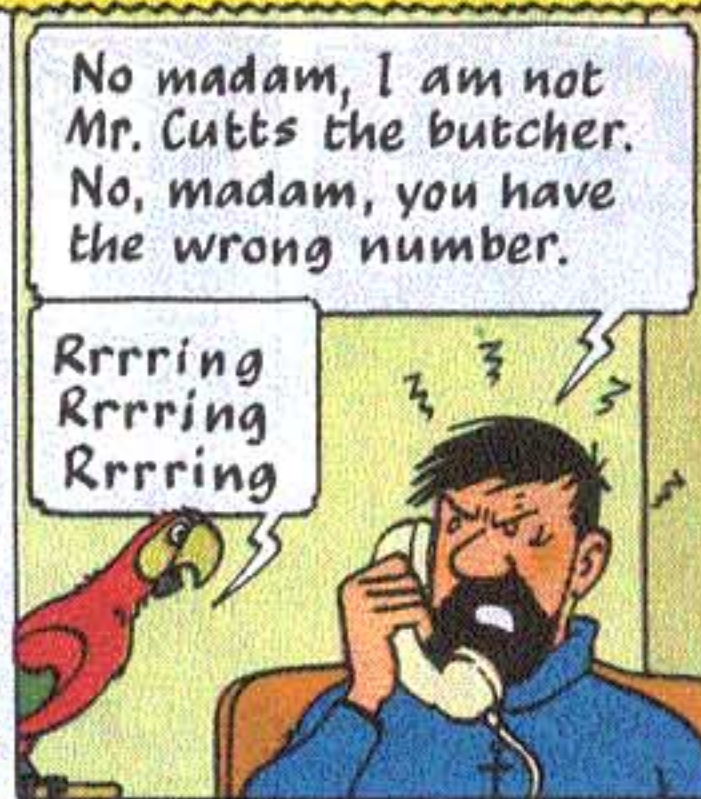
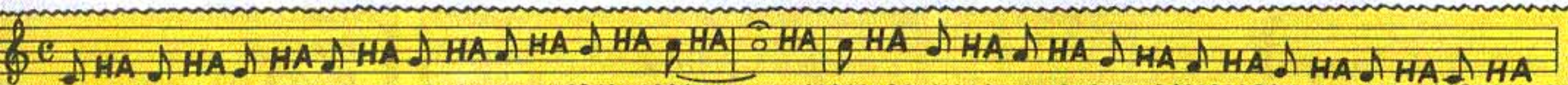


That's the doctor leaving: he'll have put the Captain's foot in plaster. But there's another car... Who does that belong to?









The next morning...

Yes, I know... I couldn't help it. I had to finish a tombstone: it was urgent. What? Yours is urgent too: yes, I know... Look, I'll be there first thing tomorrow morning... Yes, without fail.

If he's not here tomorrow I'll get someone else, and that's flat.

Captain! Captain!

Here's your new racing car.

Hooray! I'm free!

Wooh! Wooh!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

Peace at last... And there's old Cuthbert, pruning his roses...

Meanwhile...

Ah, Paris-Flash! Come in gentlemen. I will inform the signora.

Hello, Cuthbert. Working already this morning?

Very well, thank you. And you?... How's the foot?

Oh, not so bad!... Anyway, I might have broken my leg... Then I really should have looked a fool.

Cool? In the shade, perhaps, but in the sun it's really quite hot.

Great news, Captain - but this is strictly between ourselves - I have succeeded in raising a completely new variety of rose.

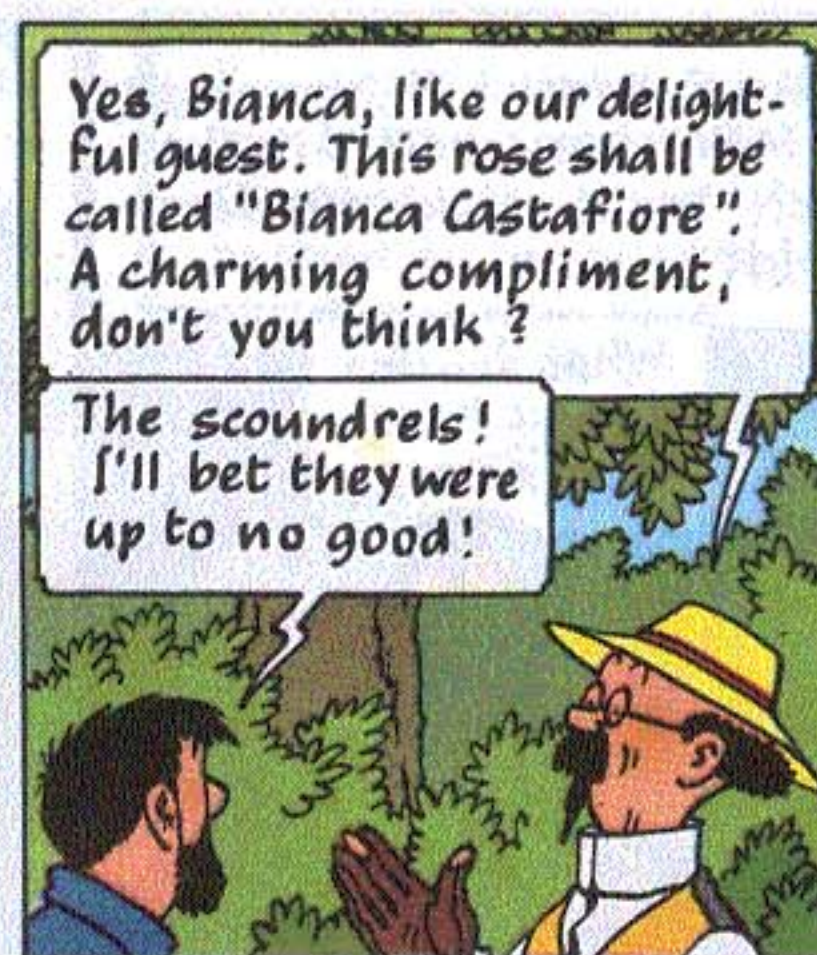
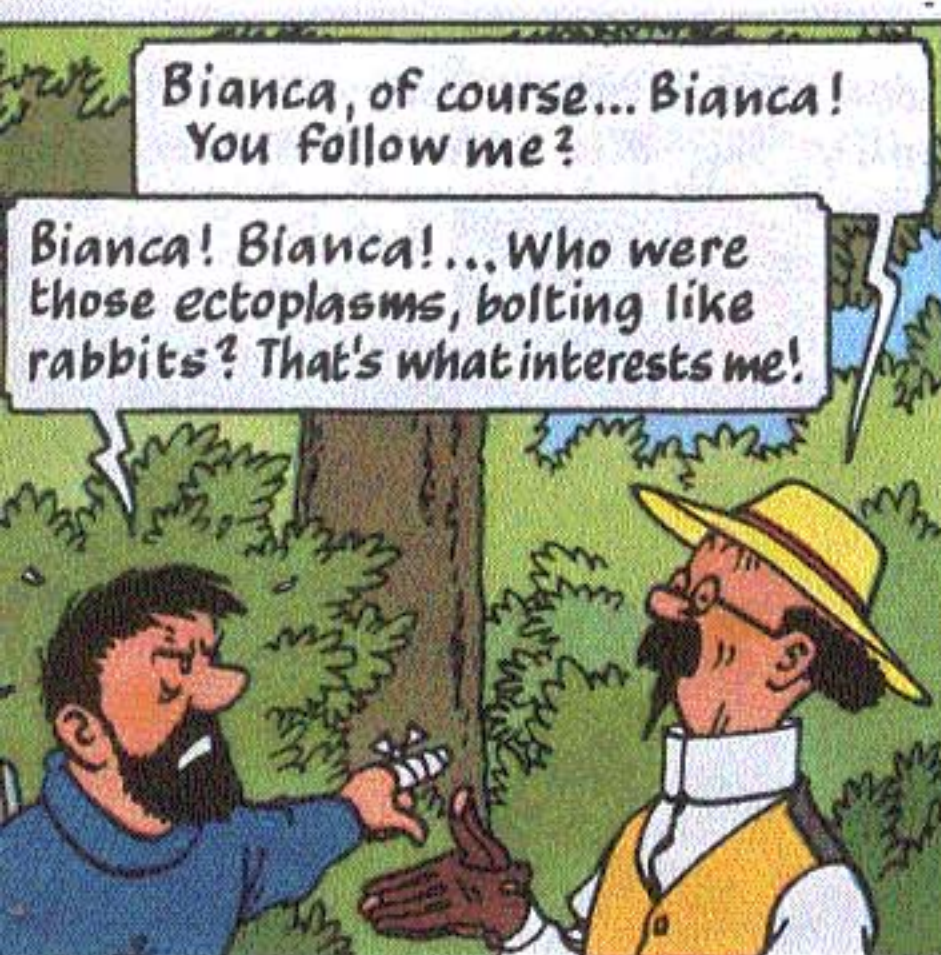
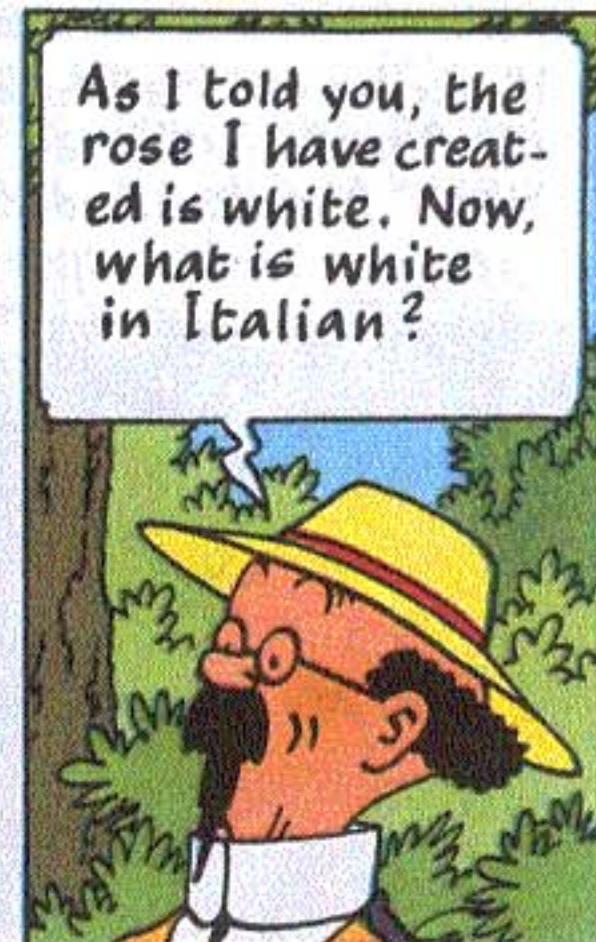
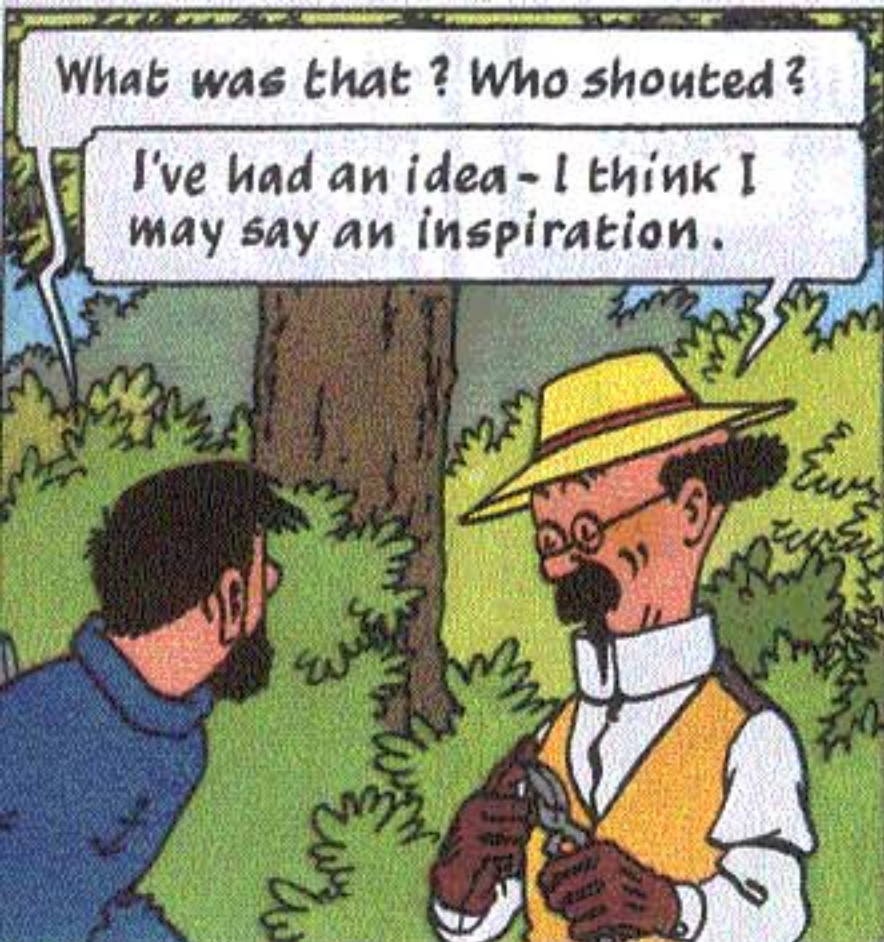
Well done! Splendid! ... Better than building rockets and chasing off into the blue.

No, no, white!... But such a white! ... Pearly, sparkling, immaculate! ... And the shape-perfect! ... And what perfume - exquisite!

Well, Professor, I congratulate you.

OW!

And the name? Aha! You will never guess...



If you see him, tell him we've finished. These gentlemen from "Paris-Flash" have concluded their interview and would so like to meet him.

Yes, madame.

Disaster! They're coming this way. I'm caught like a rat in a trap!

You know, he's just a dear old sea-dog, a bit crusty at first, but...

...beneath a rough exterior he hides the simple heart of a big, lovable child.

There he is, asleep, and in the shade, too.

Zzzz...
Zzzz...

Captain Paddock! Oh, you naughty man, look at you, asleep in the shade! You'll catch your death of cold!

What?... Oh, I must have been asleep.

Look, I've brought your coat. It's chilly out here... Now, now, now!

But I'm not cold!

I see I must scold you for something else, too... That jersey, it really won't do on a man of your age!

But...

It's like your hair!... When will you learn to do it properly, and stop looking like a scruffy little schoolboy?

But...

Let me introduce Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash".

Hello!

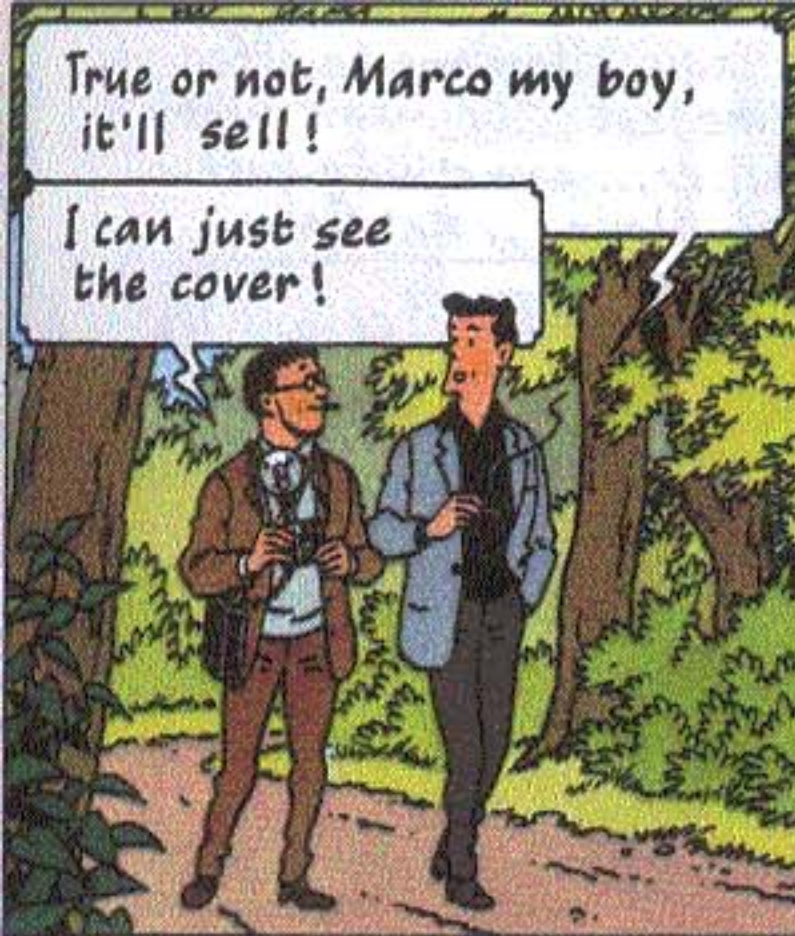
'Morning.

Well, gentlemen, now that you've all met, I will release you. Roam about in the grounds as you please. Captain Hassock and I will expect you to lunch.

Now, my dear, let us have a little chat.

Well, what do you make of it?

The same as you, chum! This is a sensation... But we must be sure...



True or not, Marco my boy, it'll sell!

I can just see the cover!



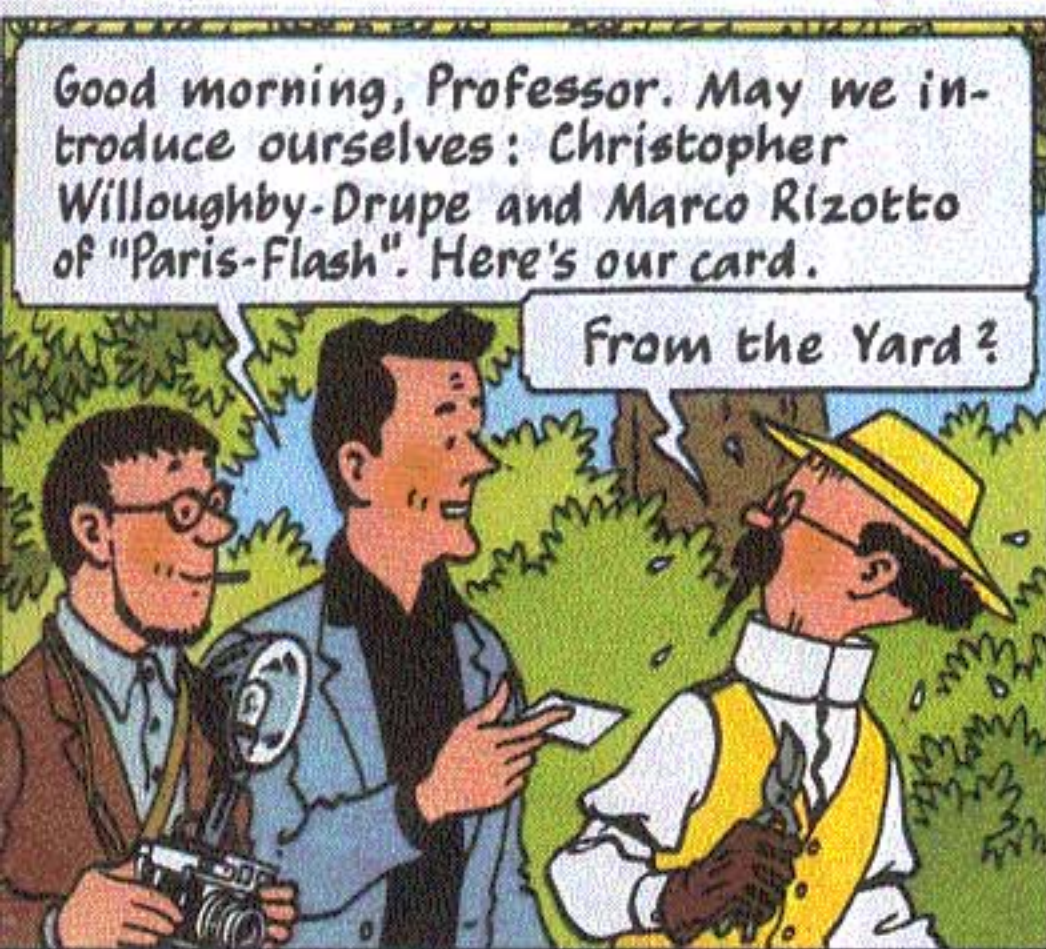
Look, a gardener. Come on, we'll try to pump him.

O.K.!



But...it isn't the gardener... it's Professor Calculus, who went to the moon with Tintin. He should be in the know.

Let's go!

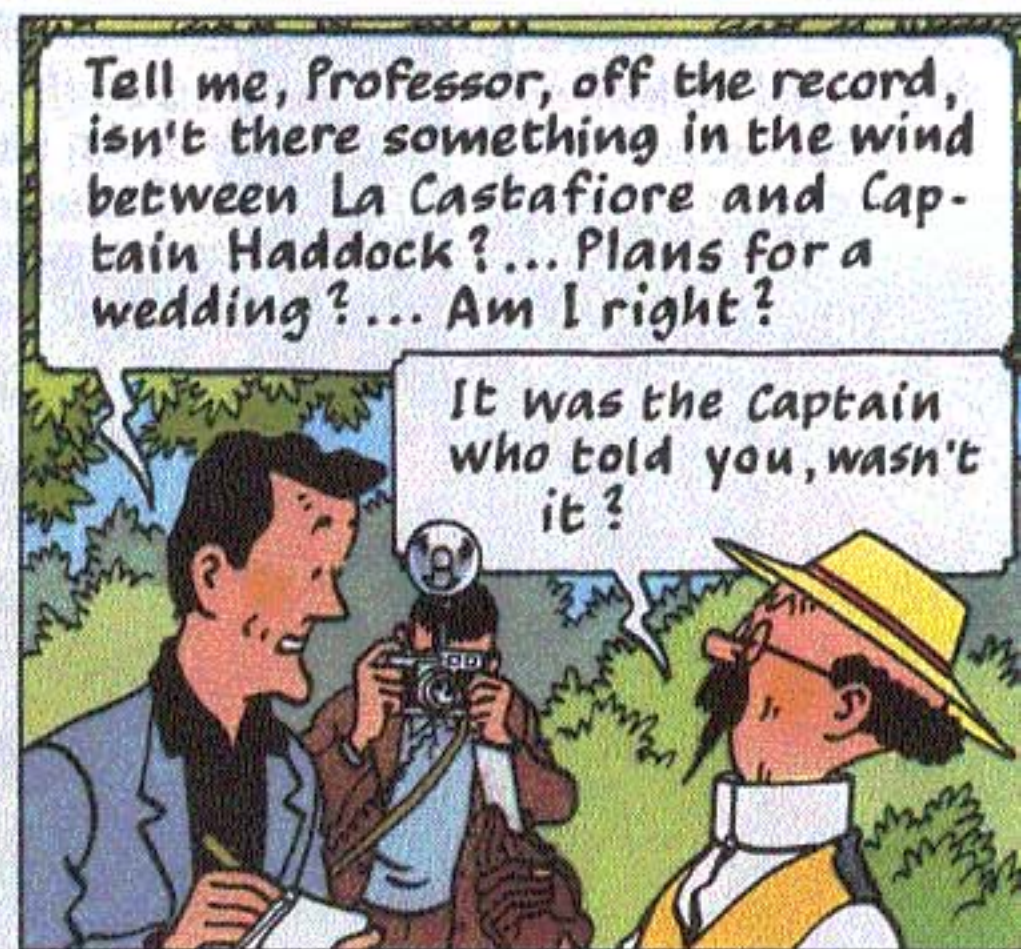


Good morning, Professor. May we introduce ourselves: Christopher Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto of "Paris-Flash". Here's our card.

From the Yard?

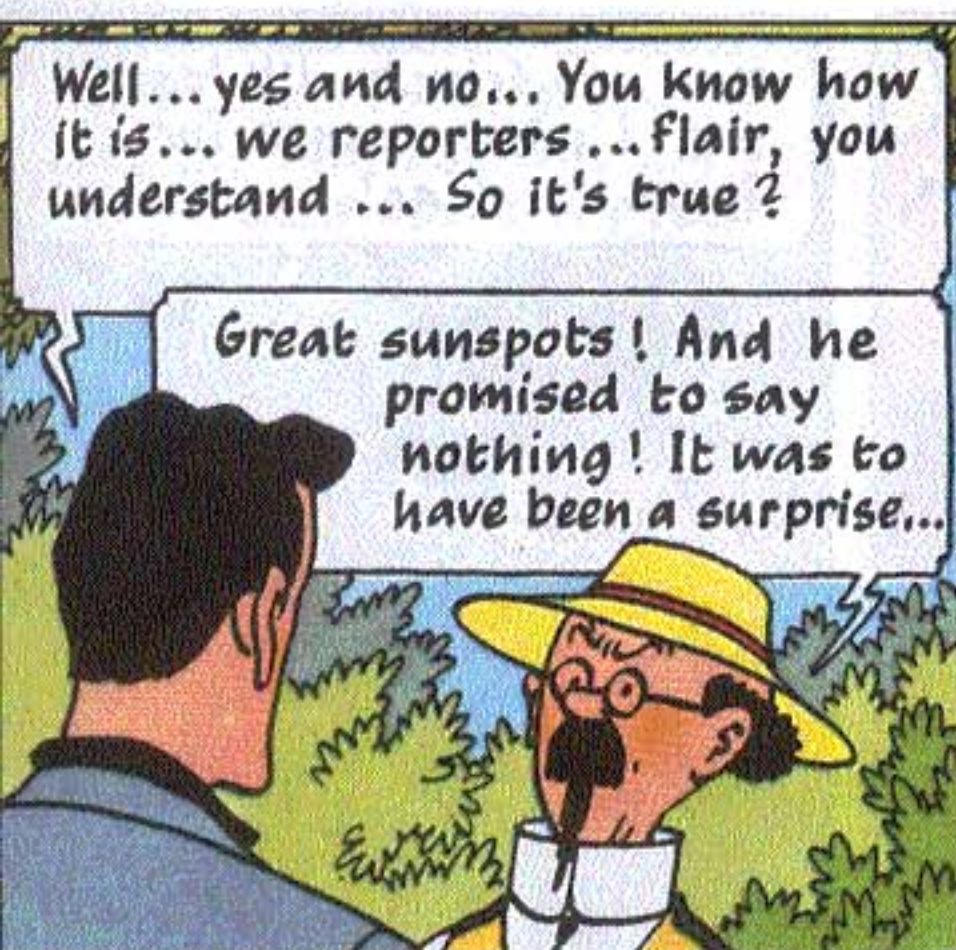


Reporters!... So that's it! The Captain had to tell someone. He's already tattled to the papers about my new rose, the old gossip!



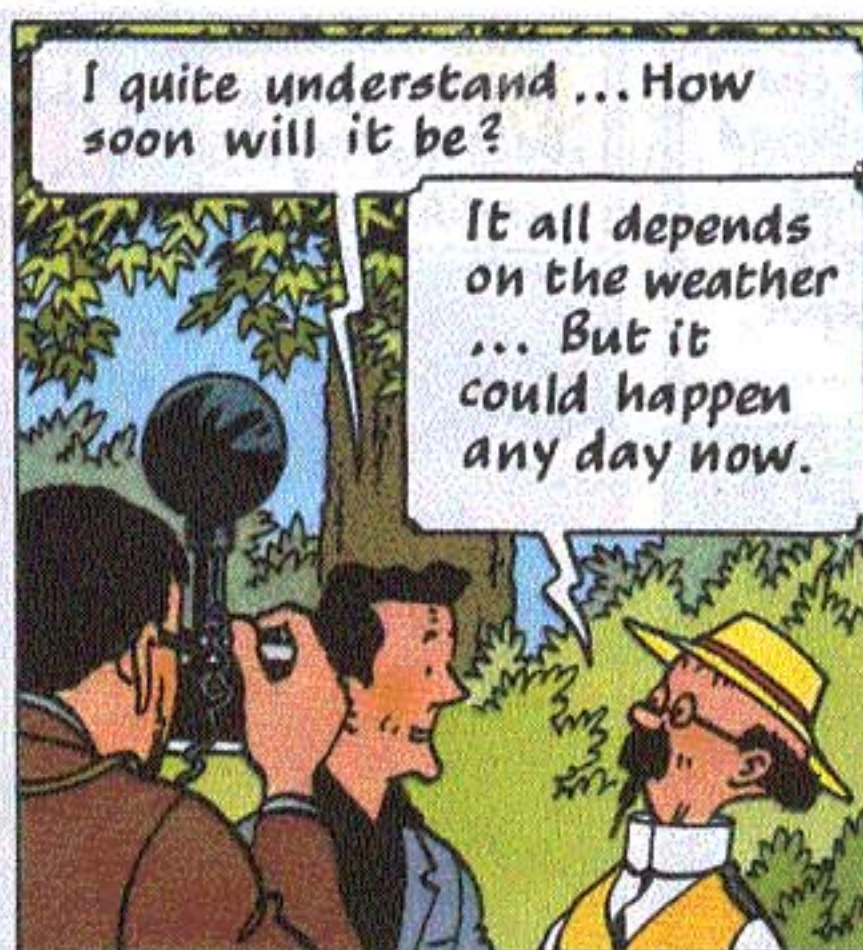
Tell me, Professor, off the record, isn't there something in the wind between La Castafiore and Captain Haddock? ... Plans for a wedding? ... Am I right?

It was the Captain who told you, wasn't it?



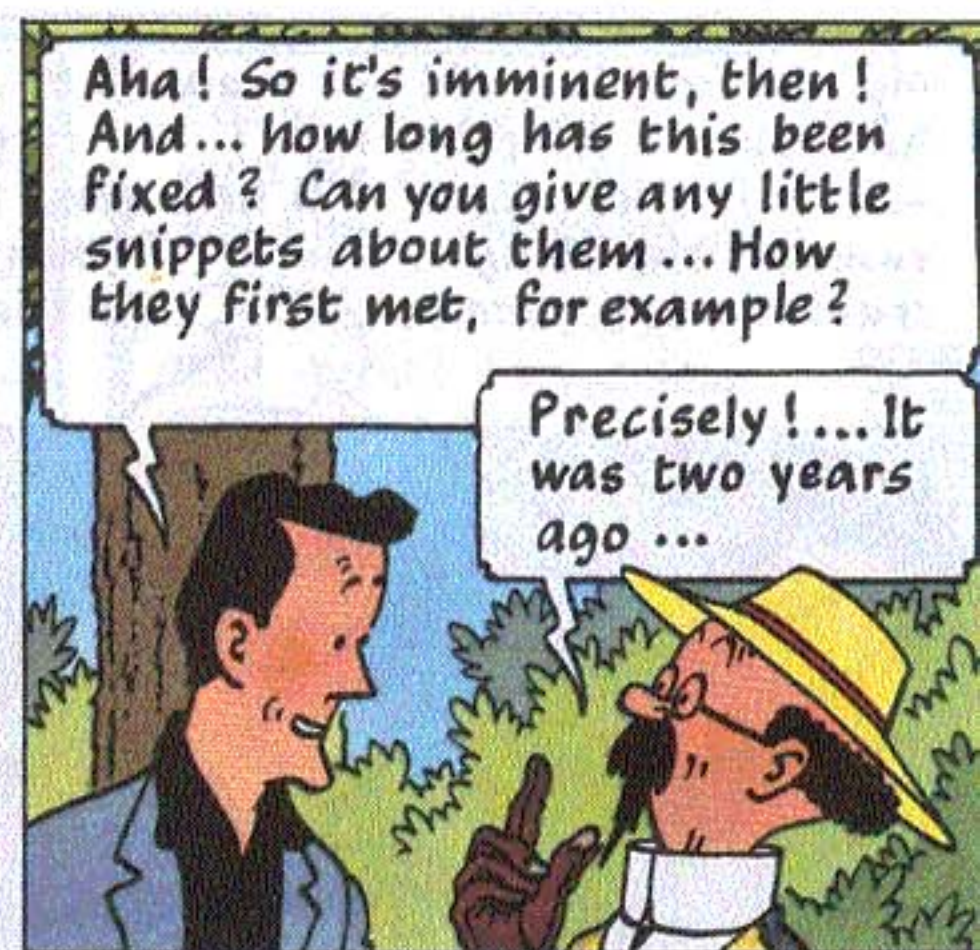
Well... yes and no... You know how it is... we reporters... flair, you understand... So it's true?

Great sunspots! And he promised to say nothing! It was to have been a surprise...



I quite understand... How soon will it be?

It all depends on the weather... But it could happen any day now.



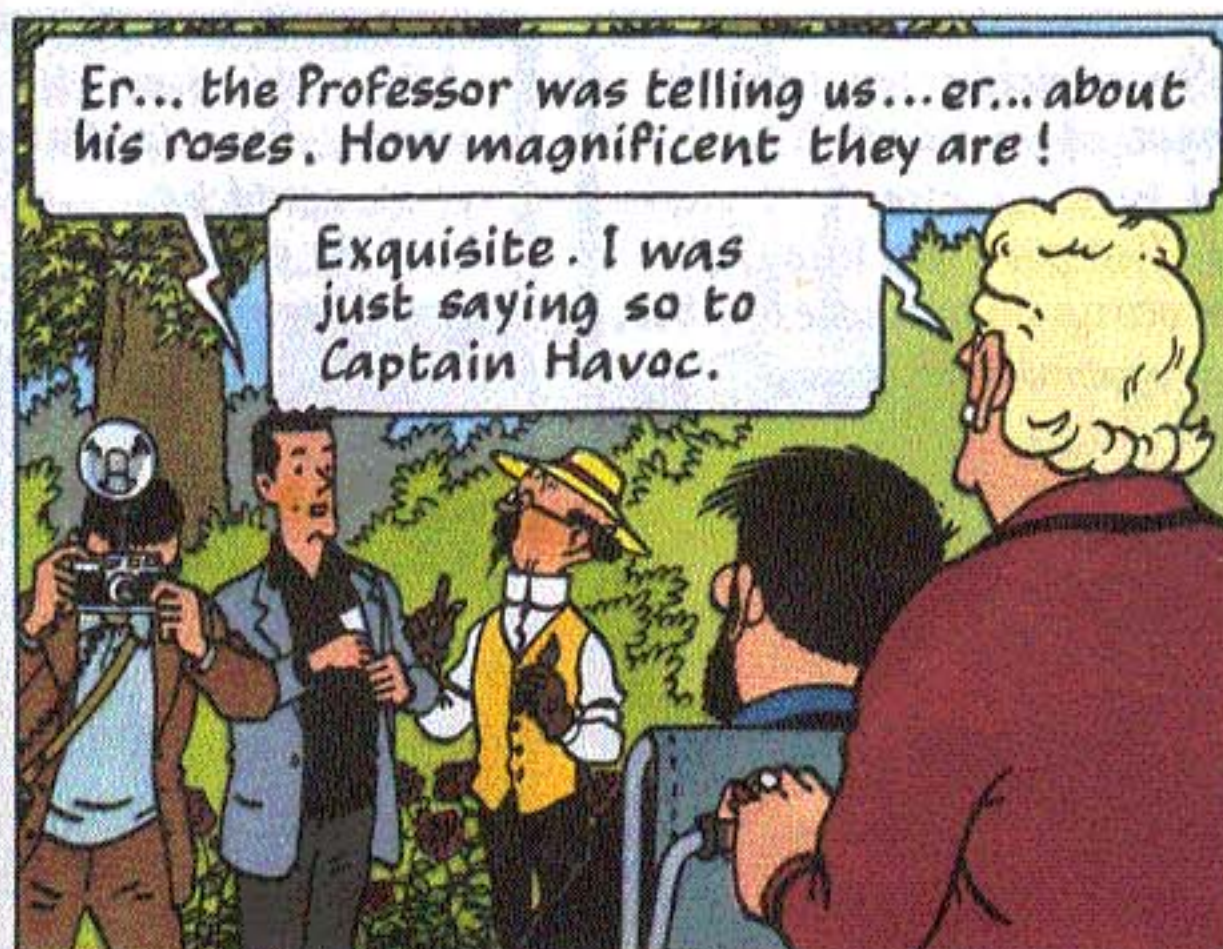
Aha! So it's imminent, then! And... how long has this been fixed? Can you give any little snippets about them... How they first met, for example?

Precisely!... It was two years ago...



...at the Chelsea Flower Show. But ssh! Here she comes... Signora Bianca, with the Captain. Not a word about this!

Right!



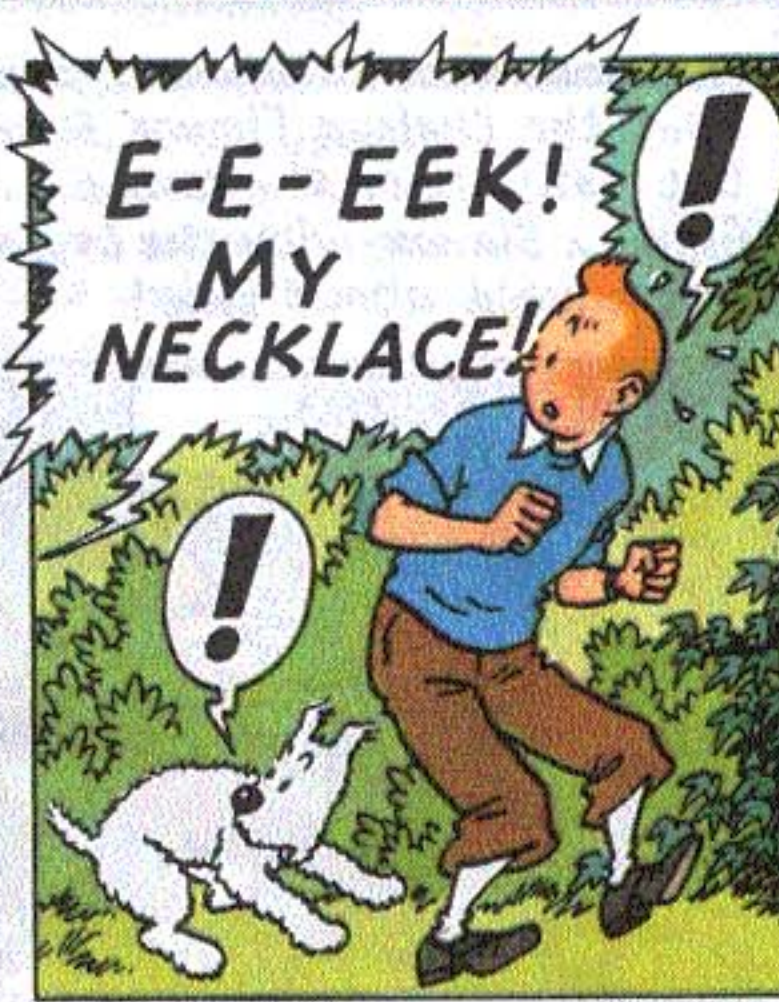
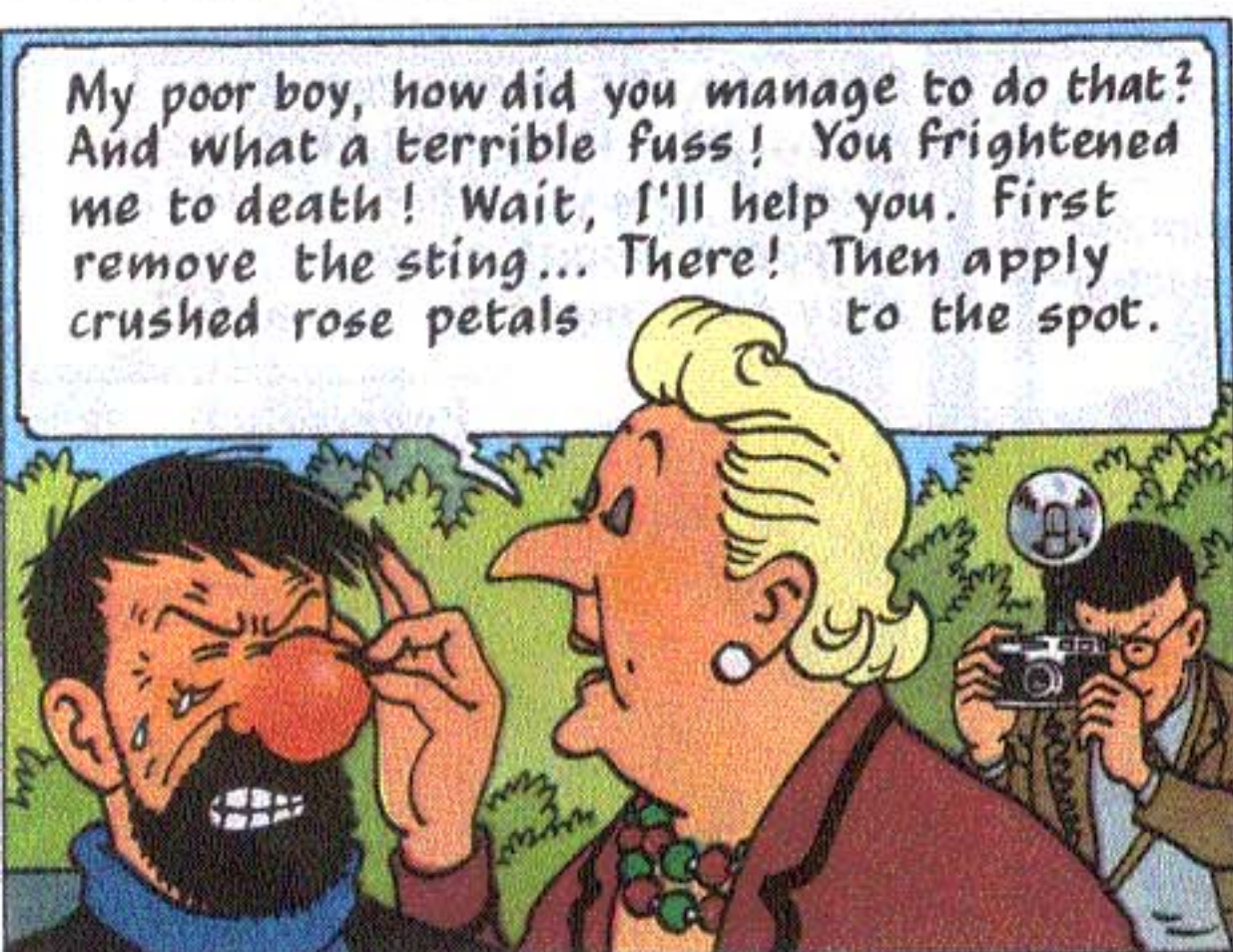
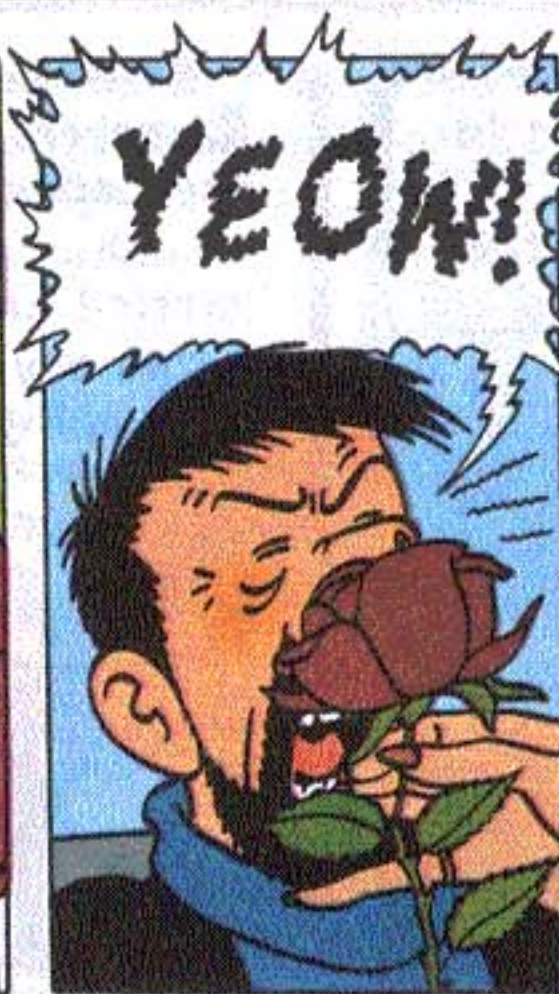
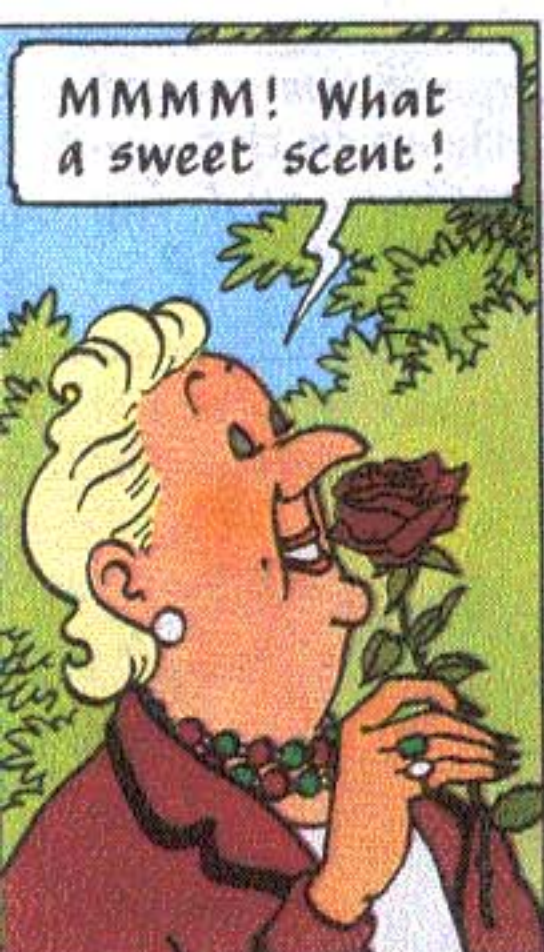
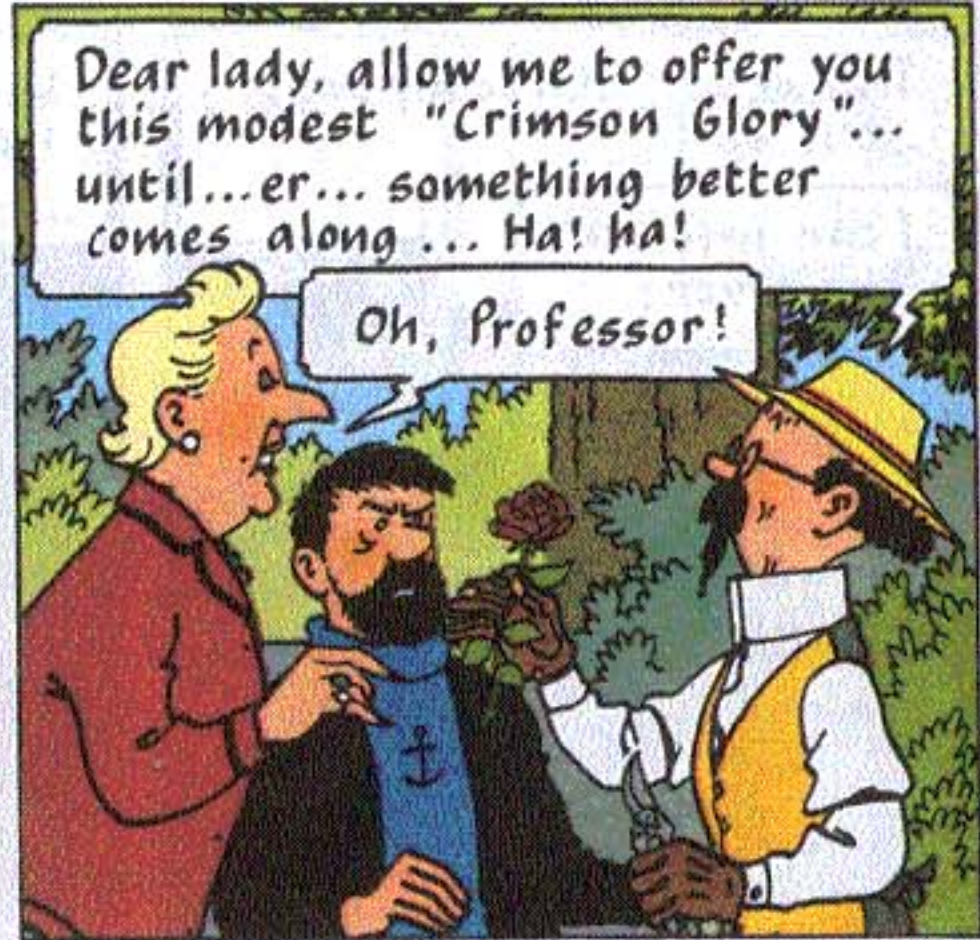
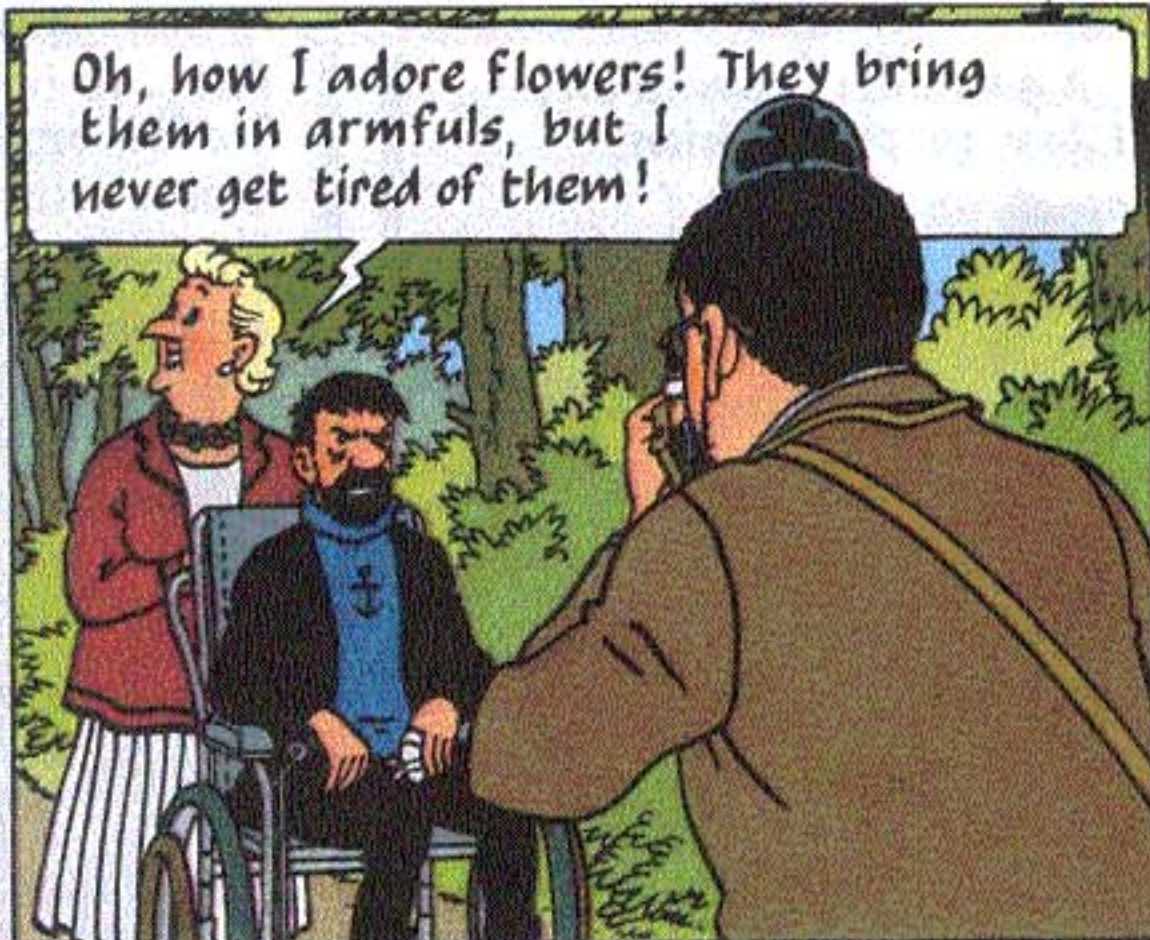
Er... the Professor was telling us... er... about his roses. How magnificent they are!

Exquisite. I was just saying so to Captain Havoc.



Meanwhile...

Got that? Sugarplum... Oriana... Semiramis...





IRMA-A-A!
IRMA-A-A!

Yes,
madame.



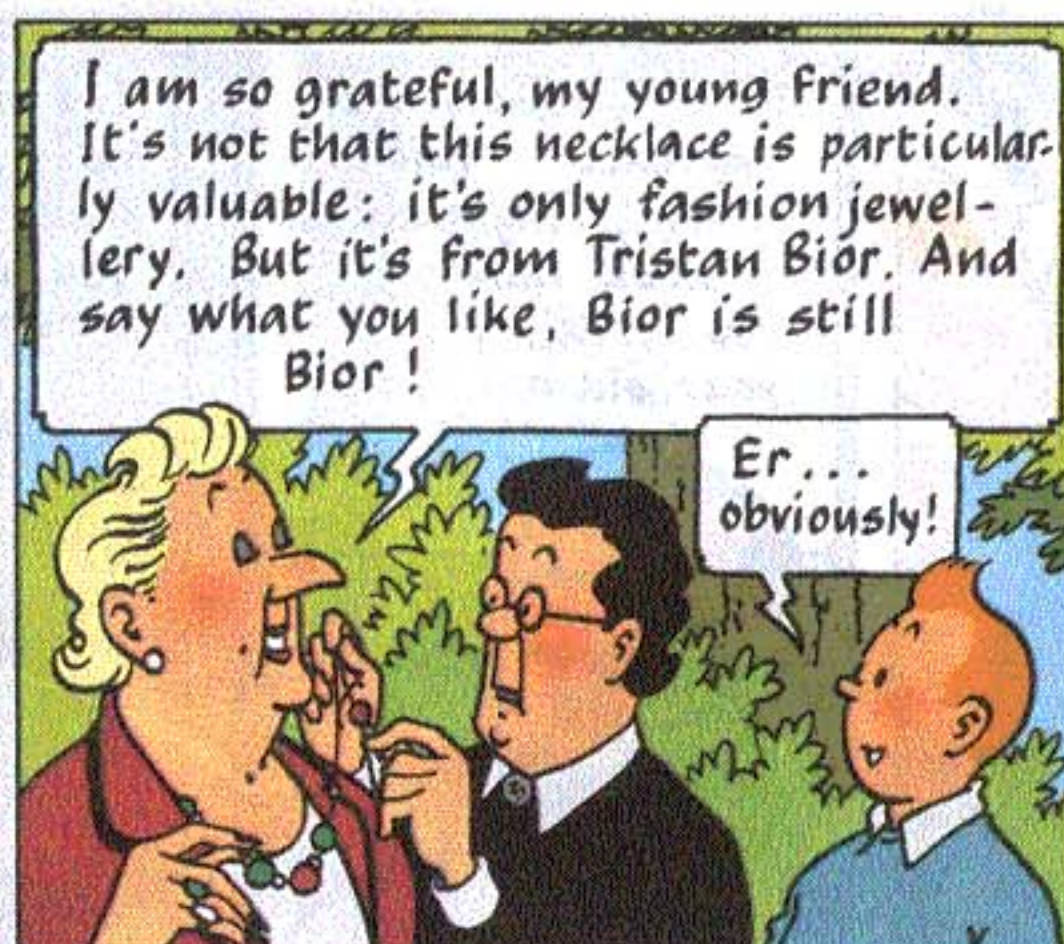
Oh, it's you!... Something
frightful has happened: I've
just broken my neck- lace!



Don't worry, sig-
nora. I'm sure
we'll find all
the beads.

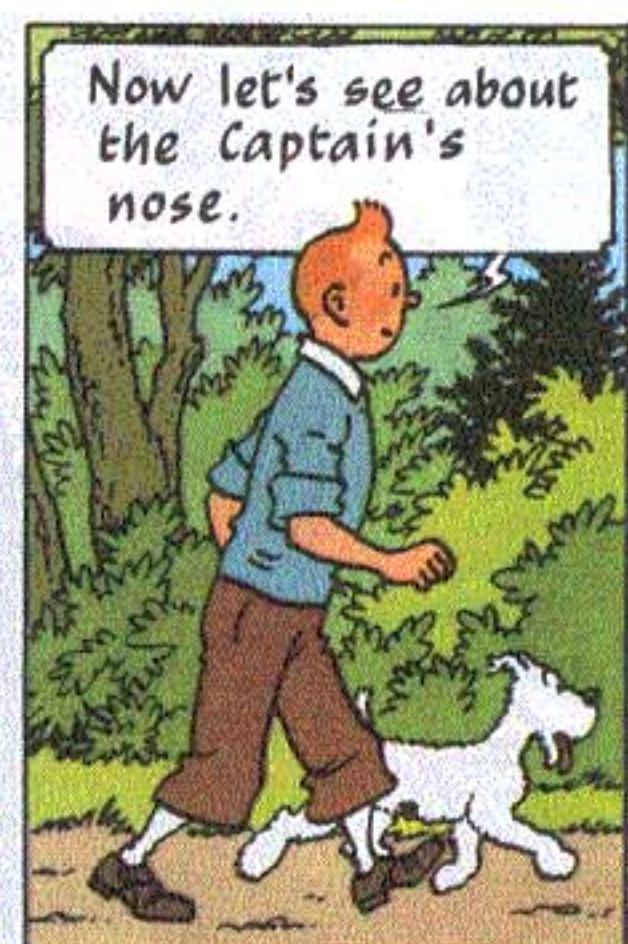


There you are at last! I've
been calling you for hours. You
should have been here to pick
up my necklace.

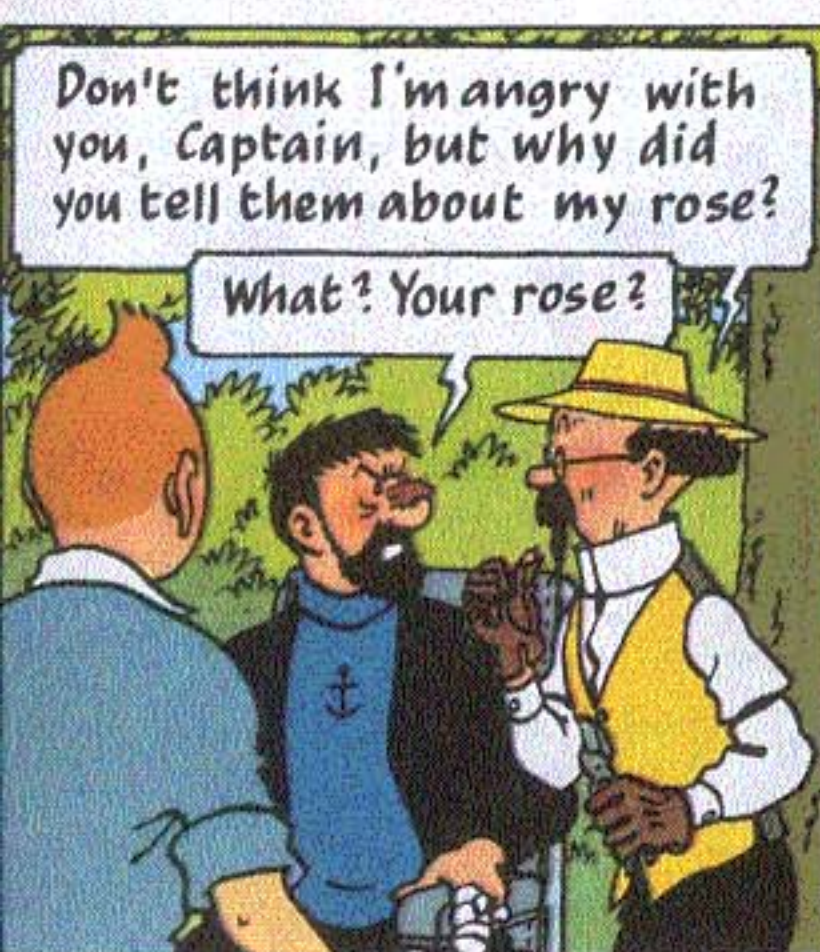


I am so grateful, my young friend.
It's not that this necklace is particular-
ly valuable: it's only fashion jewel-
lery. But it's from Tristan Bior. And
say what you like, Bior is still
Bior!

Er...
obviously!

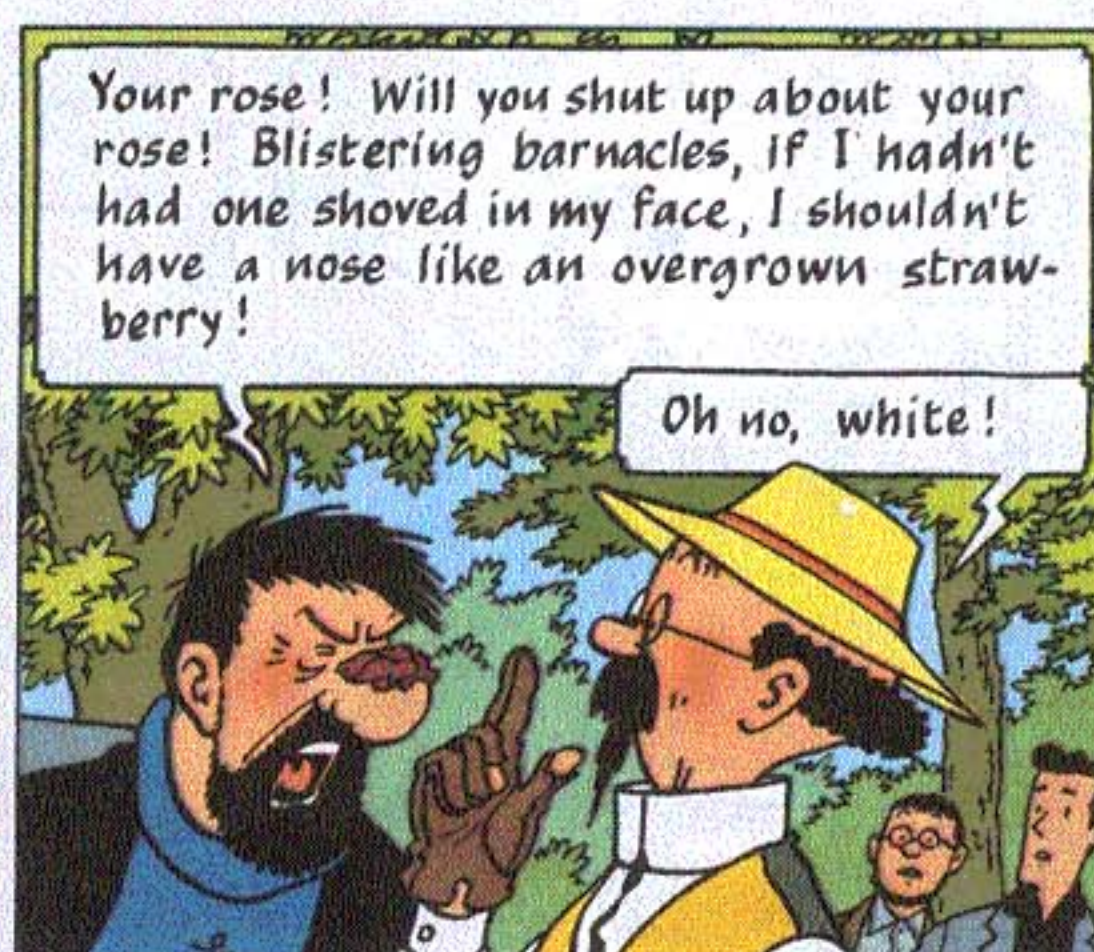


Now let's see about
the Captain's
nose.



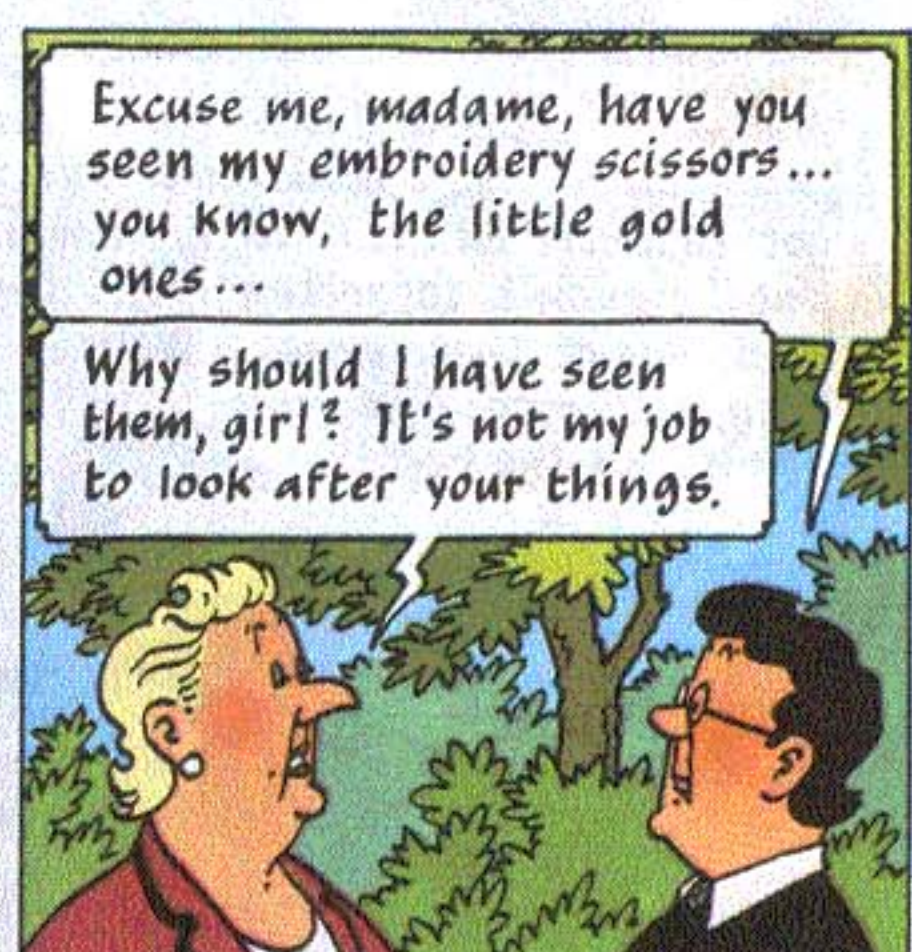
Don't think I'm angry with
you, Captain, but why did
you tell them about my rose?

What? Your rose?



Your rose! Will you shut up about your
rose! Blistering barnacles, if I hadn't
had one shoved in my face, I shouldn't
have a nose like an overgrown straw-
berry!

Oh no, white!

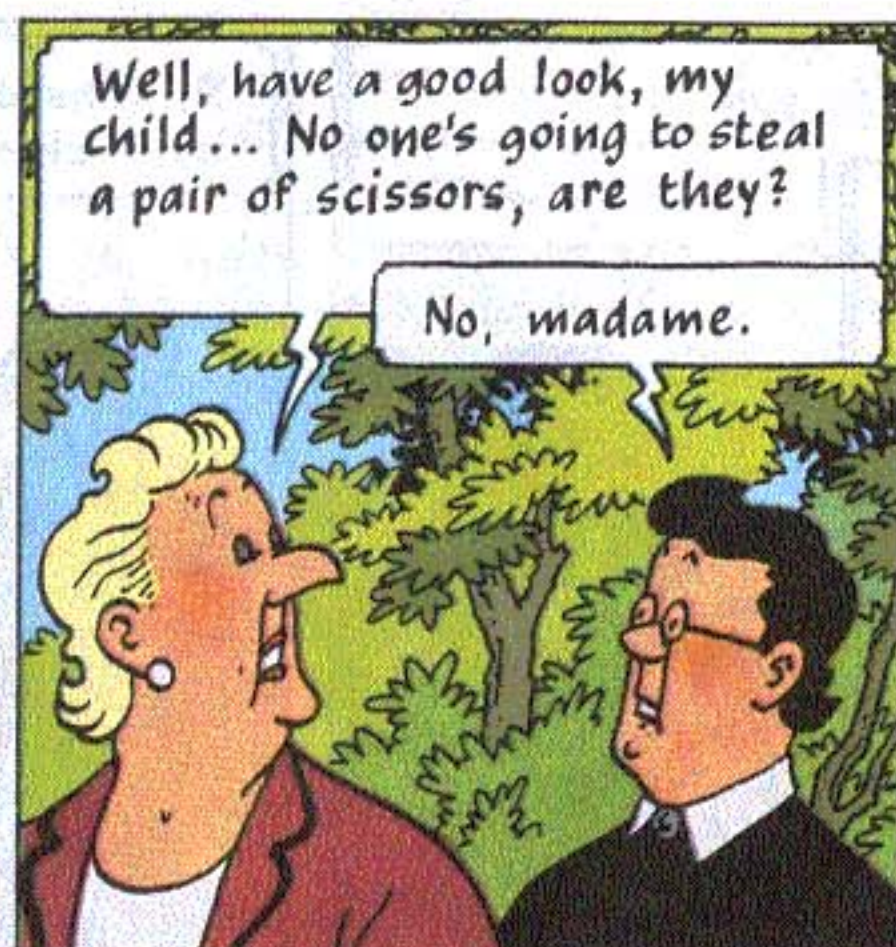


Excuse me, madame, have you
seen my embroidery scissors...
you know, the little gold
ones...

Why should I have seen
them, girl? It's not my job
to look after your things.



I didn't say that, madame
... It's strange, I had them
earlier, when you called me
the first time; when I re-
turned to my seat I couldn't
find them.



Well, have a good look, my
child... No one's going to steal
a pair of scissors, are they?

No, madame.



Meanwhile...

Little scissors made of gold... Aren't
they pretty, Uncle Mike?

Very nice!

Three days later...



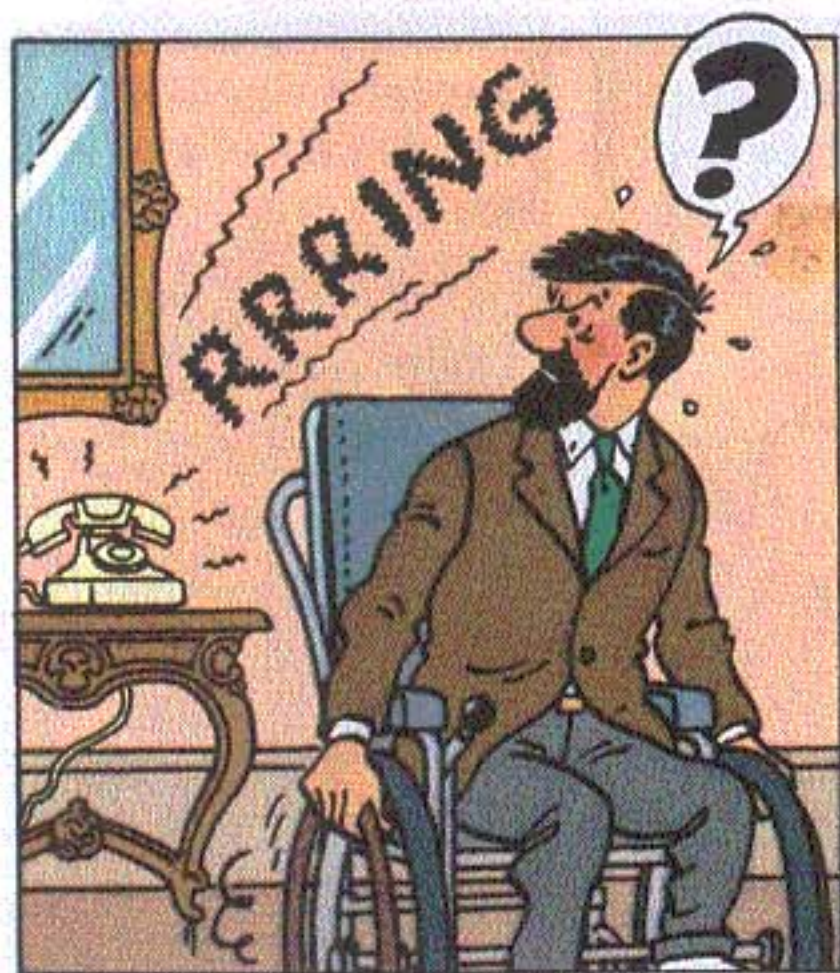
Hello, is that Mr. Bolt? ...
Oh, I'm speaking to Mrs.
Bolt...



Yes... oh, the gentleman from
the Hall... Er... no, he's been
gone since first thing this morn-
ing... Oh? He promised to come
to you?... I'm afraid I don't know
... I'll tell him, sir... Yes, without
fail, sir...



Thundering typhoons!
If he doesn't come
tomorrow I'll get
someone else...



Hello, is that you, old
shipmate?... This is
Jolyon... Congratulations!
... You old humbug,
you certainly had
your old pal fooled!



Had you fooled?
Me?... I don't under-
stand... What do
you mean?



Ha! ha! ha! Still keeping
your trap shut, eh? ...
That's O.K. by me!... Keep
your hair on. I just want-
ed to be first to congratu-
late you.

But...



And don't let your Castafiore do any-
thing about that insurance: I've
got to go off on the road for a while,
but I haven't forgotten it... I'll be
back one of these days... Well, so
long, old horse. And once
again: all the best!

CLICK

I...



Congratulations?
What's that gas-bag
on about now?



Oh well, forget it. I'll have a quiet
pipe, and read the papers.



DONG

Now what
is it?



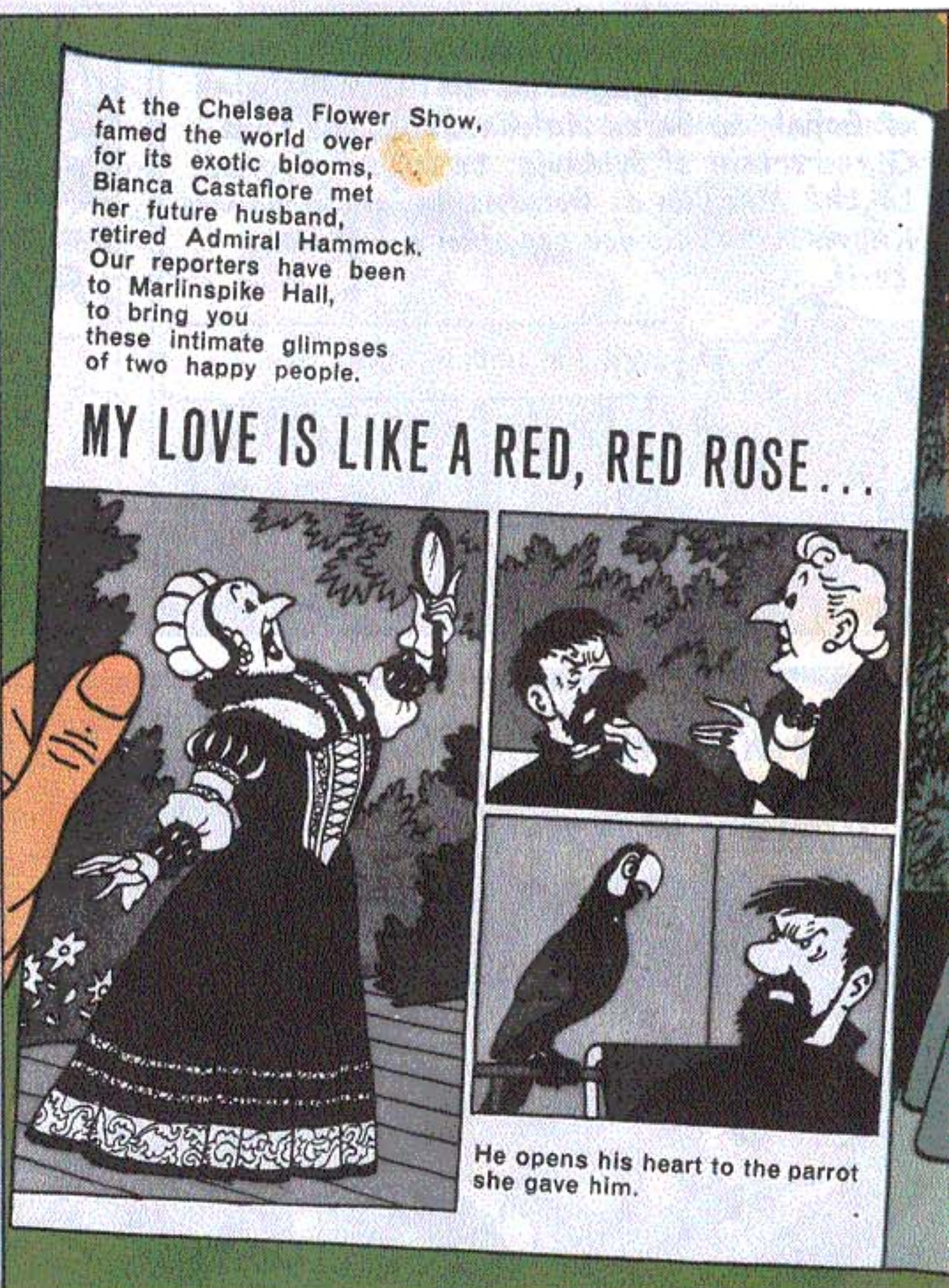
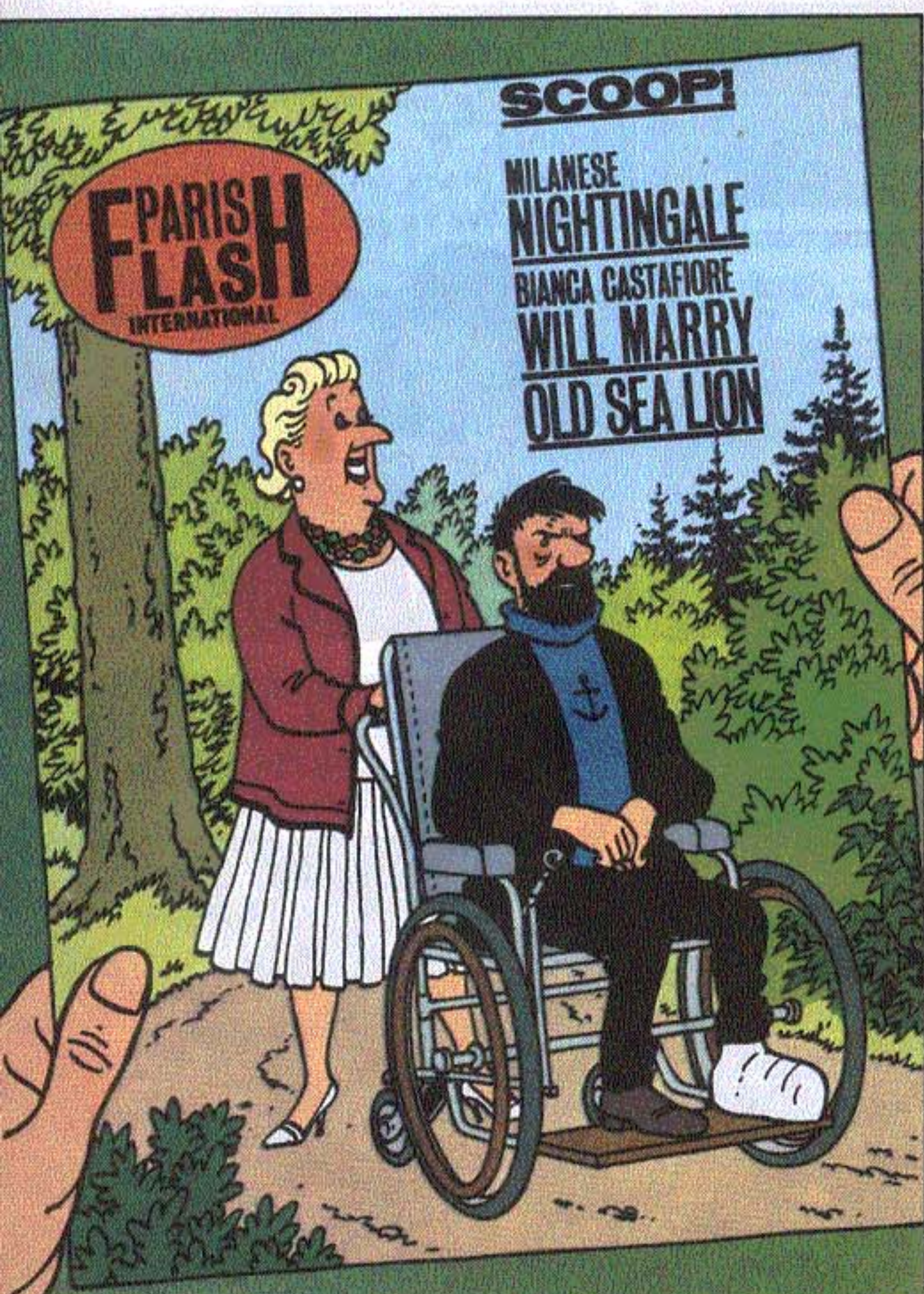
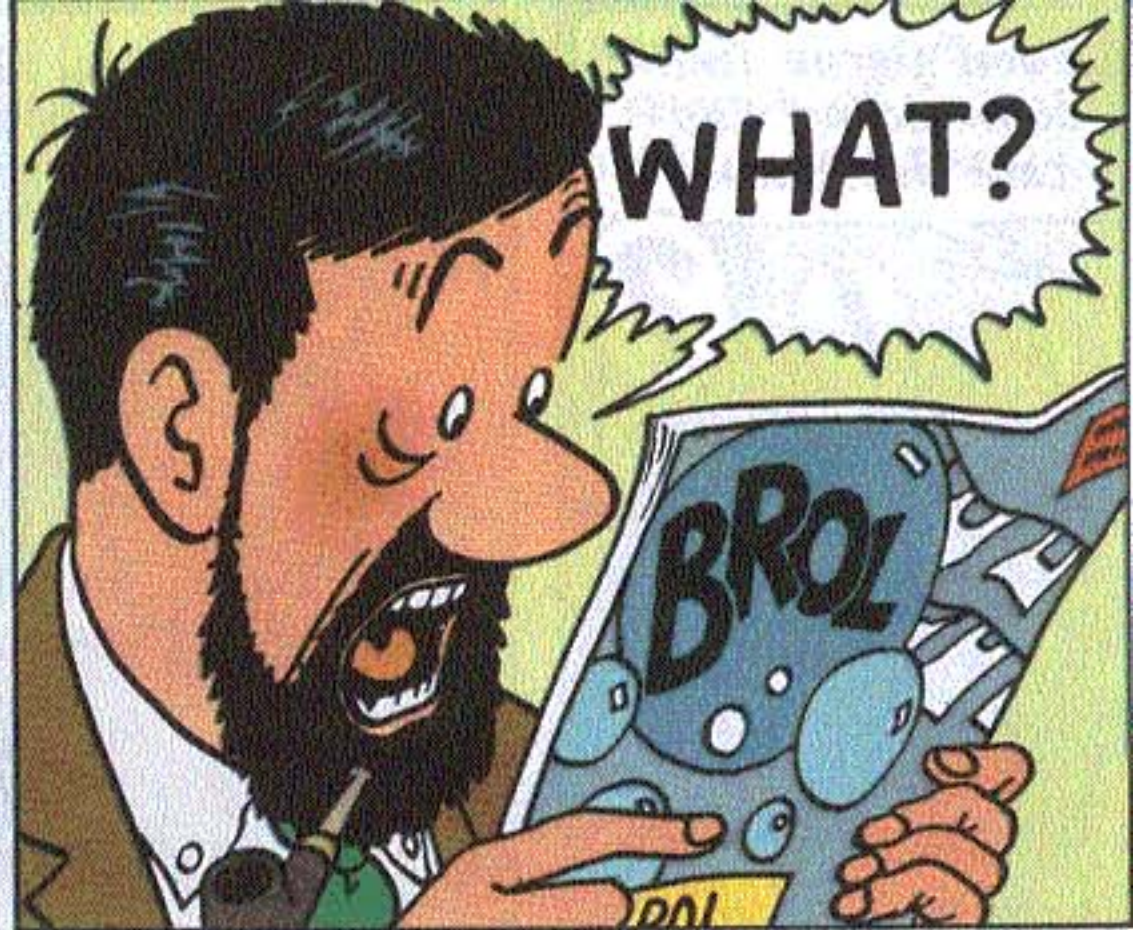
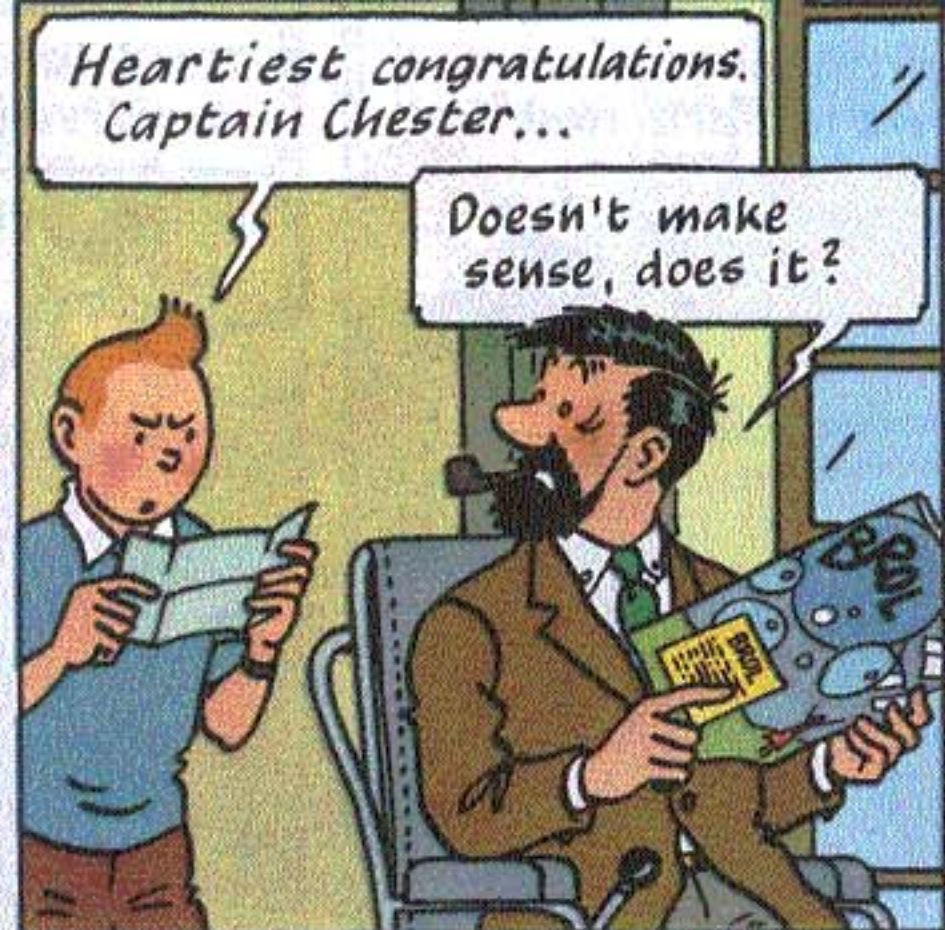
A telegram for you, sir.

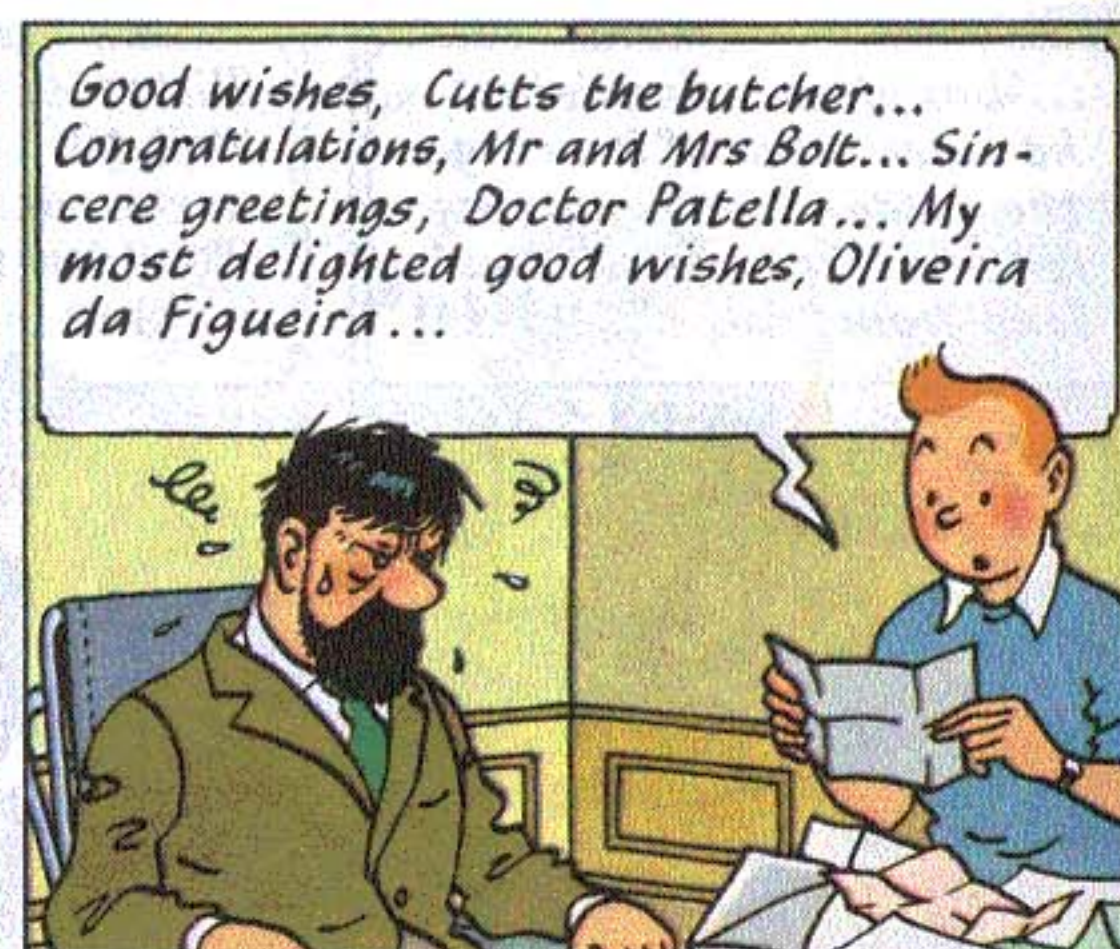
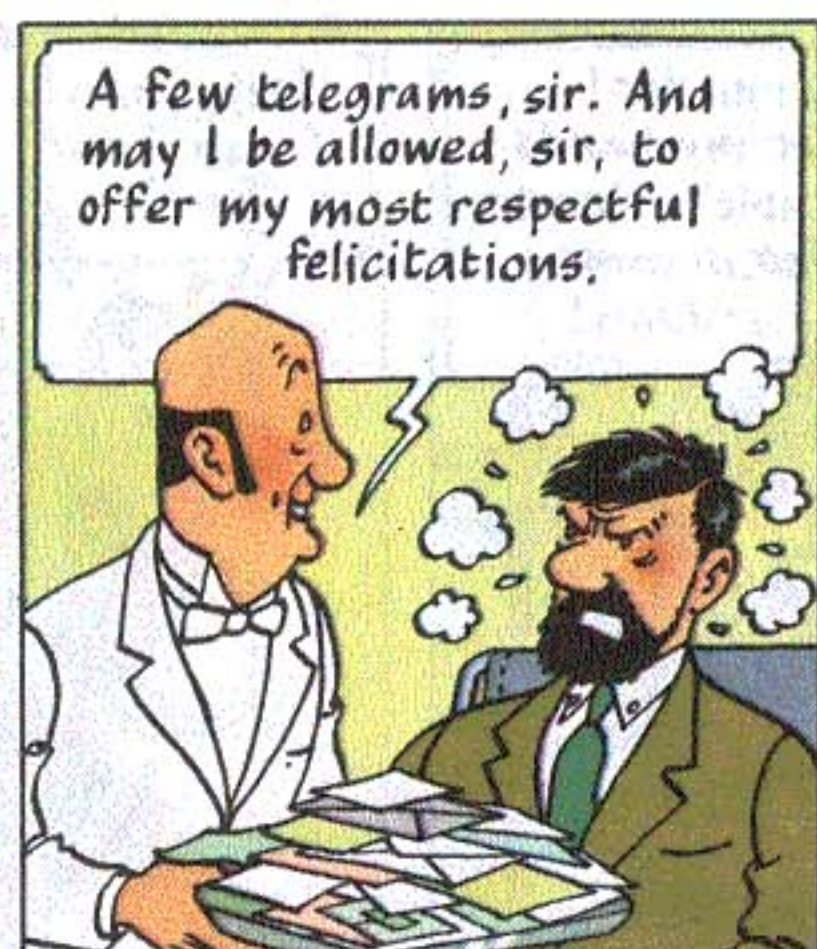
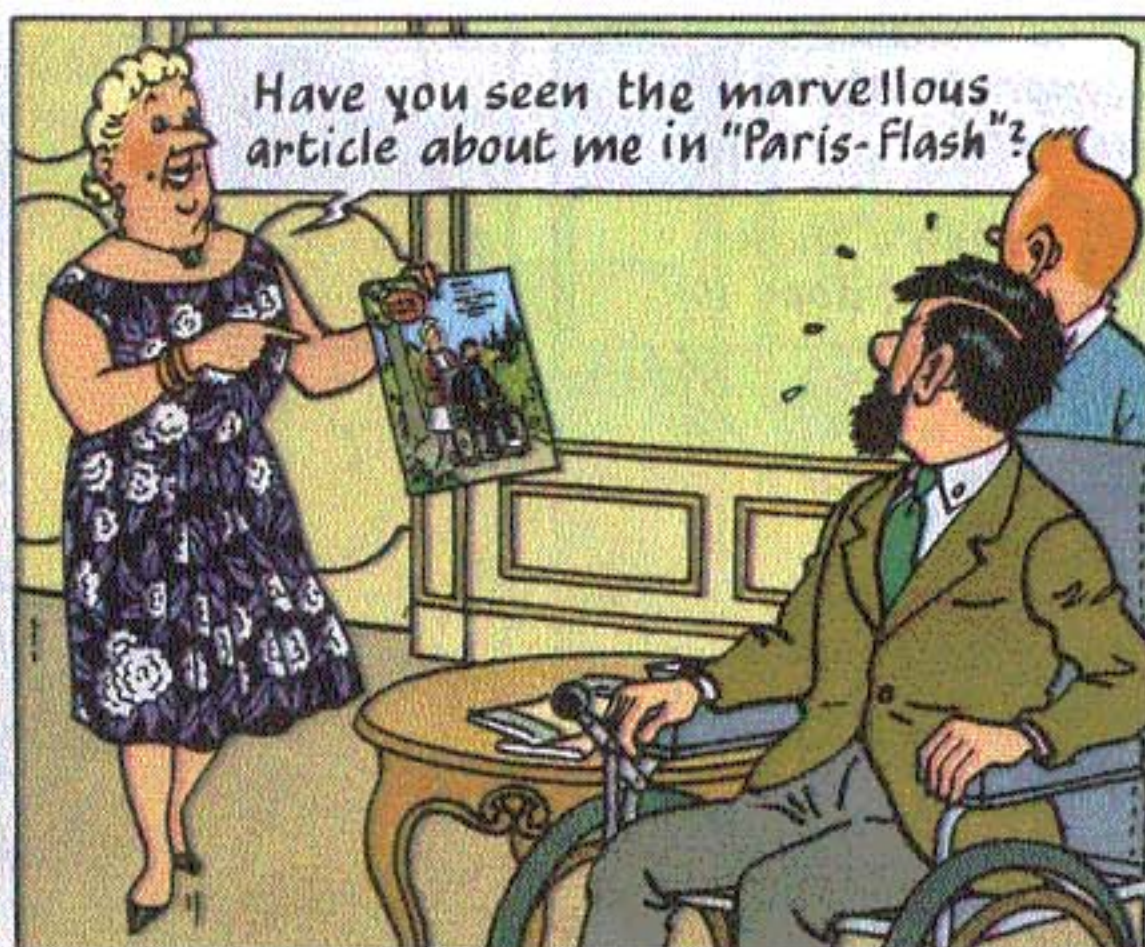
A telegram?



Billions of blistering barnacles! What
does this mean?

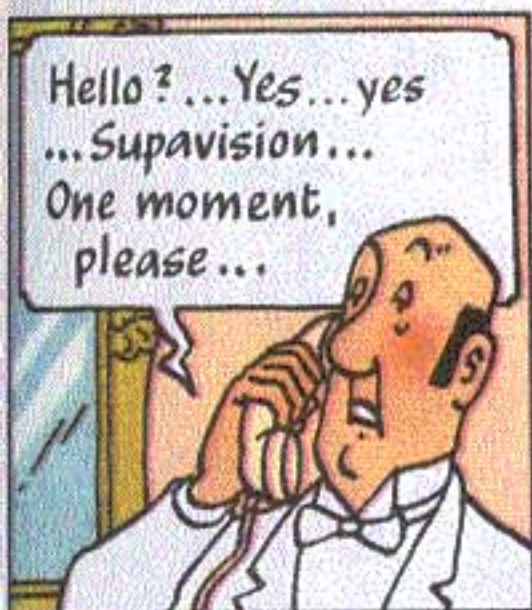








RRRING



Hello? ...Yes...yes
...Supavision...
One moment,
please...



It's a television
company, sir...
They want...

Now
television!!

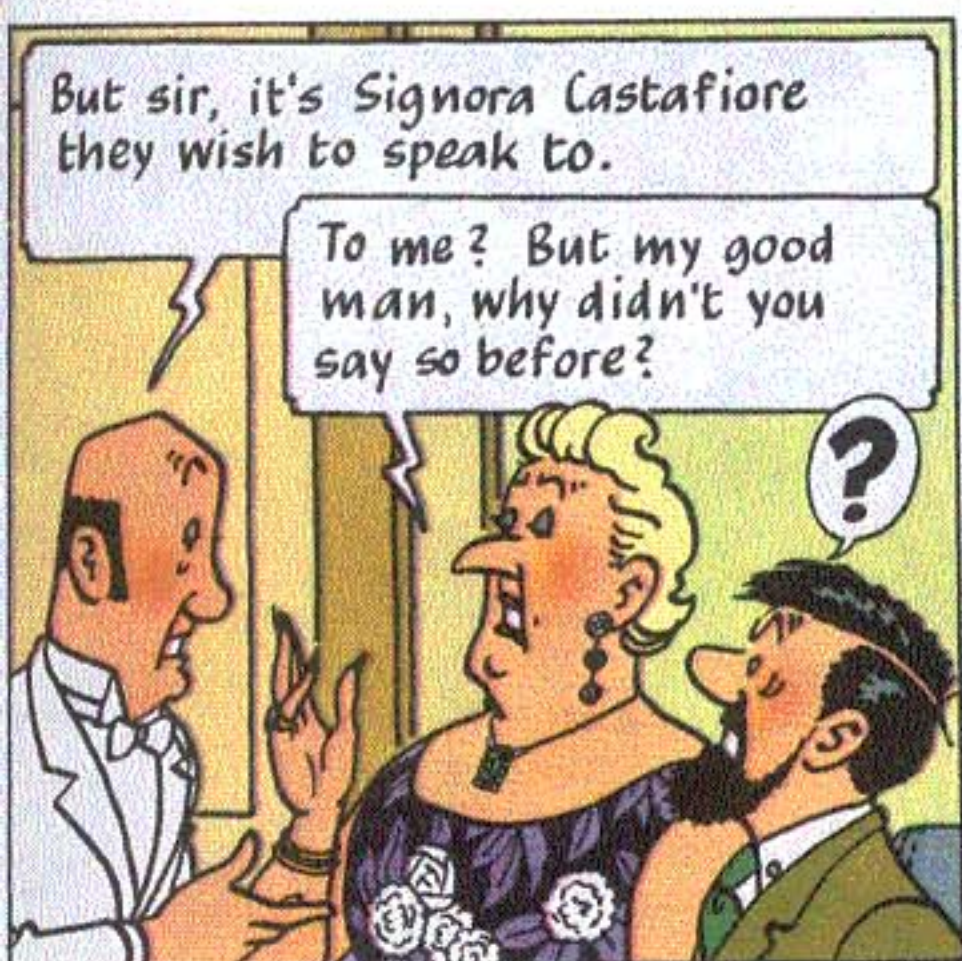


Oh no! Leave me alone! I re-
fuse to behave like a performing
seal in front of a camera!

But sir ...



There's nobut about it...
I've had enough of
reporters!... Tell them
I'm out!



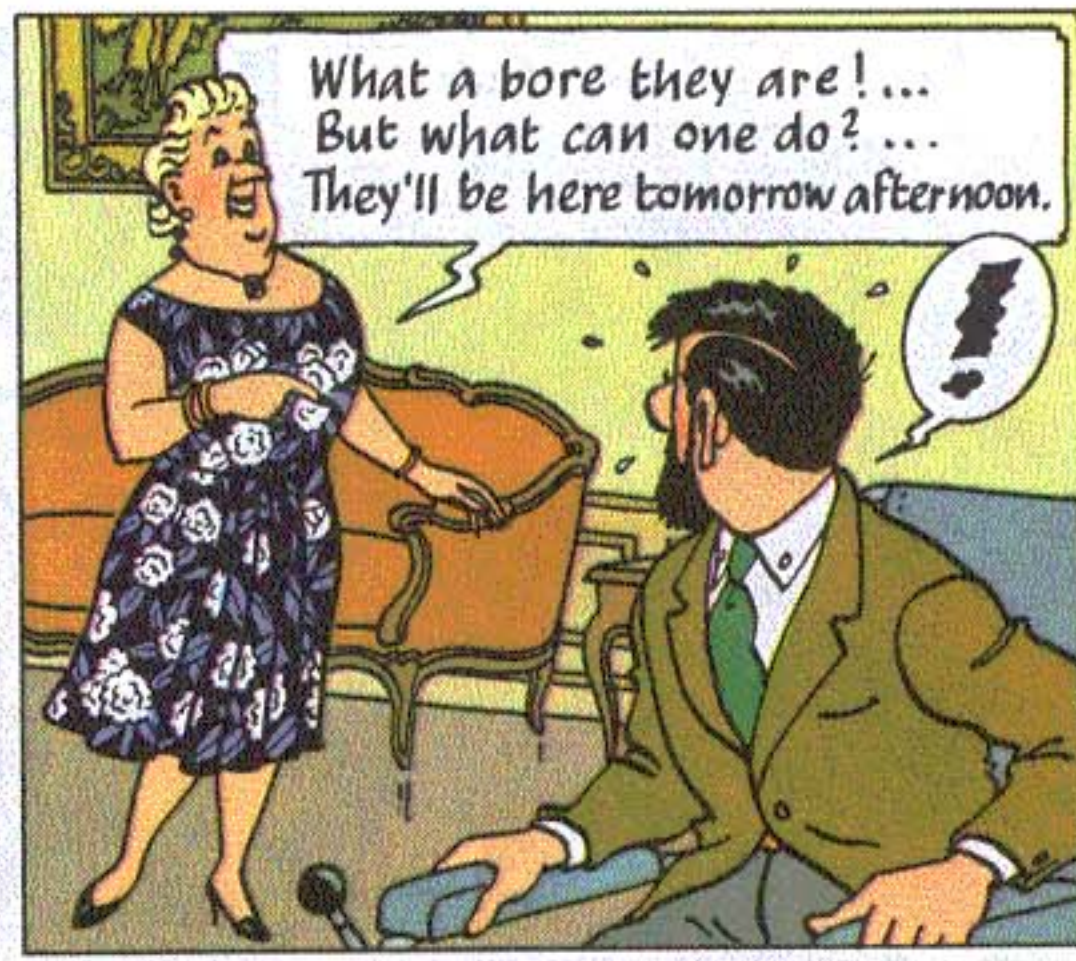
But sir, it's Signora Castafiore
they wish to speak to.

To me? But my good
man, why didn't you
say so before?

?

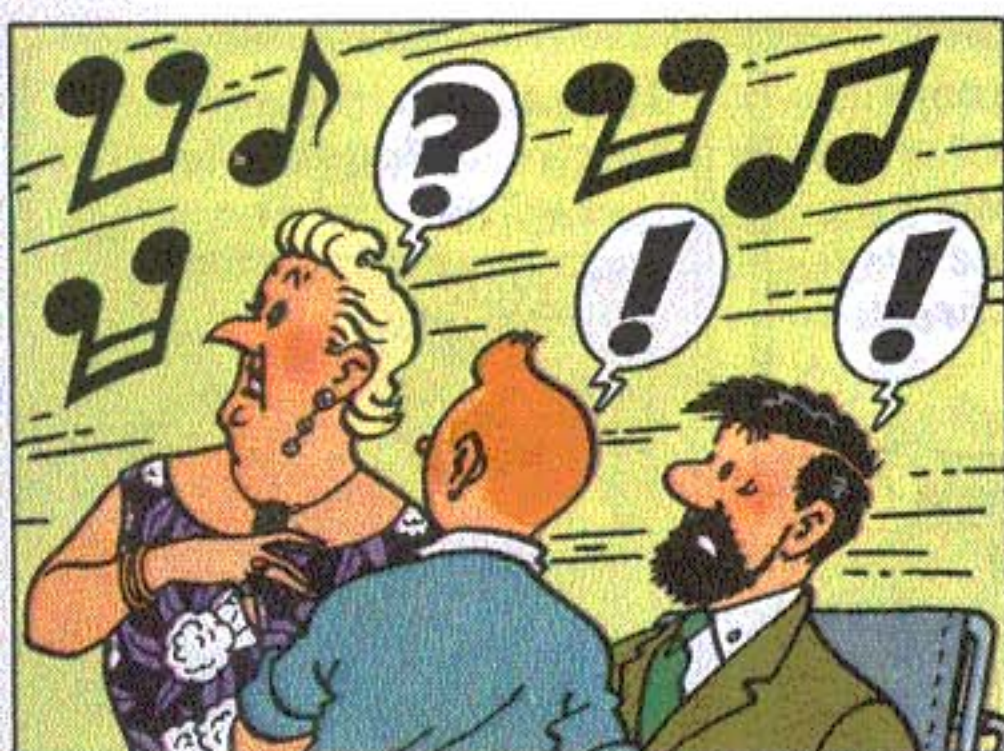


Hello-o-o! ...Yes, I can hear
you!... Supavision?... Yes...
I'd adore to... When?...
Tomorrow... Lovely... yes...
I shall look for-
ward to seeing you!



What a bore they are!...
But what can one do?...
They'll be here tomorrow afternoon.

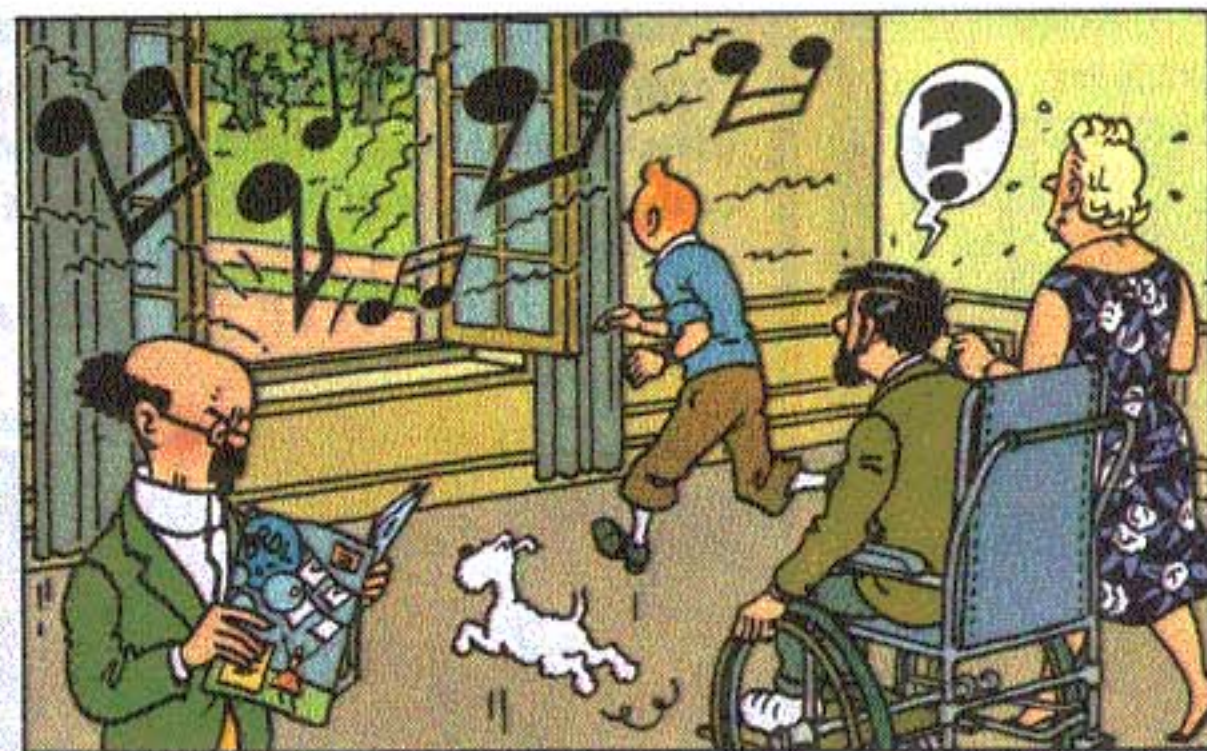
!



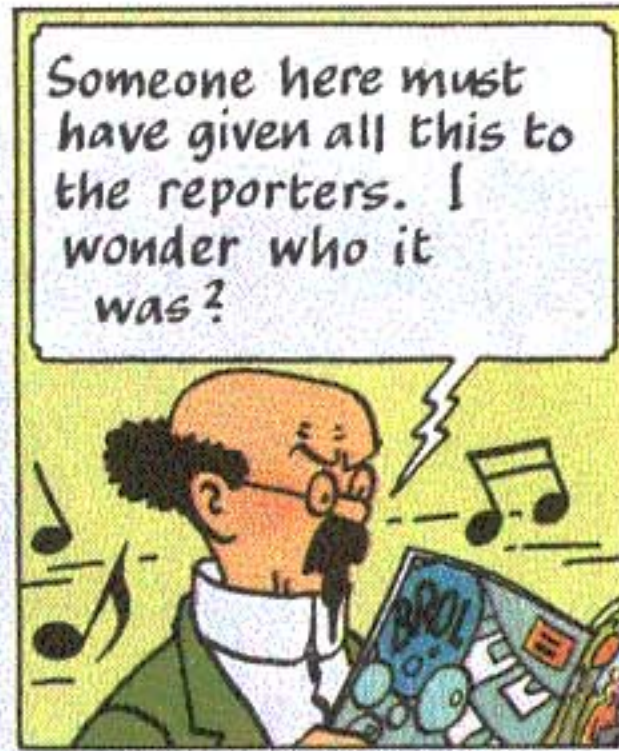
?

!

!



?



Someone here must
have given all this to
the reporters. I
wonder who it
was?



Oh, what a charming
idea! An aubade!

Your ladyship, Captain sir ...

Ssh!

But...

On behalf of the Marlinspike Prize Band Supporters' Club I have the honour to present to you with due deference the respectful congratulations of all our members on this felicitous event, which has brought ...

... a light to every throat and a lump in every eye...

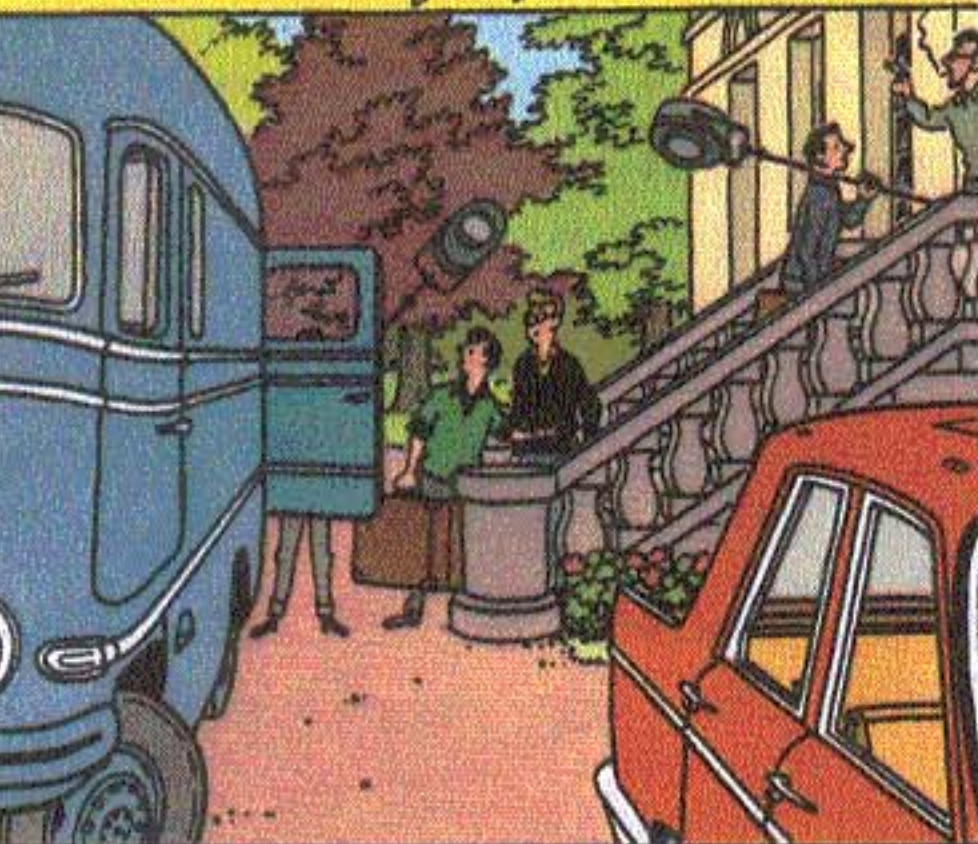
You must offer them champagne...

What?...Champagne?... Never!

Several glasses later...



The following afternoon...



Forgive us for being so late, signora. On our way out of town we were caught in a traffic jam. Then we wasted time trying to find the way. And to crown it all we had a breakdown!

Did you? How priceless!

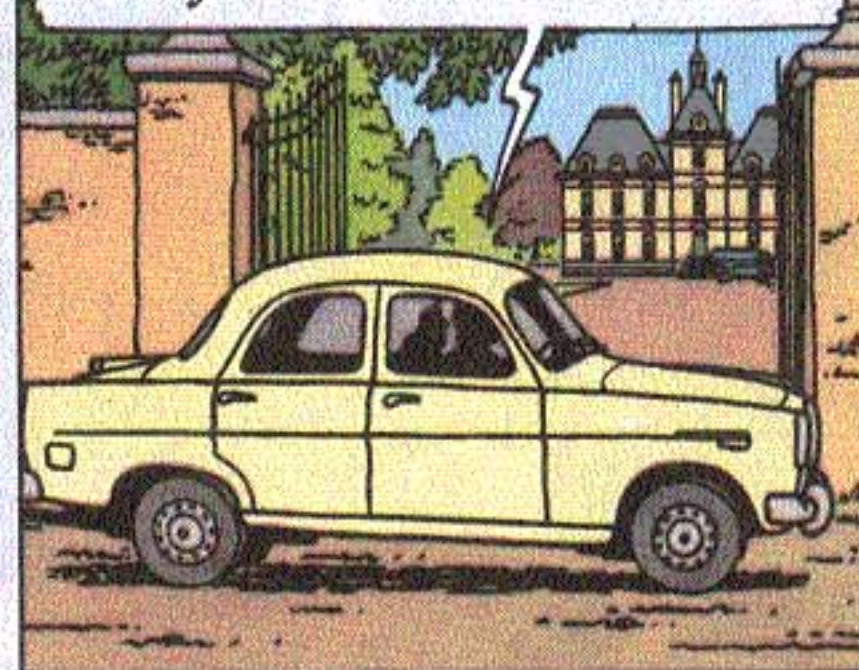
Thundering typhoons! This is a full-scale invasion!



Oh, sorry!



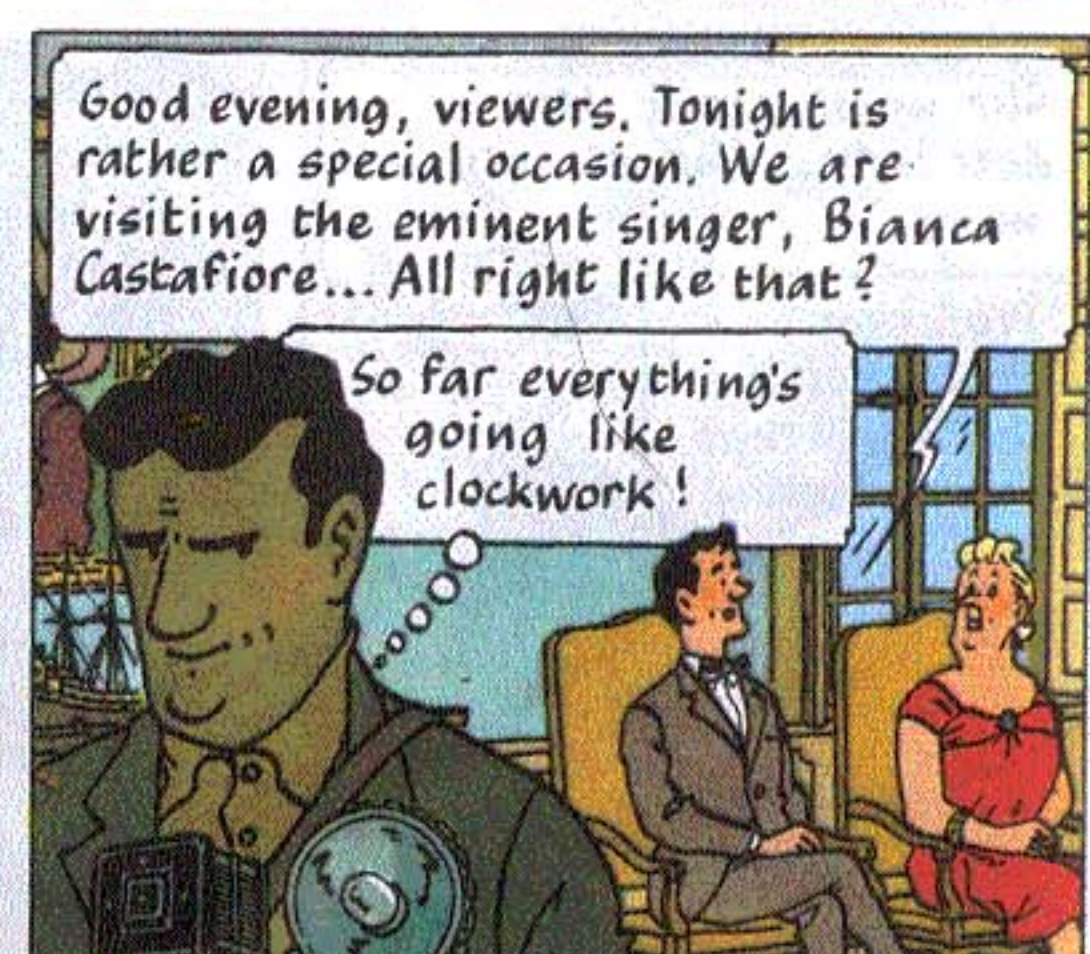
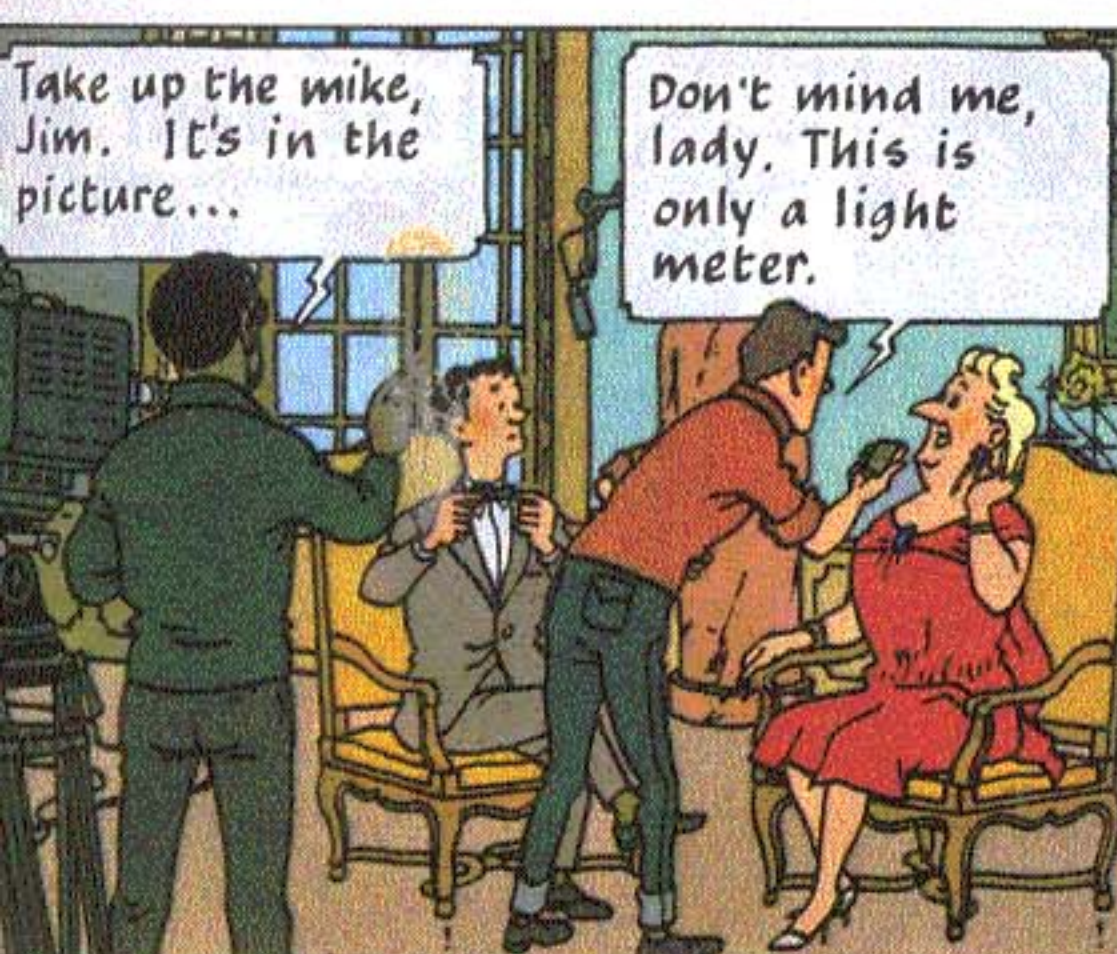
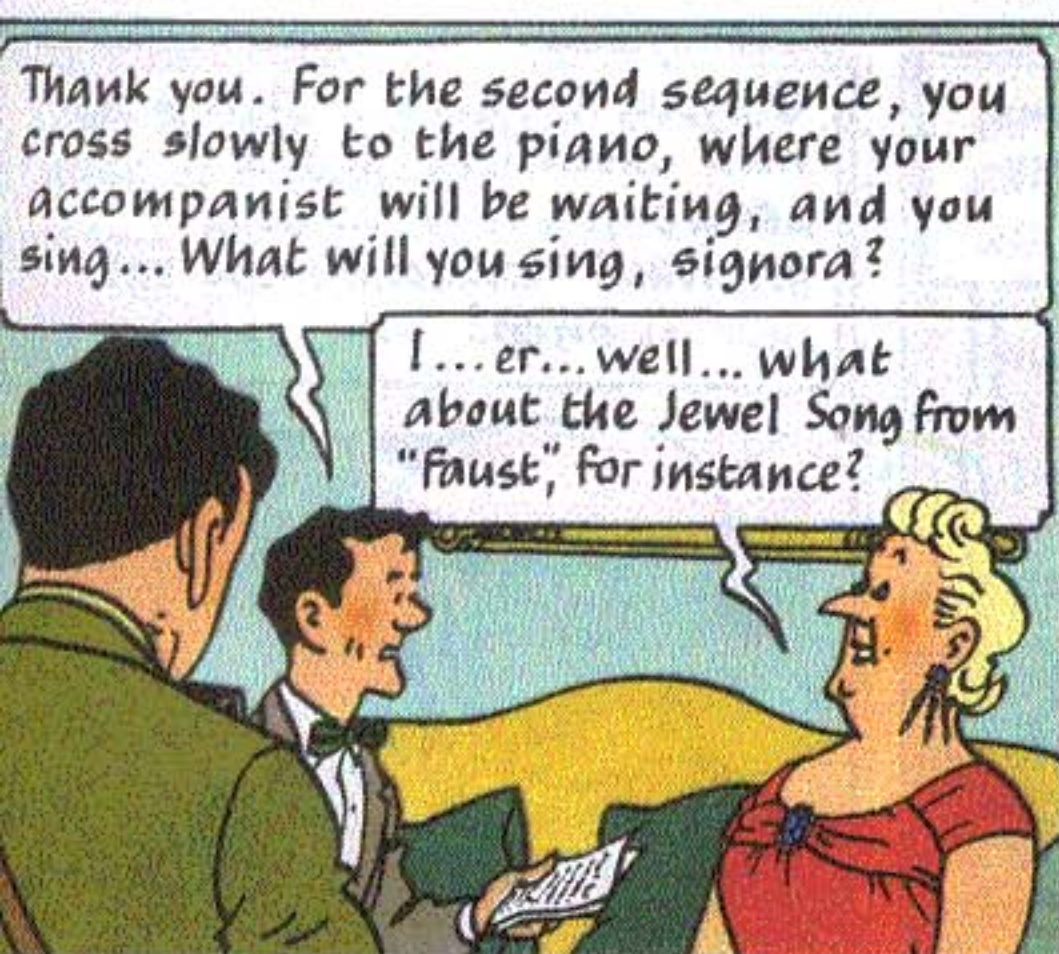
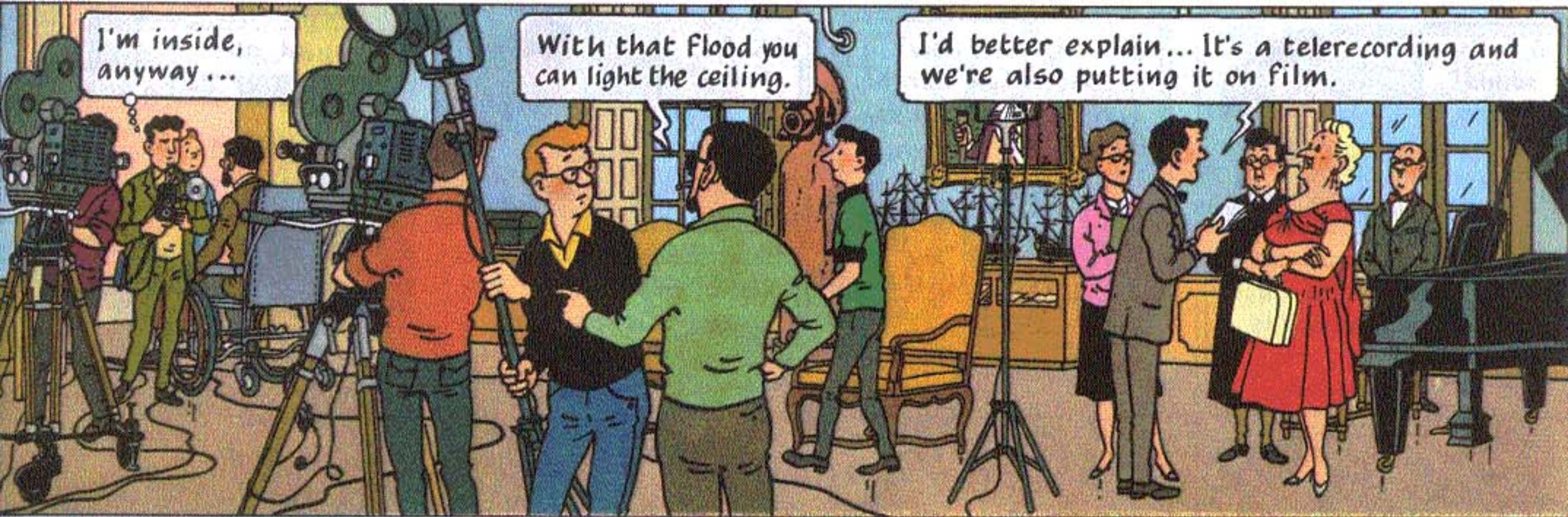
The television boys!... Now or never, Gino!... In you go, mix with all that crowd ... and get to work!

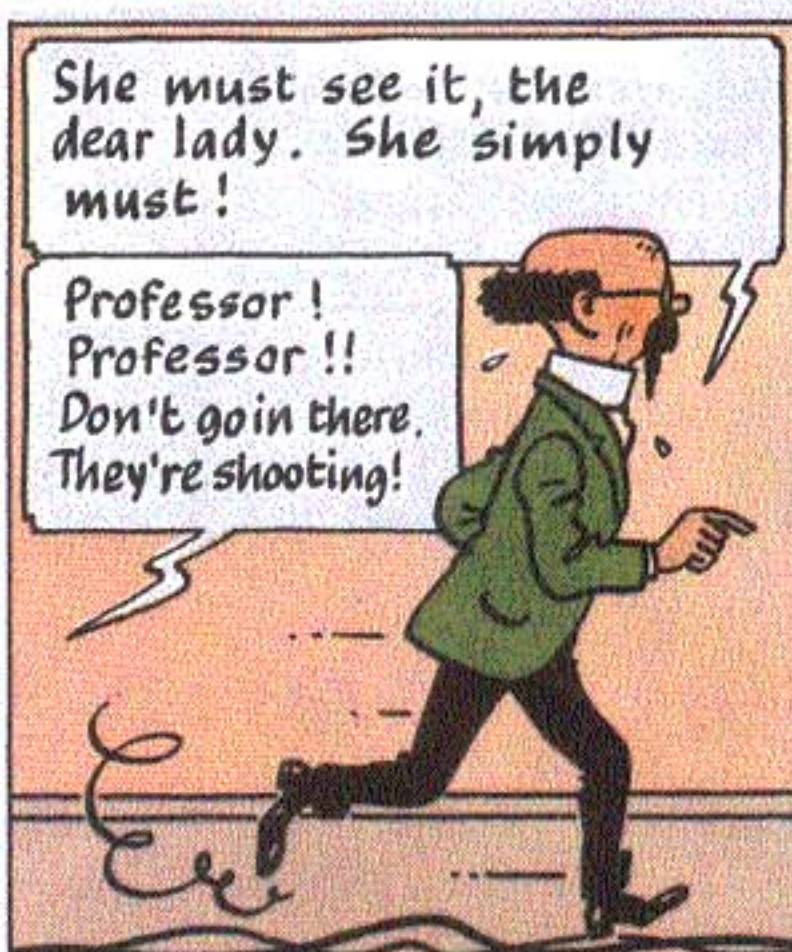
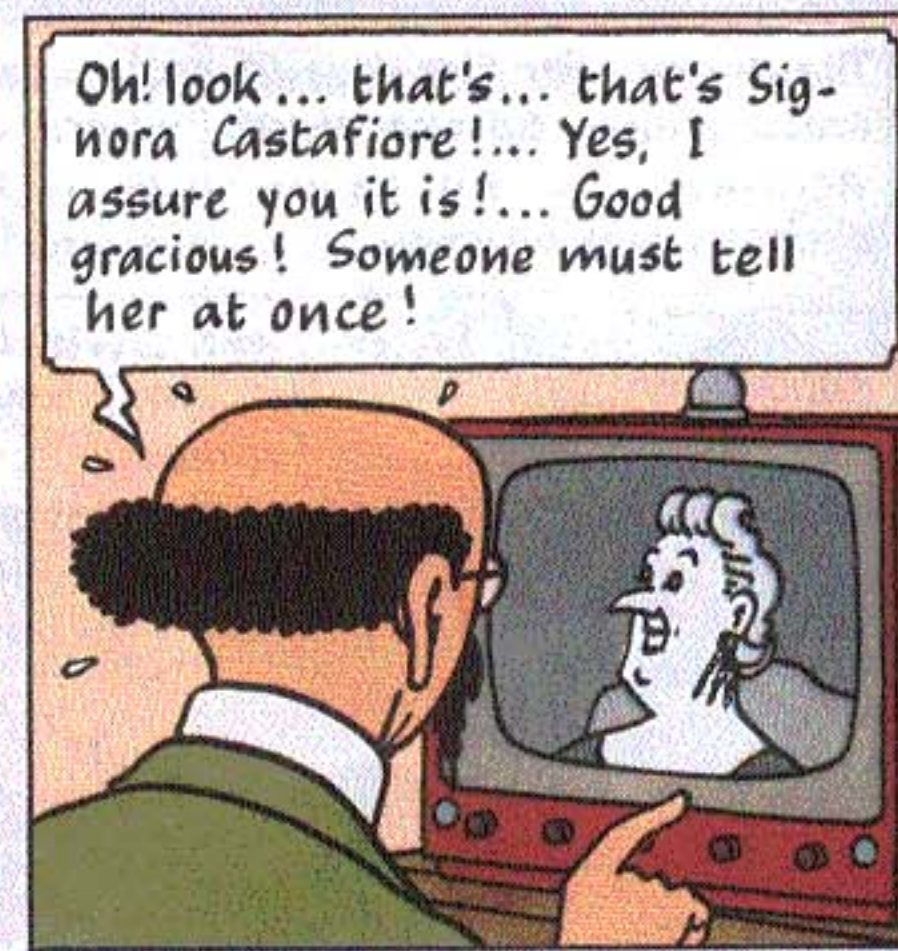
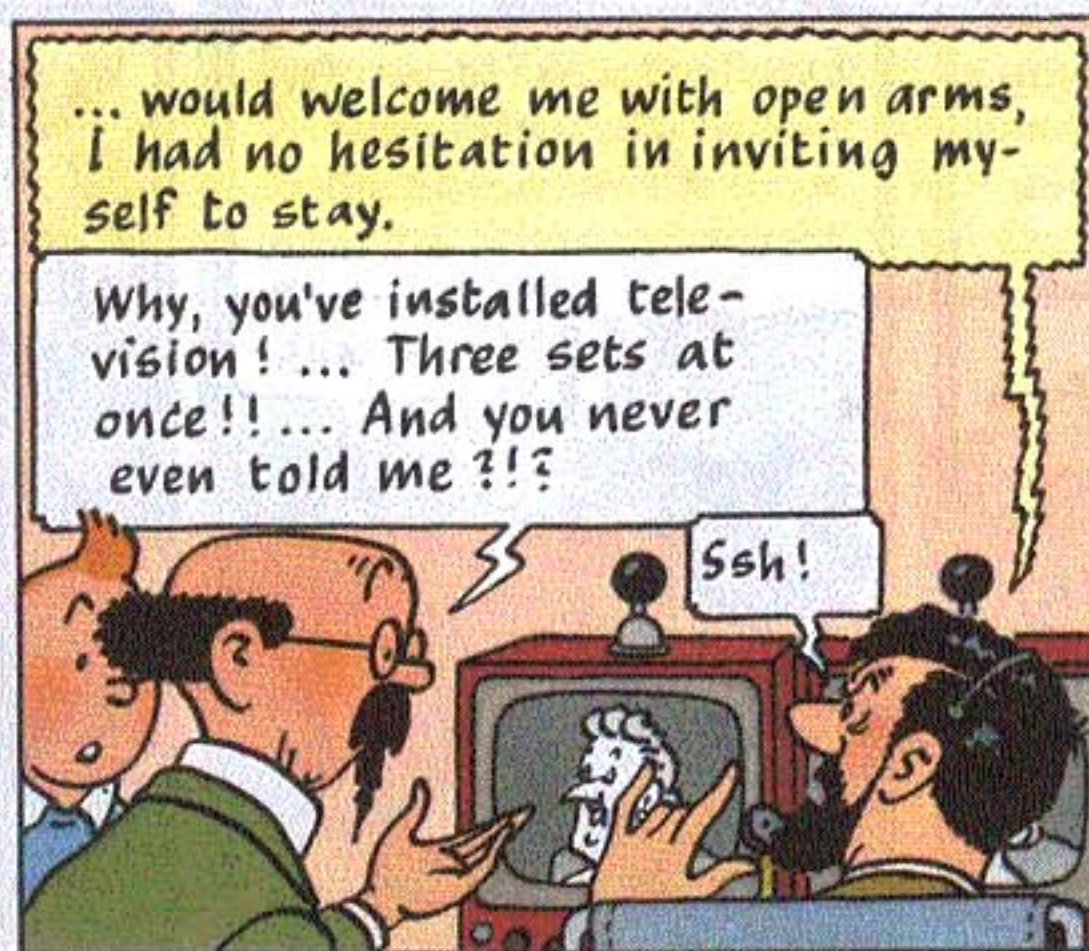
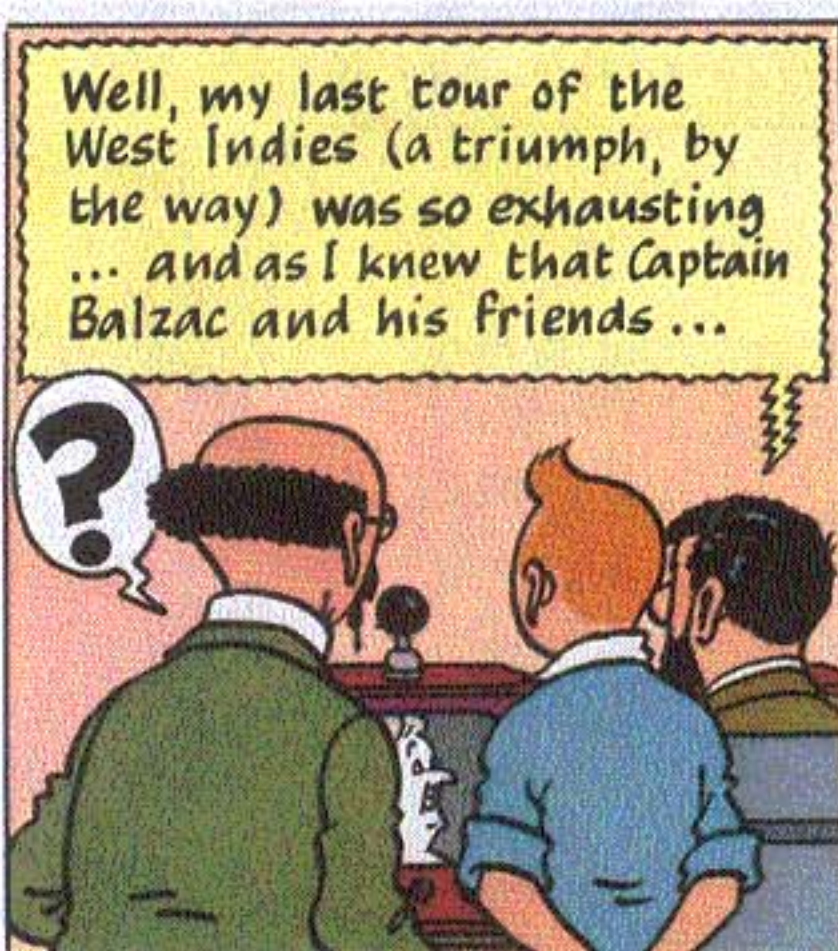
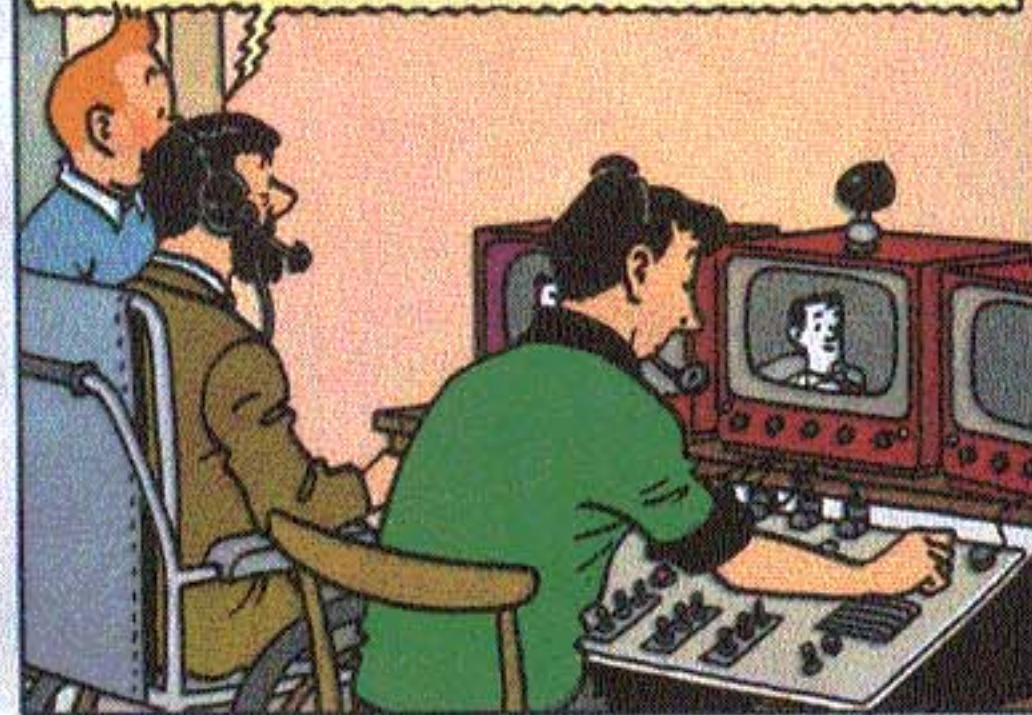
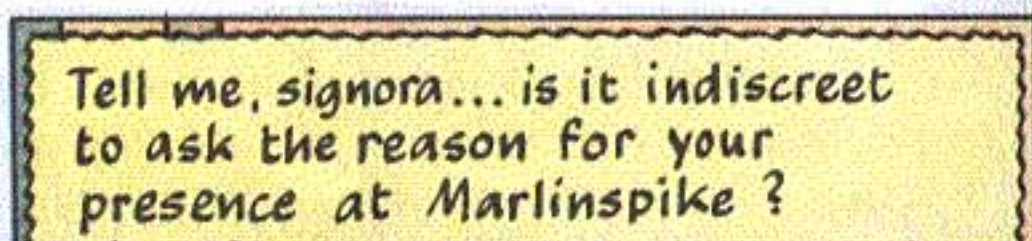
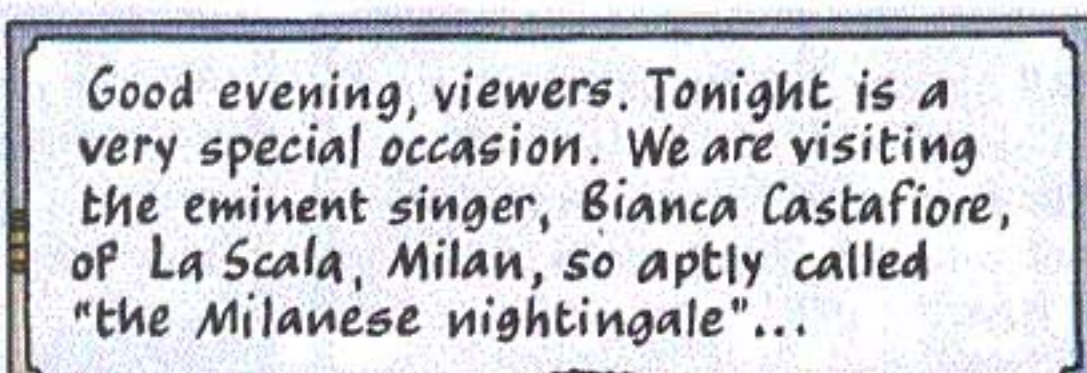
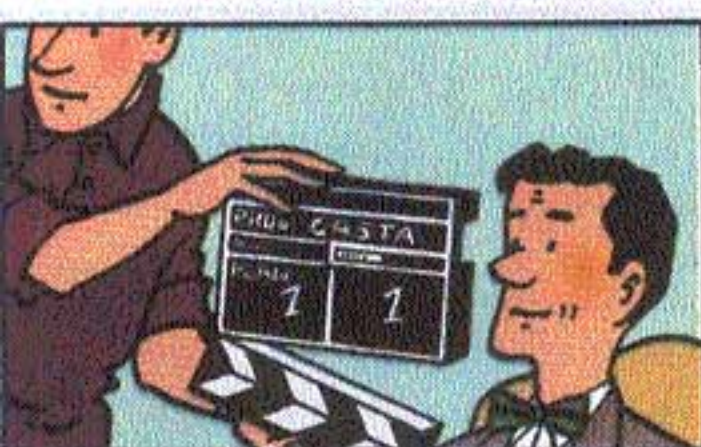
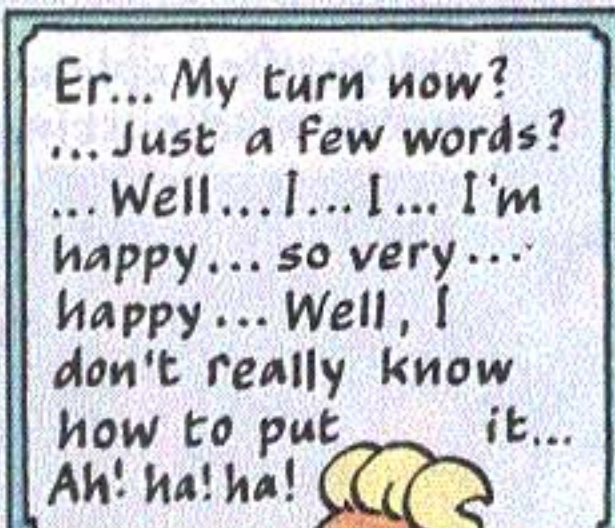


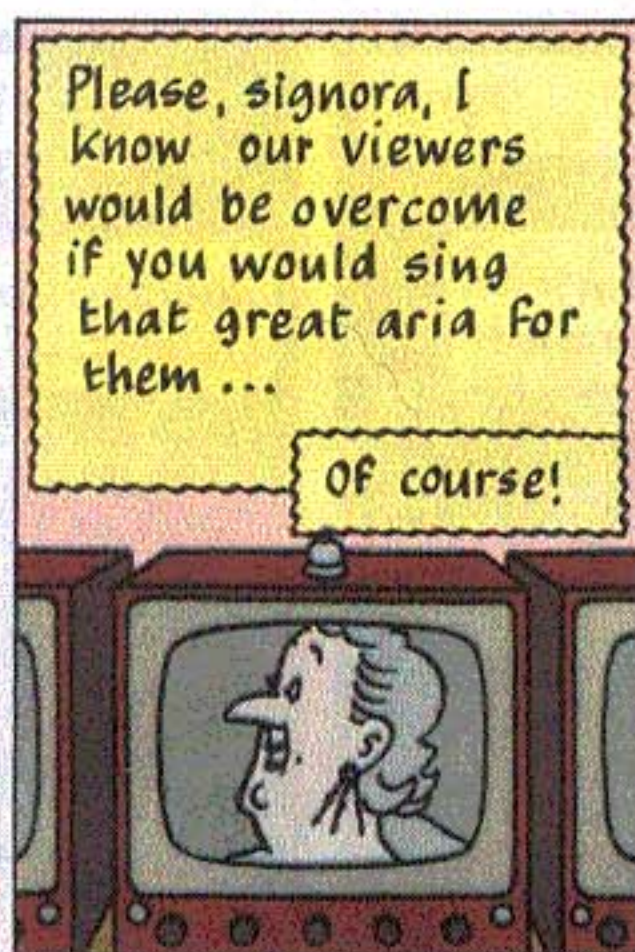
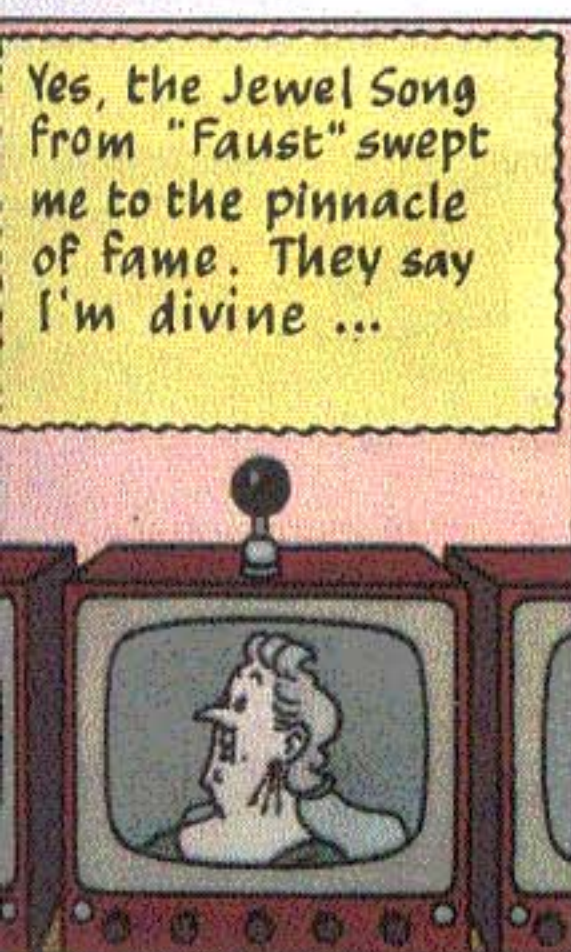
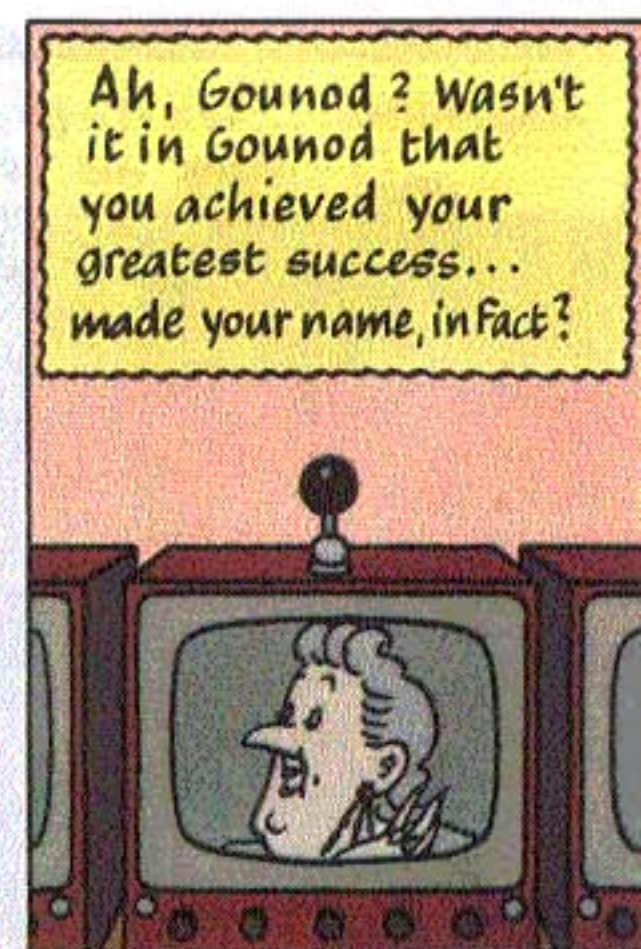
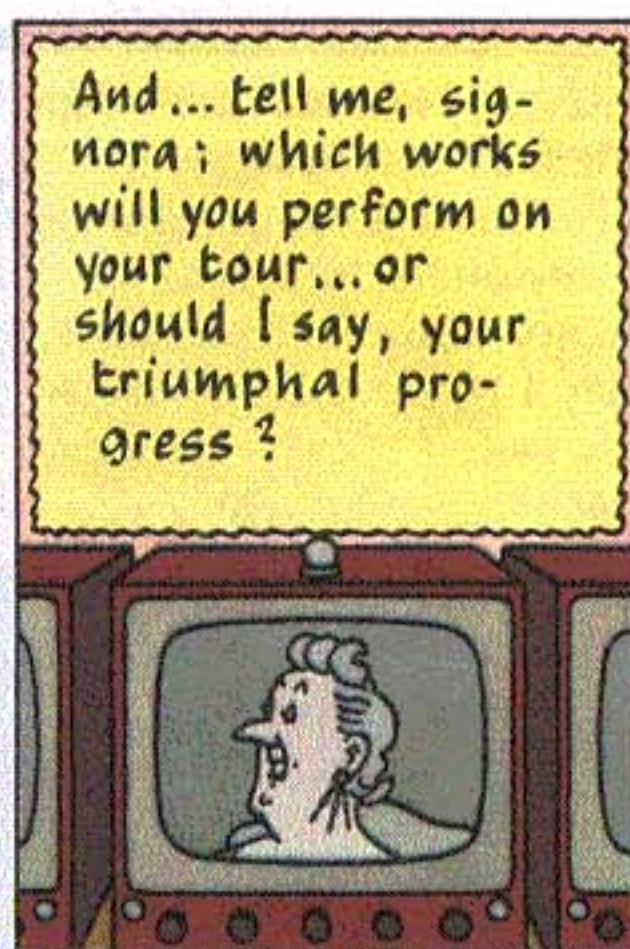
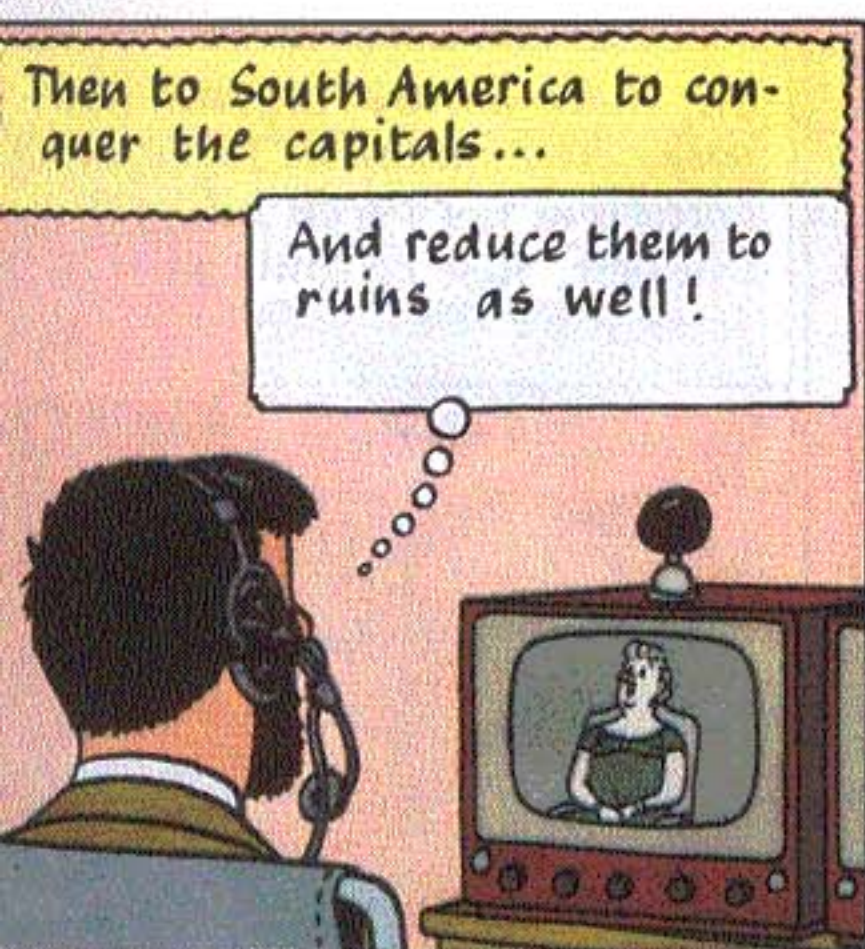
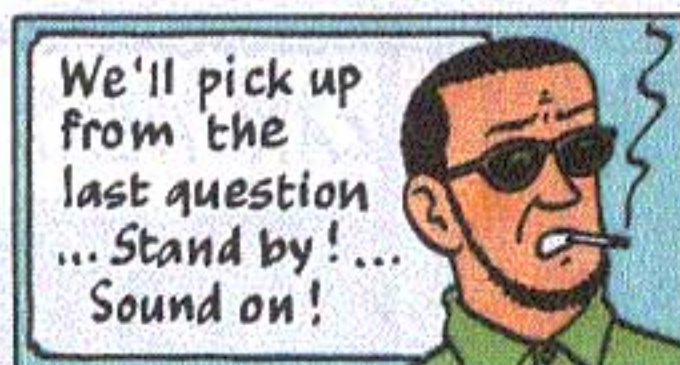
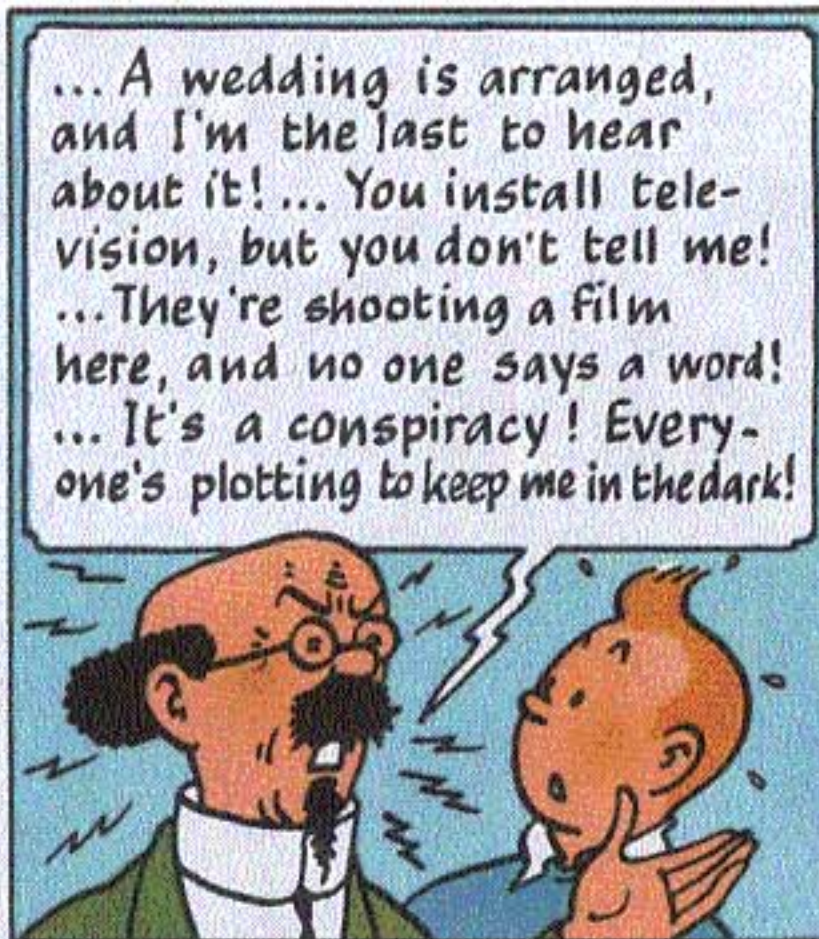
I'll wait in the car just down the road... O.K.?

O.K. I'll take my gear and chance it ...











Come on, let's press on. It's getting late.

Vision on!

Stand by!
...Sound on!



AAAAH! ♪
My beauty...



...past compare these jewels
♪ ♪ ♪ I bright I
wear ♪ ♪ ♪



AAAAH! ♪ ♪ ♪
My beauty

In you go!

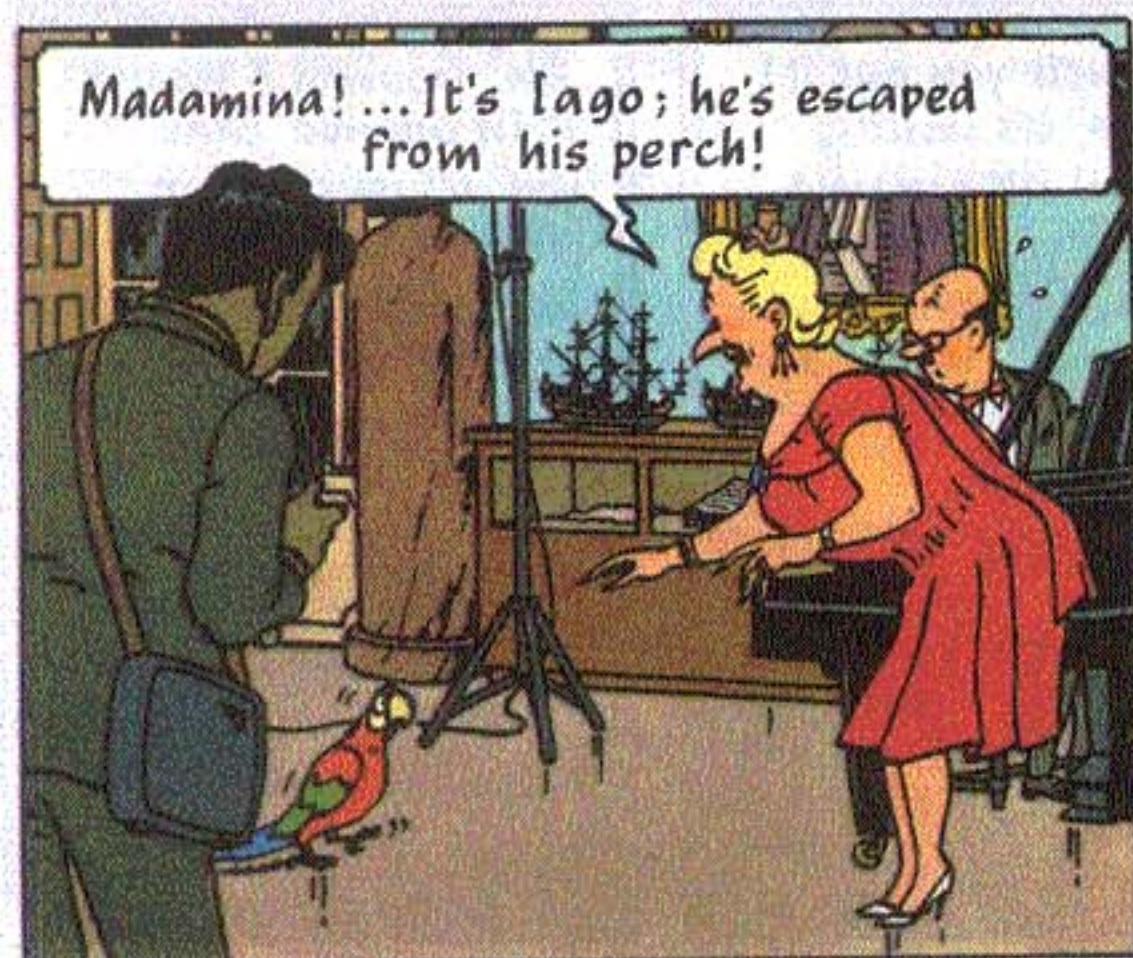


I CAN HEAR YOU!

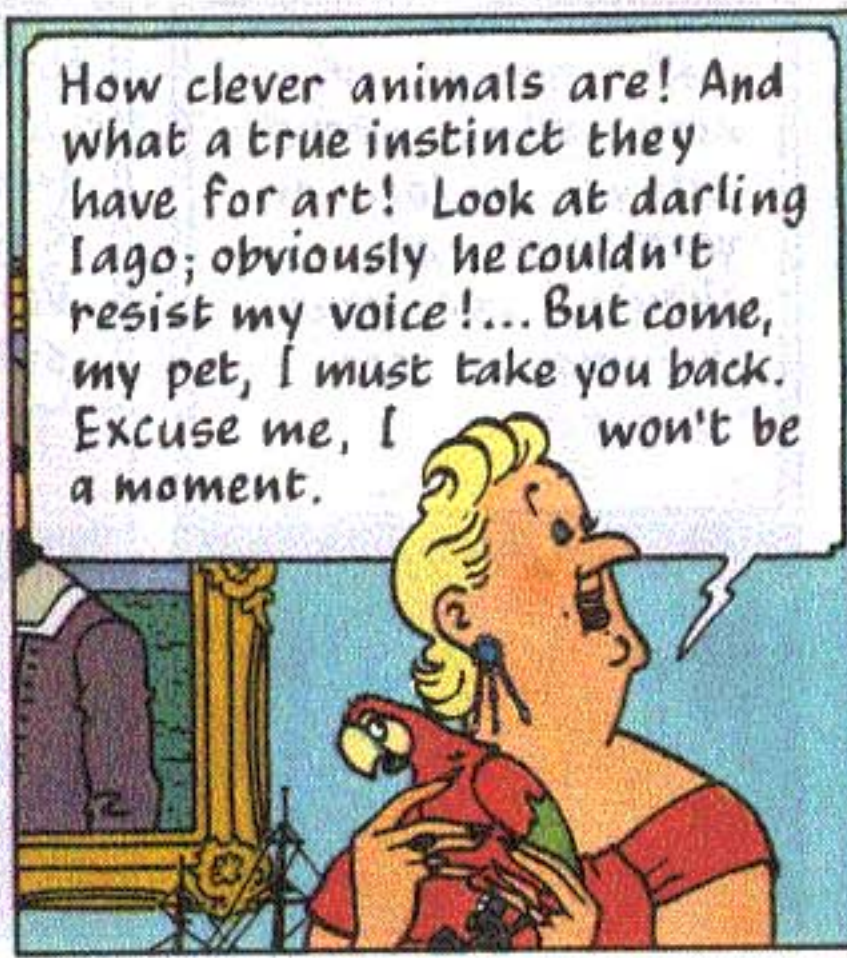


Sacrilege! Who dares to interrupt?

Cut!



Madamina! ...It's Iago; he's escaped from his perch!



How clever animals are! And what a true instinct they have for art! Look at darling Iago; obviously he couldn't resist my voice! ... But come, my pet, I must take you back. Excuse me, I won't be a moment.



Oh, there you are, Captain Bed-sock. Just imagine, Iago got free from his perch all by himself, just to come and hear me!

Hmm! ... Amazing!

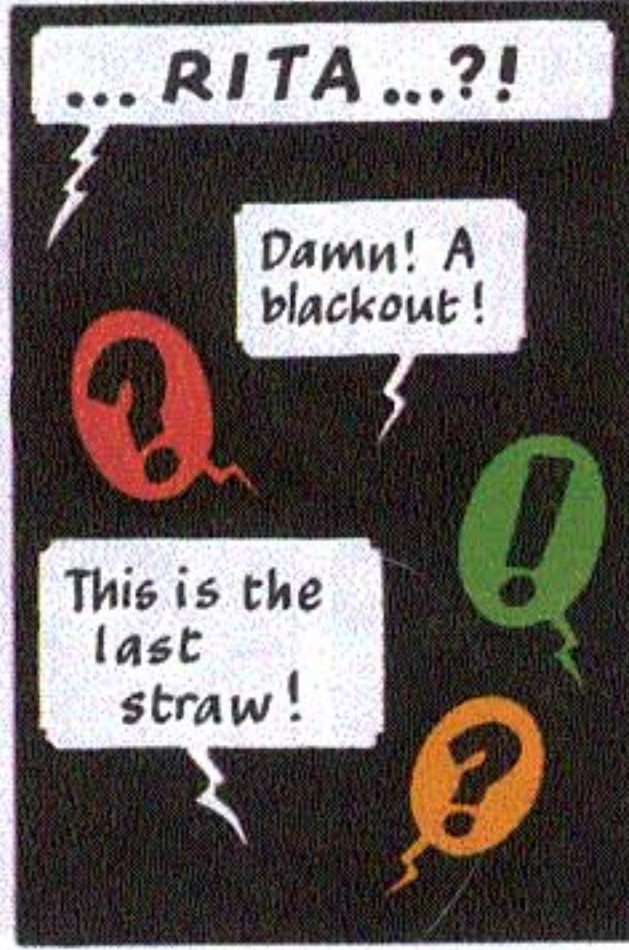


Meanwhile...

Quick as you can, now... All ready?
... Quiet studio please!



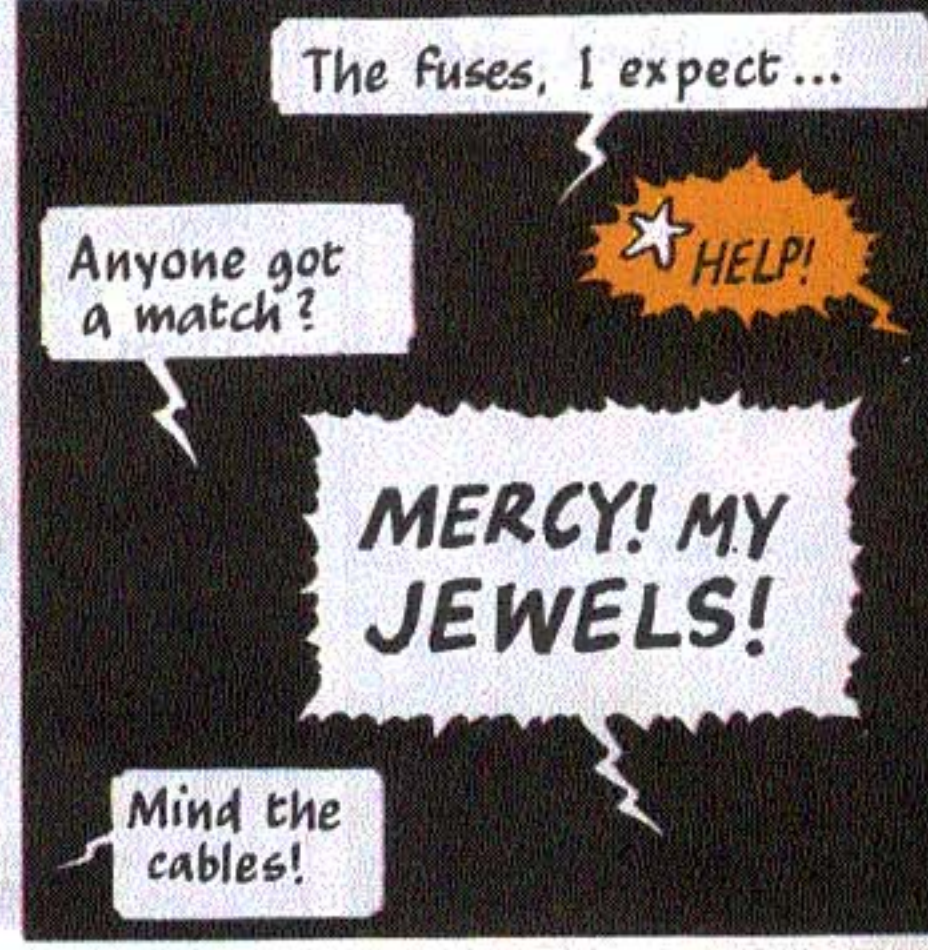
Tell me, ♪ ♪
was I ever ♪ ♪
Marga ... ♪ ♪



... RITA ...?!

Damn! A blackout!

This is the last straw!



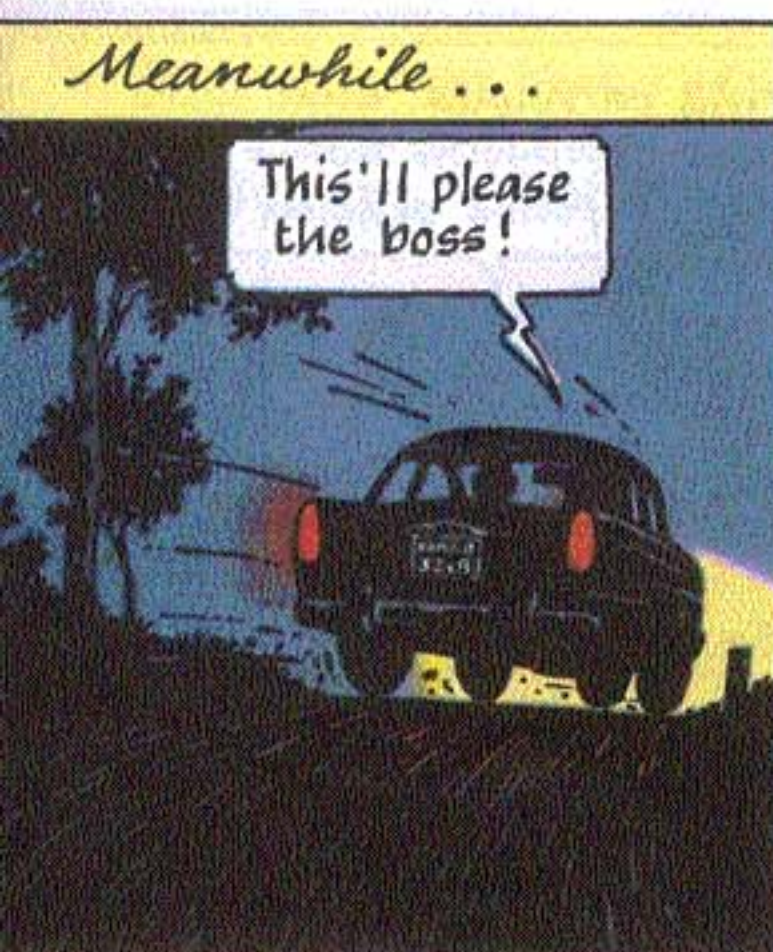
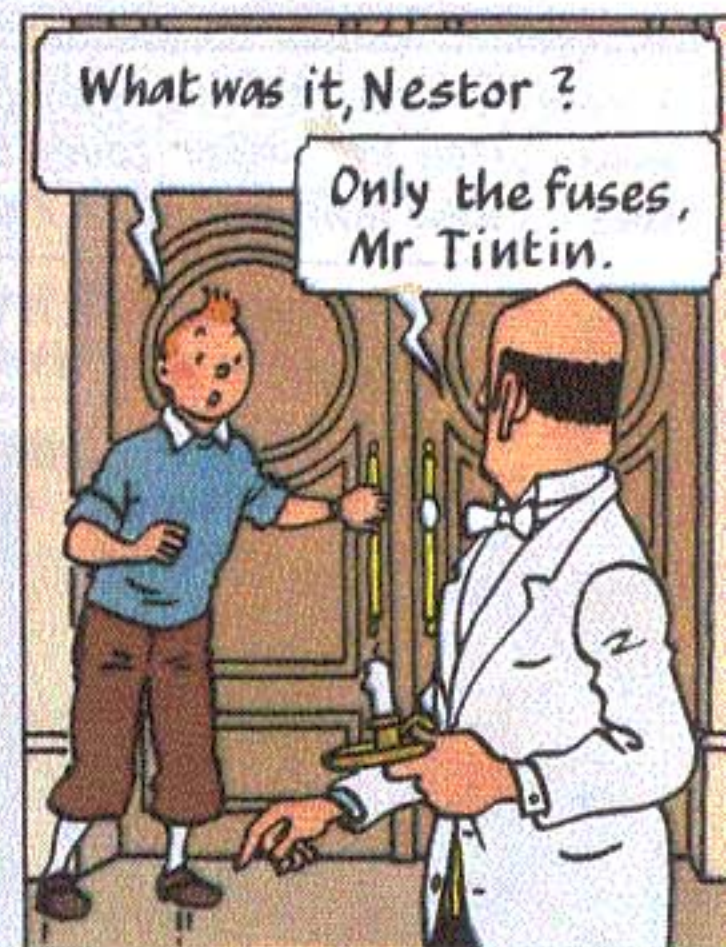
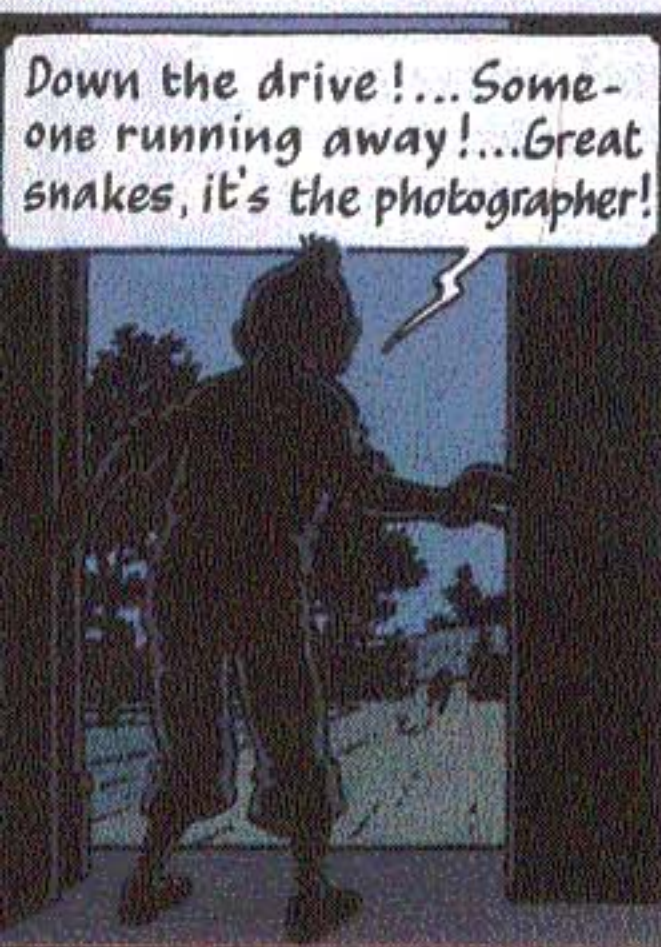
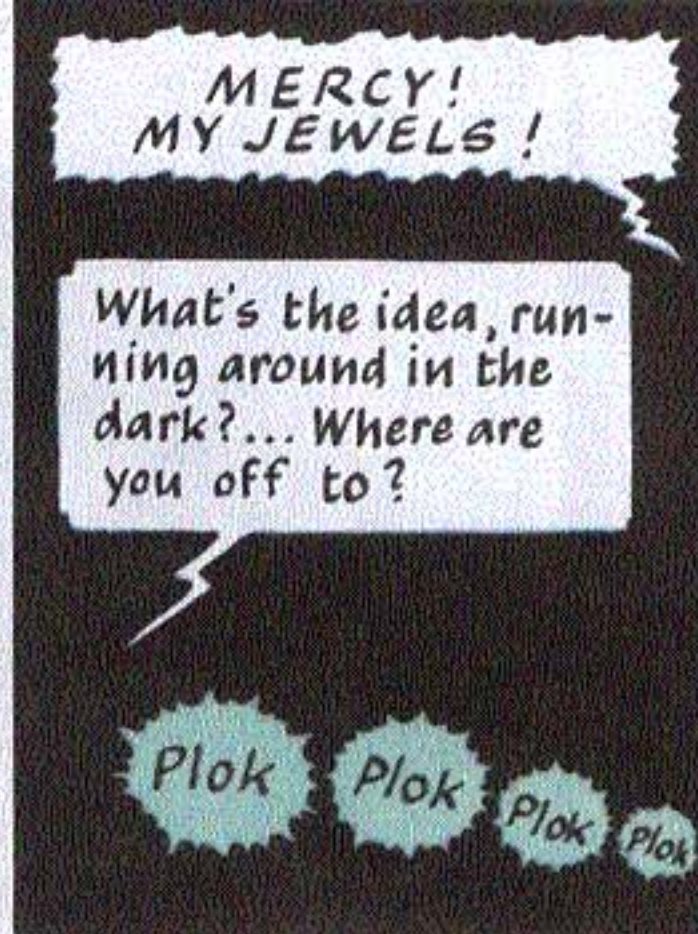
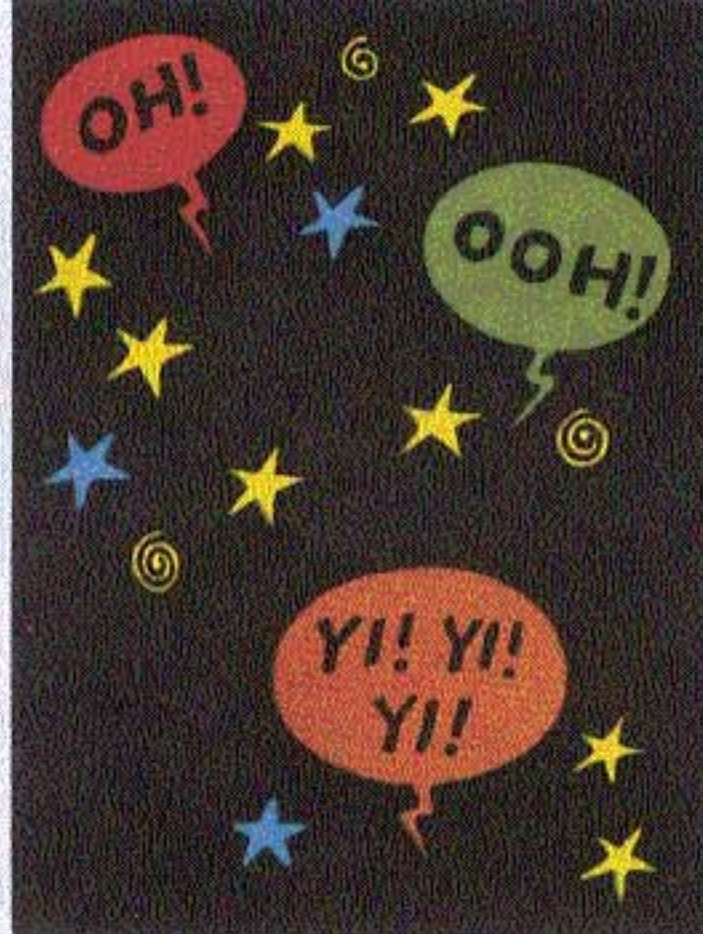
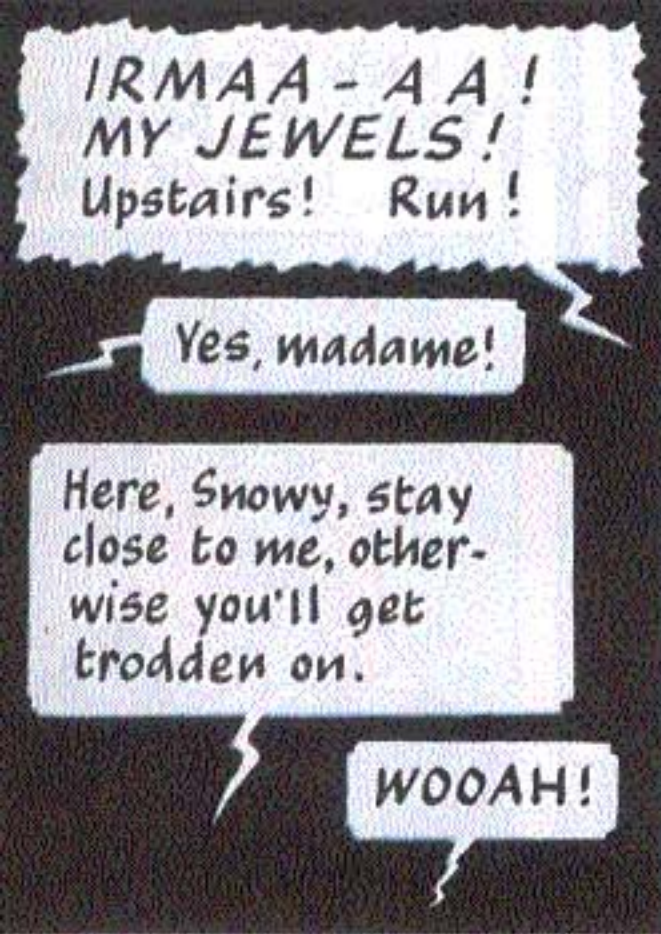
The fuses, I expect ...

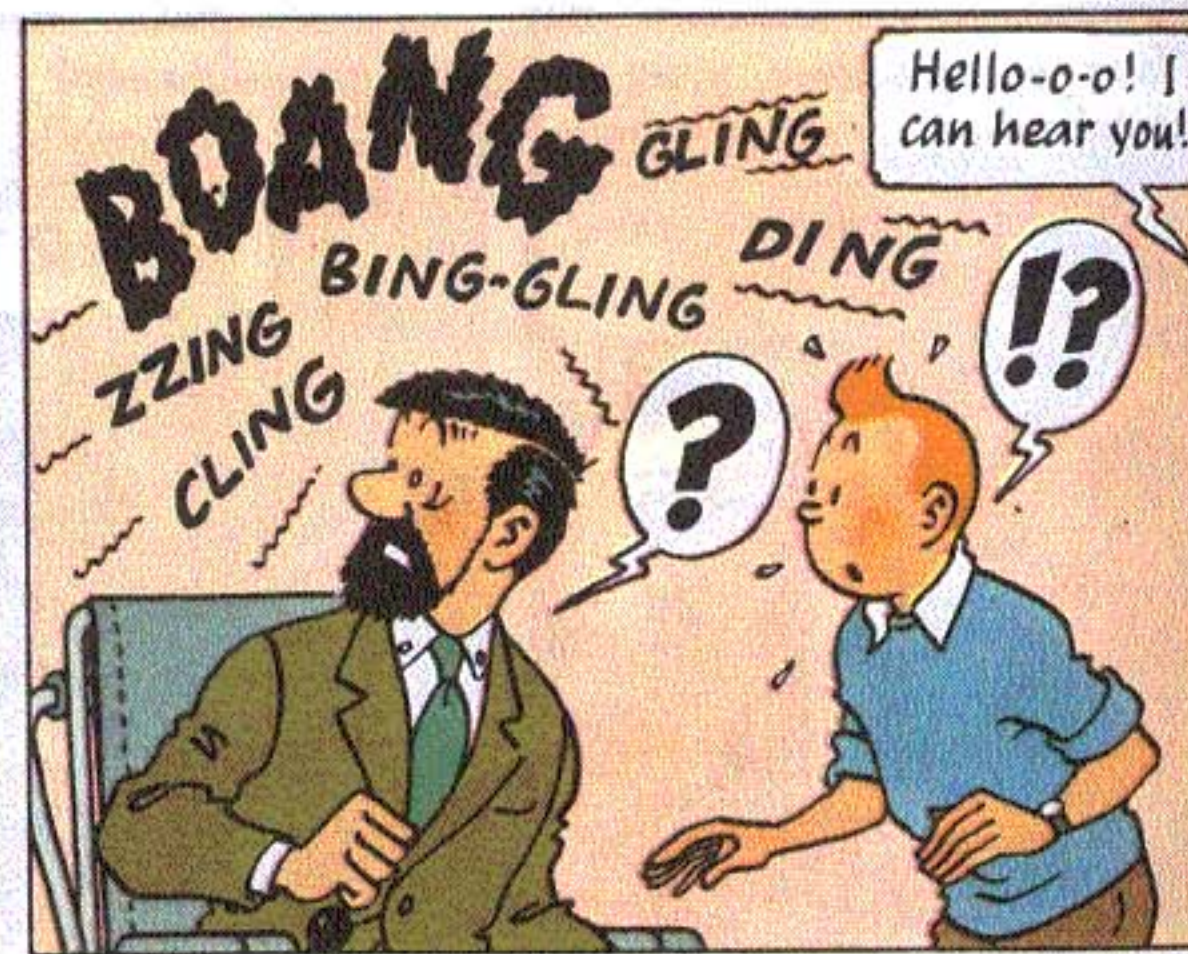
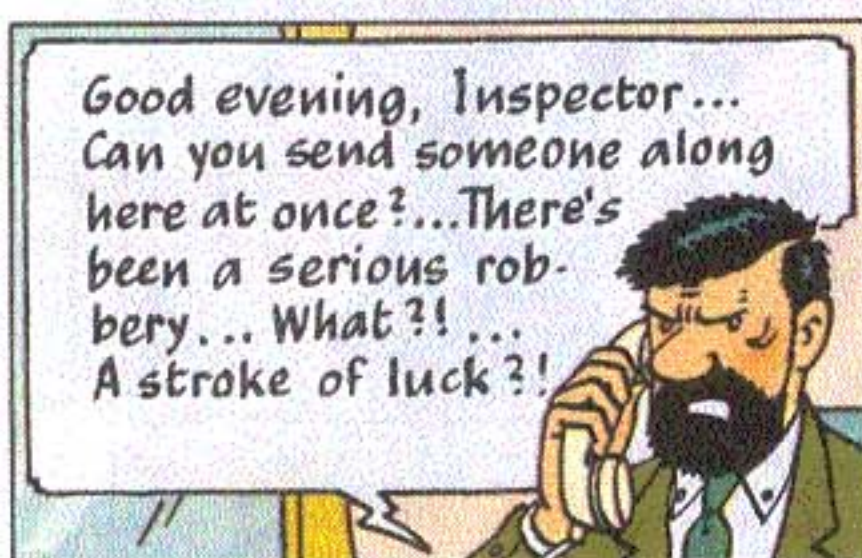
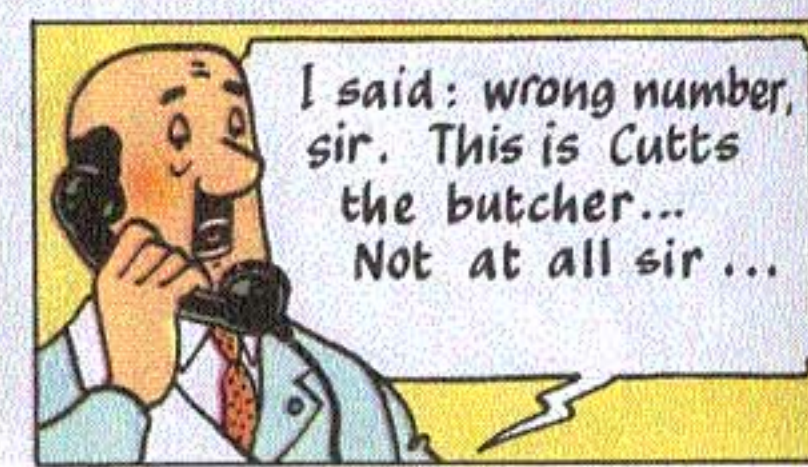
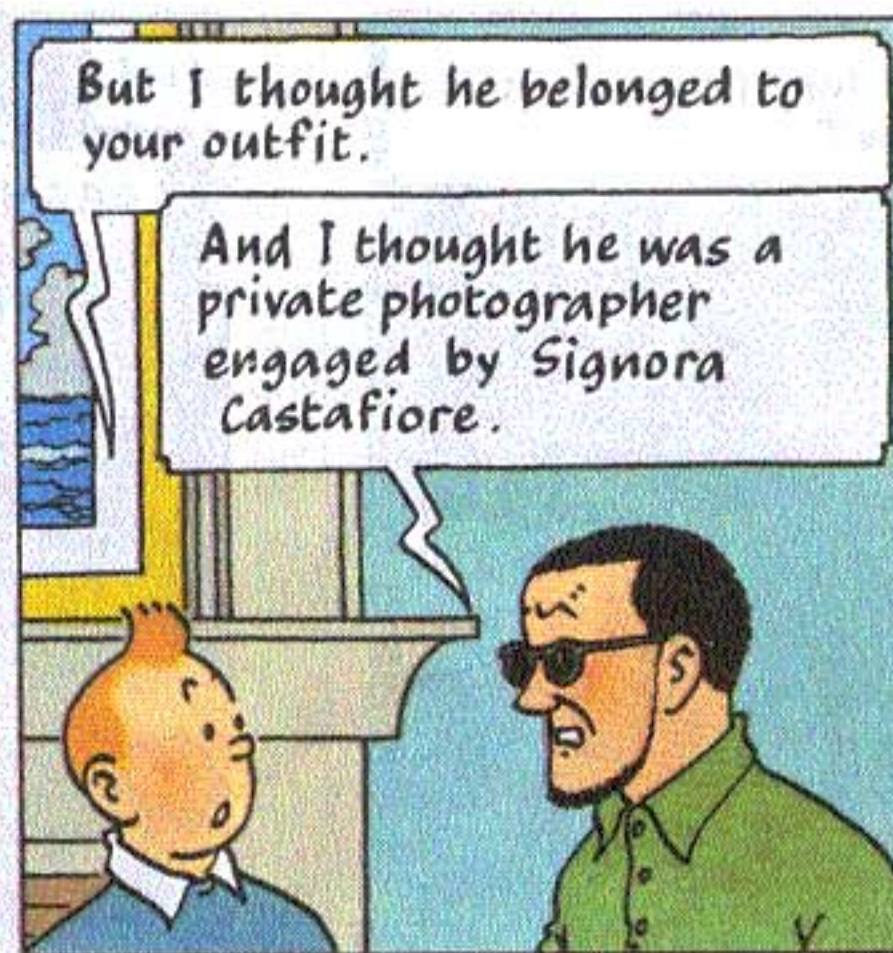
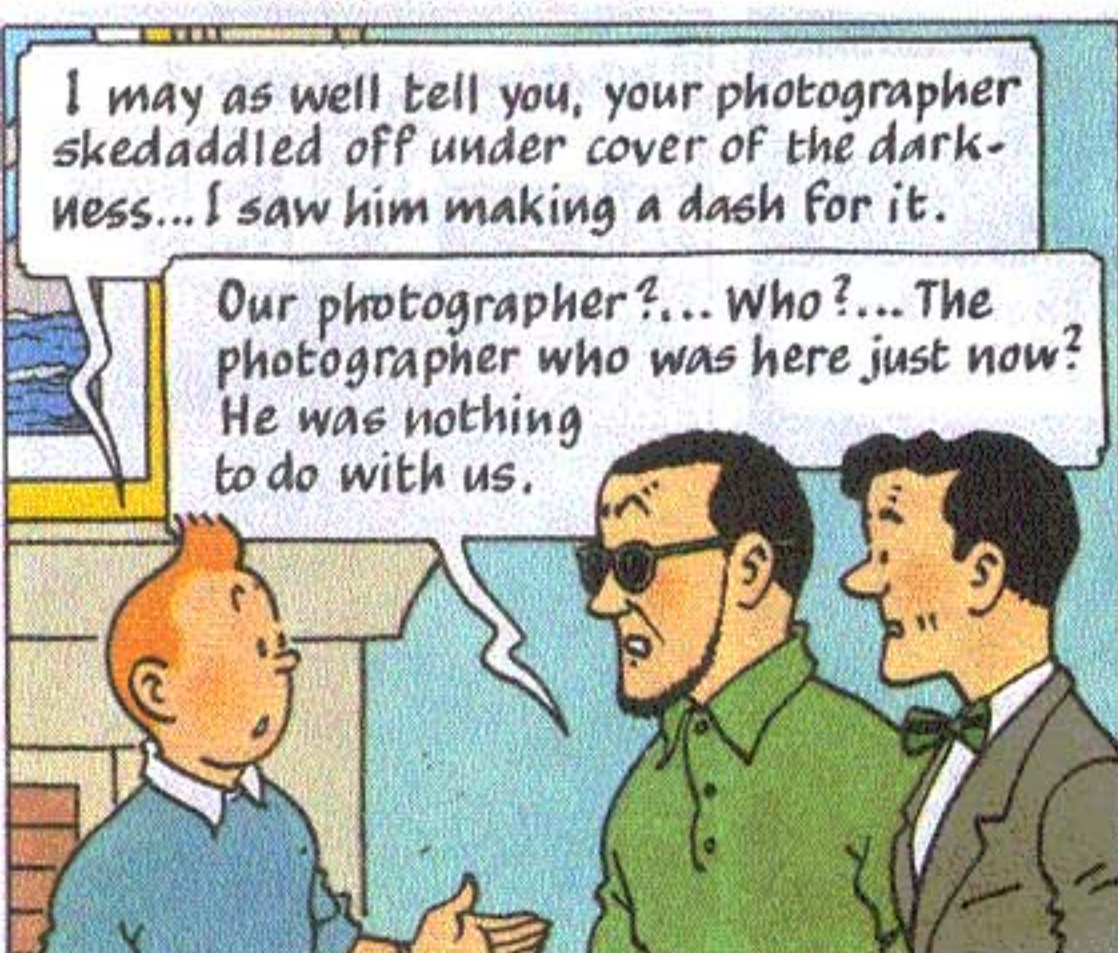
Anyone got a match?

★ HELP!

MERCY! MY JEWELS!

Mind the cables!

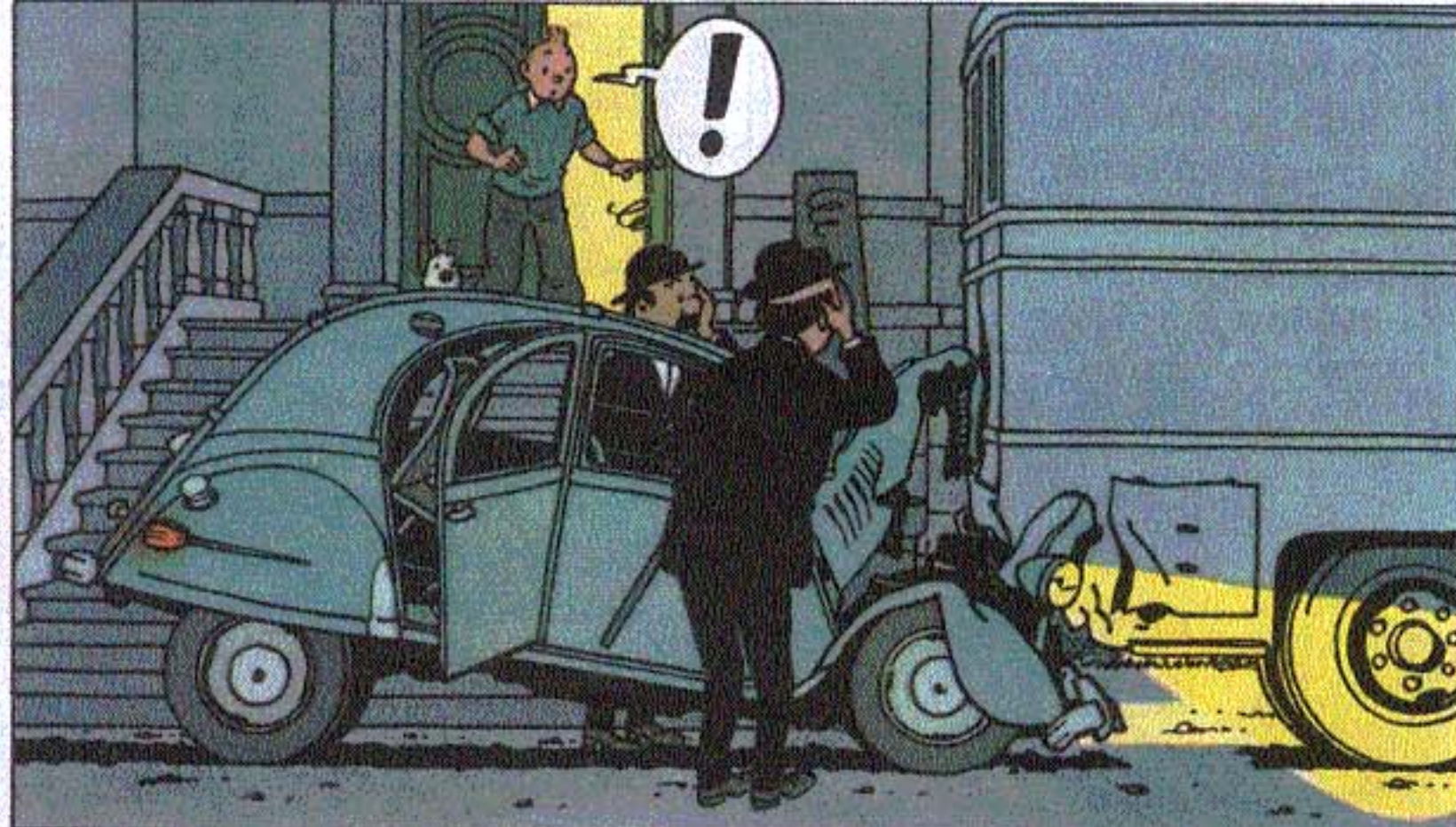




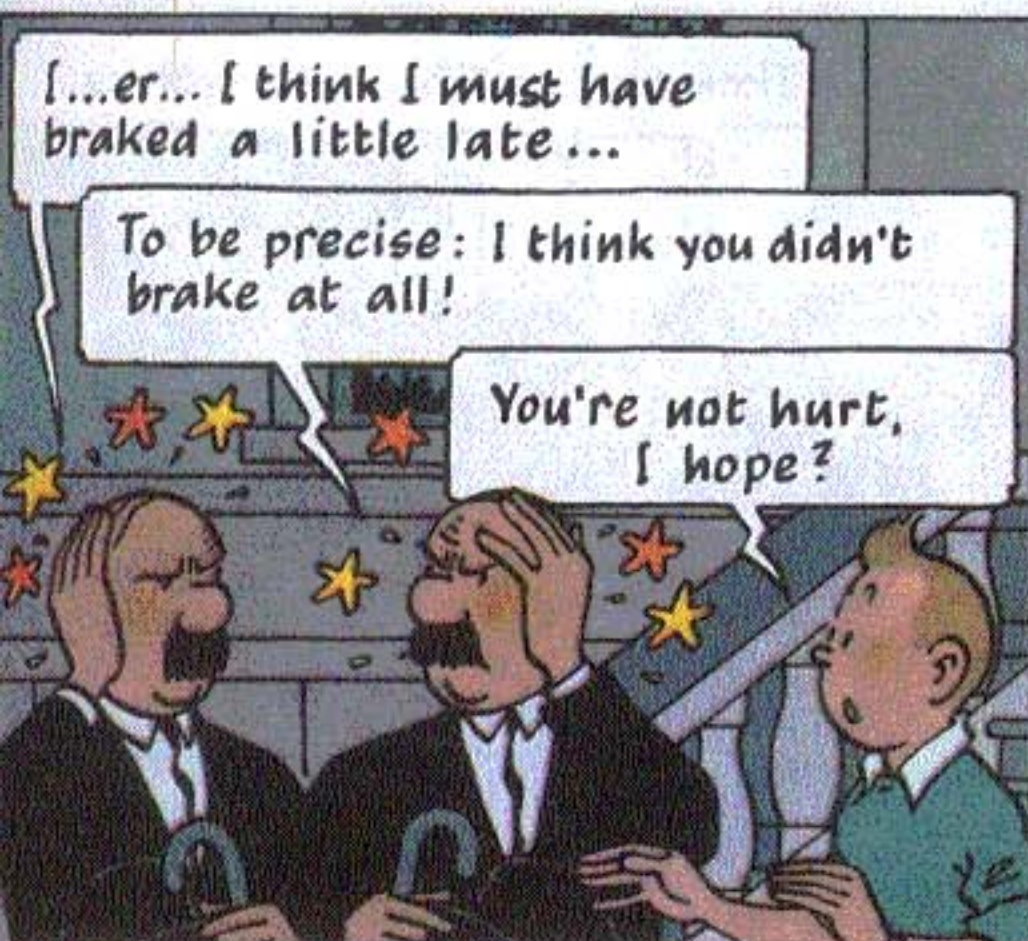


Visitors, you said? ... I bet it's the Thompsons!

Quite right!



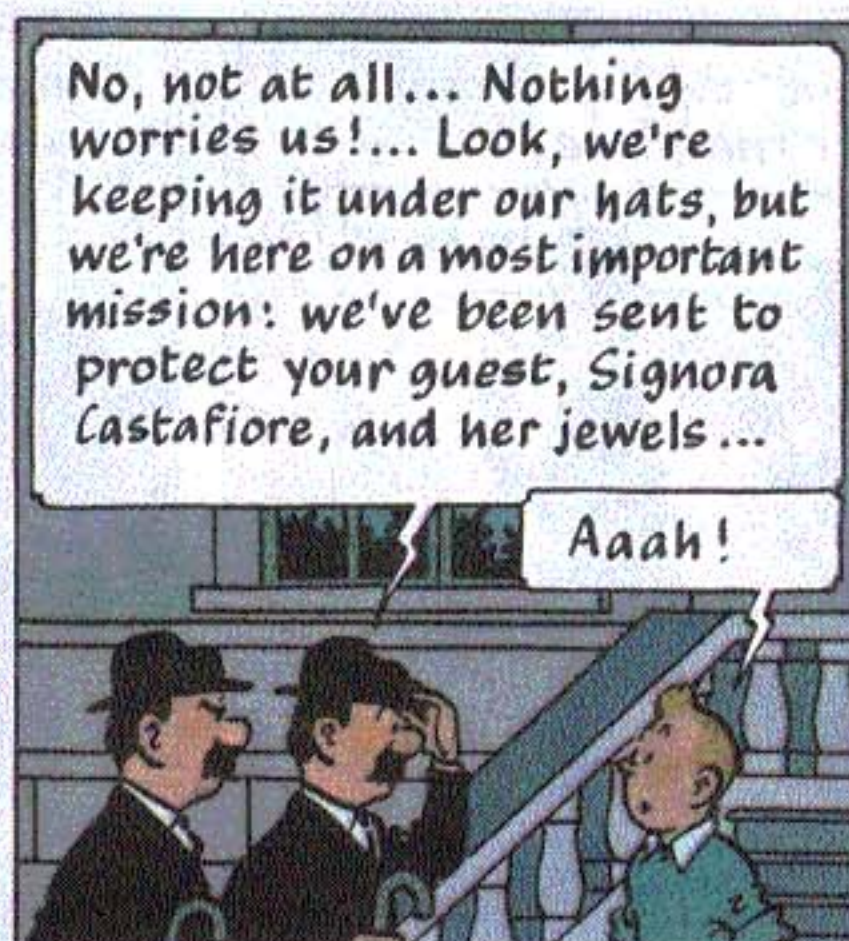
You poor, poor things! ... What happened?



[...er... I think I must have braked a little late ...

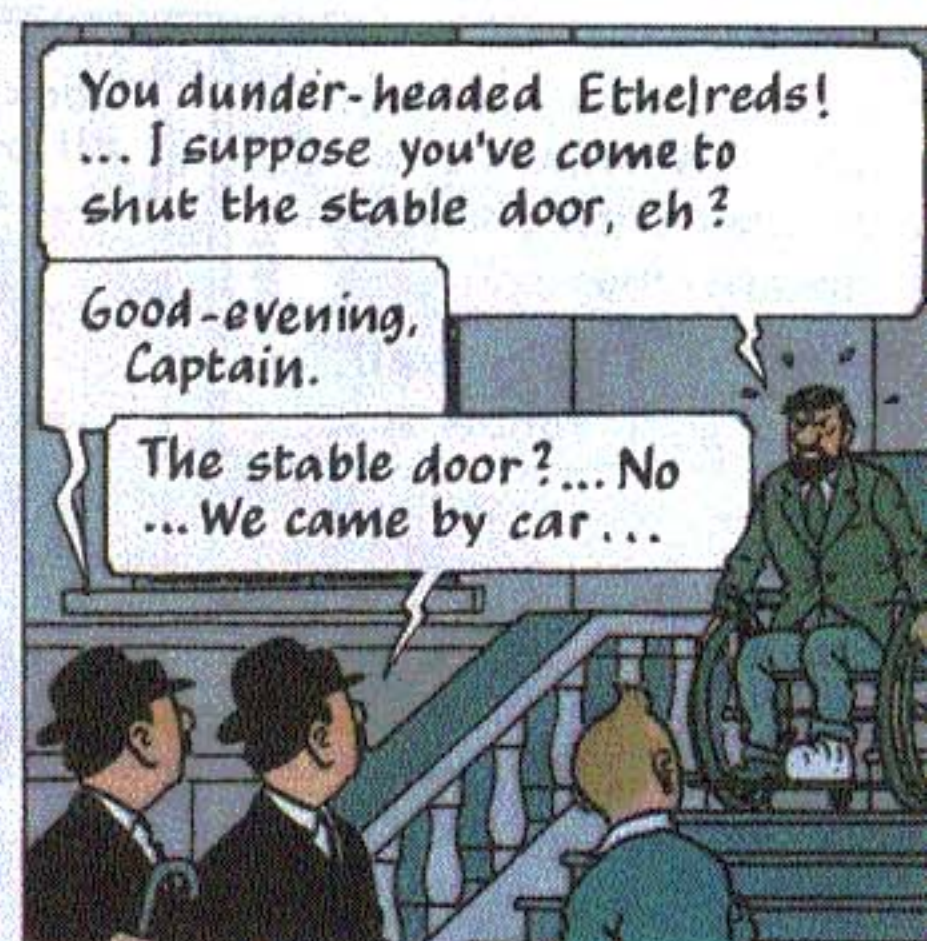
To be precise: I think you didn't brake at all!

You're not hurt, I hope?



No, not at all... Nothing worries us!... Look, we're keeping it under our hats, but we're here on a most important mission: we've been sent to protect your guest, Signora Castafiore, and her jewels ...

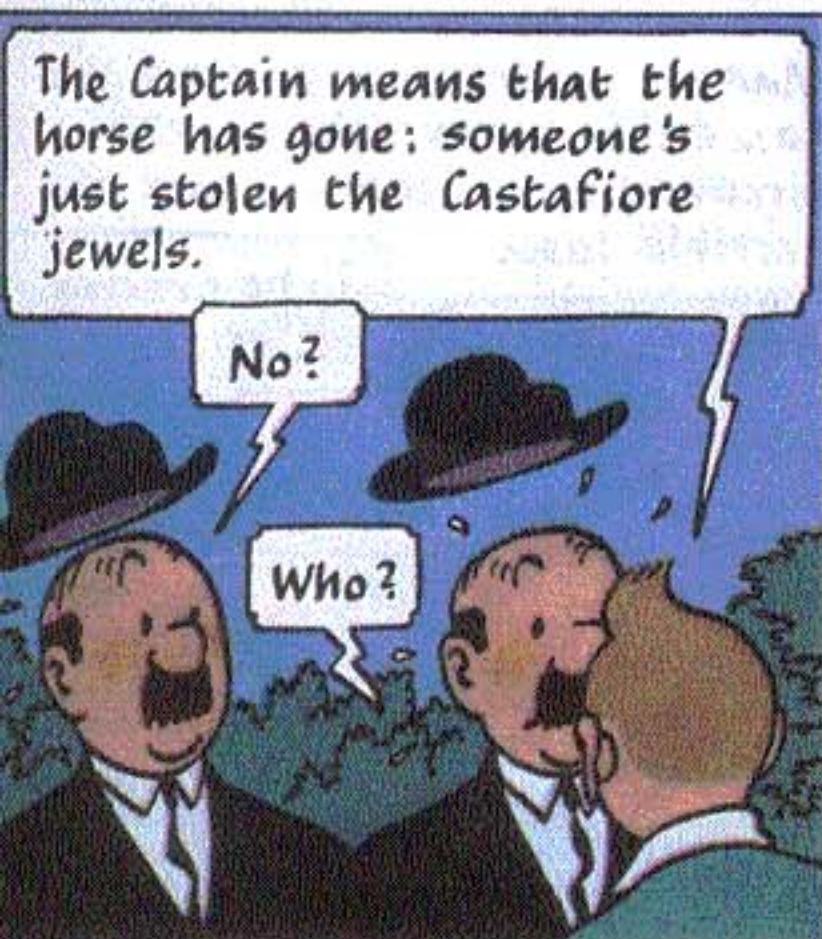
Aaah!



You dunder-headed Ethelreds! ... I suppose you've come to shut the stable door, eh?

Good-evening, Captain.

The stable door? ... No ... We came by car ...



The Captain means that the horse has gone: someone's just stolen the Castafiore jewels.

No?

Who?



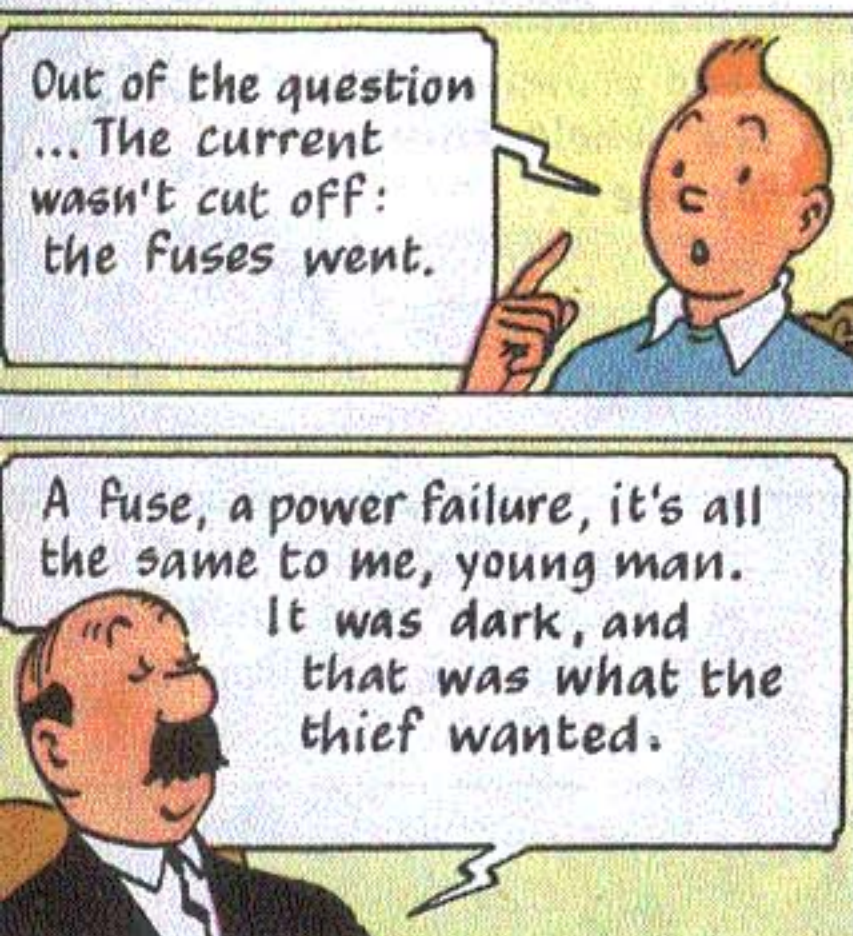
That's what we've got to find out. But come in, and we'll put you in the picture.



A few minutes later ...

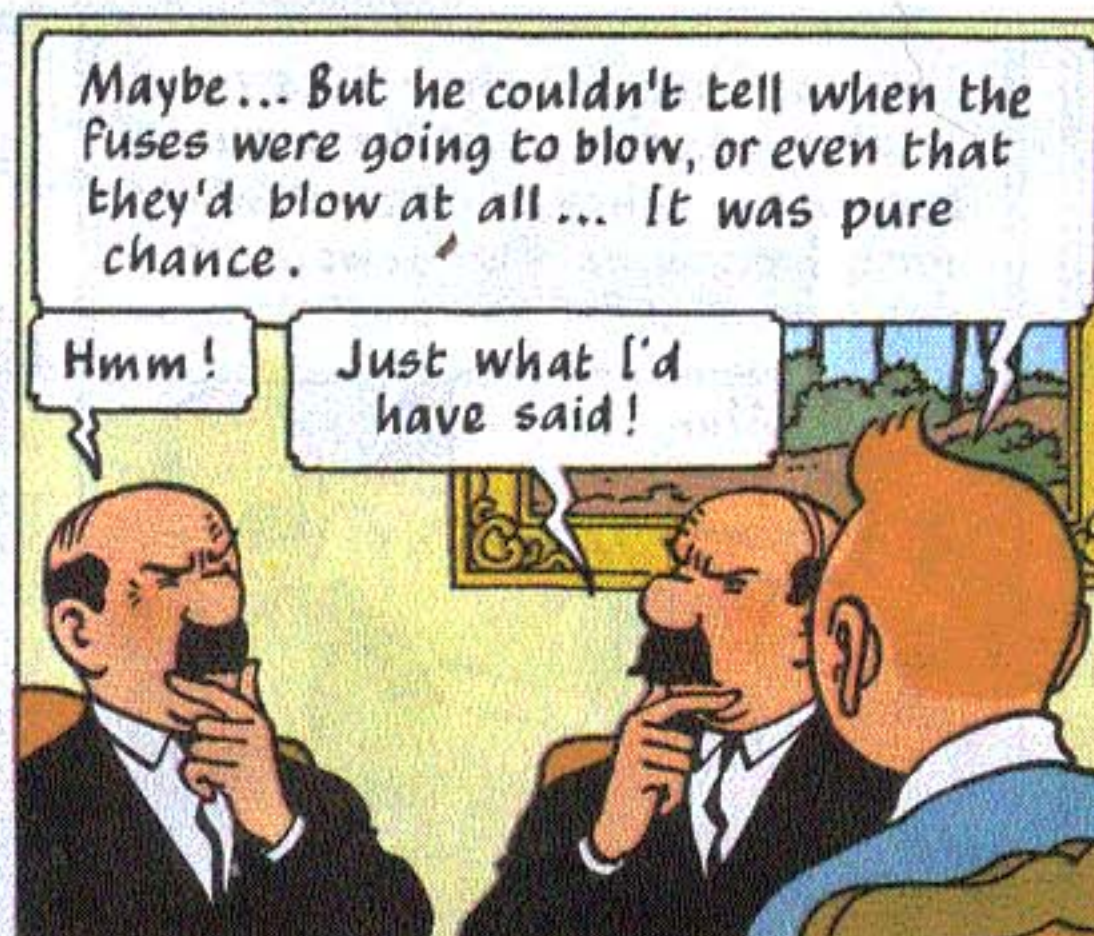
Those are the facts... Everything seems to point to the mysterious photographer and yet ...

Yet what? It's the classic crime: an accomplice cuts off the current while ...



Out of the question ... The current wasn't cut off: the fuses went.

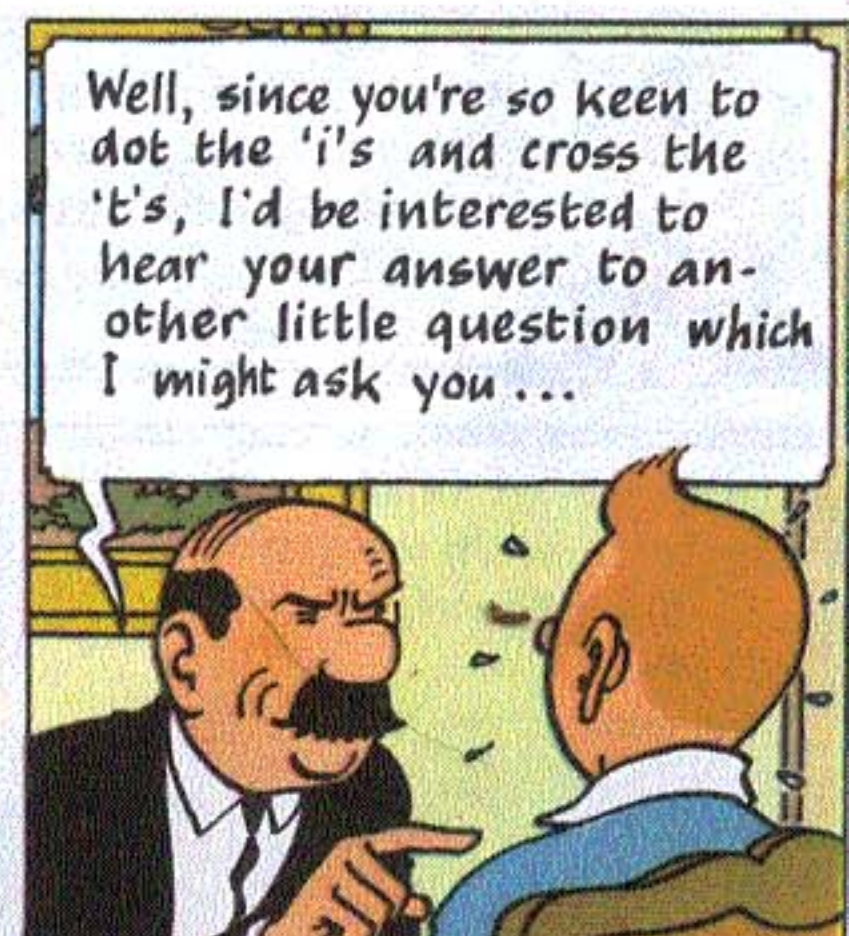
A fuse, a power failure, it's all the same to me, young man. It was dark, and that was what the thief wanted.



Maybe... But he couldn't tell when the fuses were going to blow, or even that they'd blow at all ... It was pure chance.

Hmm!

Just what I'd have said!



Well, since you're so keen to dot the 'i's and cross the 't's, I'd be interested to hear your answer to another little question which I might ask you ...

You say the fuses blew... All right... But did you discover that for yourself?
...

It was Nestor who told me, when he came up from the cellar.

Nestor? ... The butler? ... Aha!

Aha!

Nestor, who once worked for those crooks the Bird brothers ... A good testimonial!

You know perfectly well, when those gangsters were tried the evidence proved that Nestor knew nothing of their activities. Anyway...

Anyway, blistering barnacles, Nestor is absolutely honest, and I forbid you to suspect him!

We shall see, we shall see! ... Meanwhile, we'll proceed with the routine questioning.

Very well. Follow me.

Look out, there are cables all over the place.

Yes...

We know!

Thompson and Thomson, certified detectives.

No one is to leave!

And here's Signora Castafiore. I see she's come round.

Ah, Signora Nightingale, the Milanese Castafiore...

Signora!

Charmed!

Madam, we are here to set light to... er, to throw light on the circumstances surrounding your terrible loss...

To be precise ... er ...

Go on, gentlemen.

Just to clear up one point, madam: where were the jewels usually hocked ... I mean locked?

Dead or alive, we shall find them, madam. Leave no stone unturned, that is our policy... Which reminds me: I presume your jewels are fully insured?

Alas, no, gentlemen...

Mr. Swag promised to fix the whole thing up for me ...

In a drawer in my room, upstairs... Oh my jewels! ... My beautiful jewels! ...

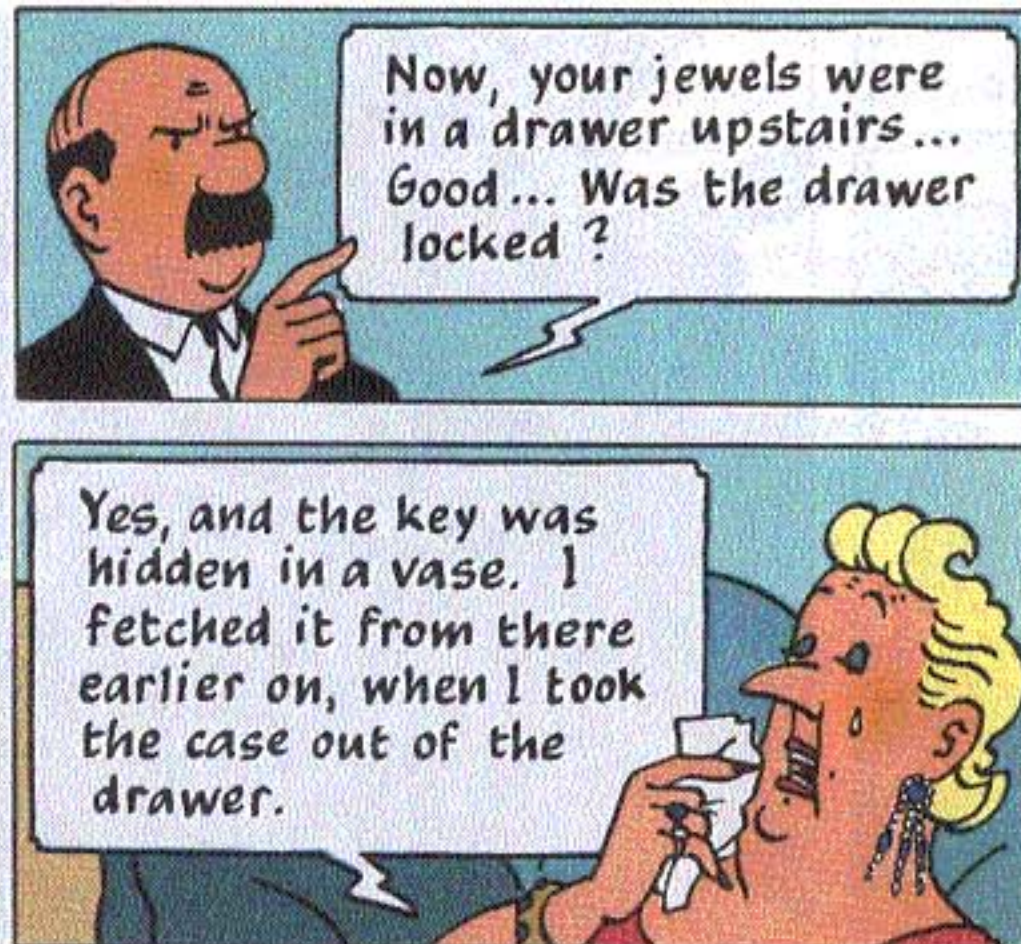
Swag? Fix it up? ... Fix what? ... Madam, is this some sort of conspiracy? ...



No, no gentlemen. Mr. Swag represents an insurance company.

Ah, that's all right... Otherwise...

Yes, otherwise...



Now, your jewels were in a drawer upstairs... Good... Was the drawer locked?

Yes, and the key was hidden in a vase. I fetched it from there earlier on, when I took the case out of the drawer.



The case?... What case was that, madam?

Why, my jewel case of course, the one I...



I... Mamma mia! ...I remember now!



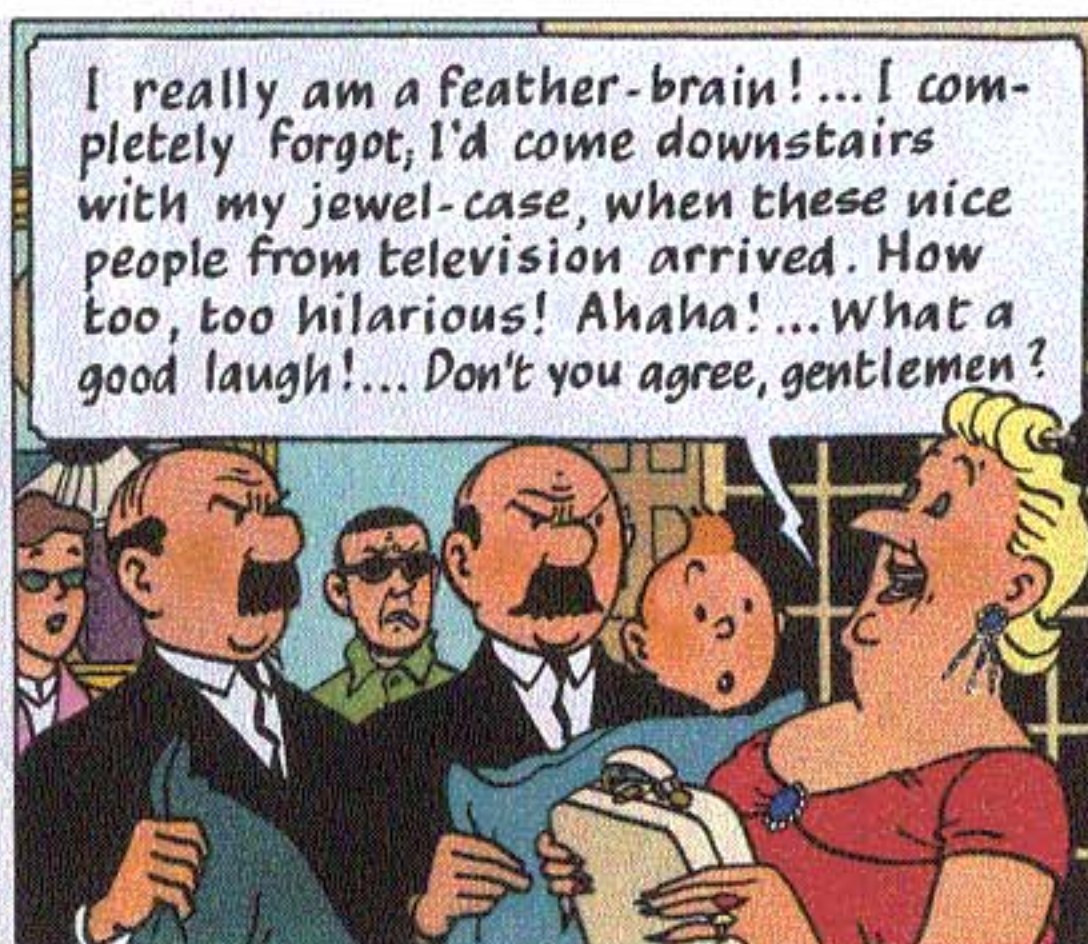
I was sitting here...



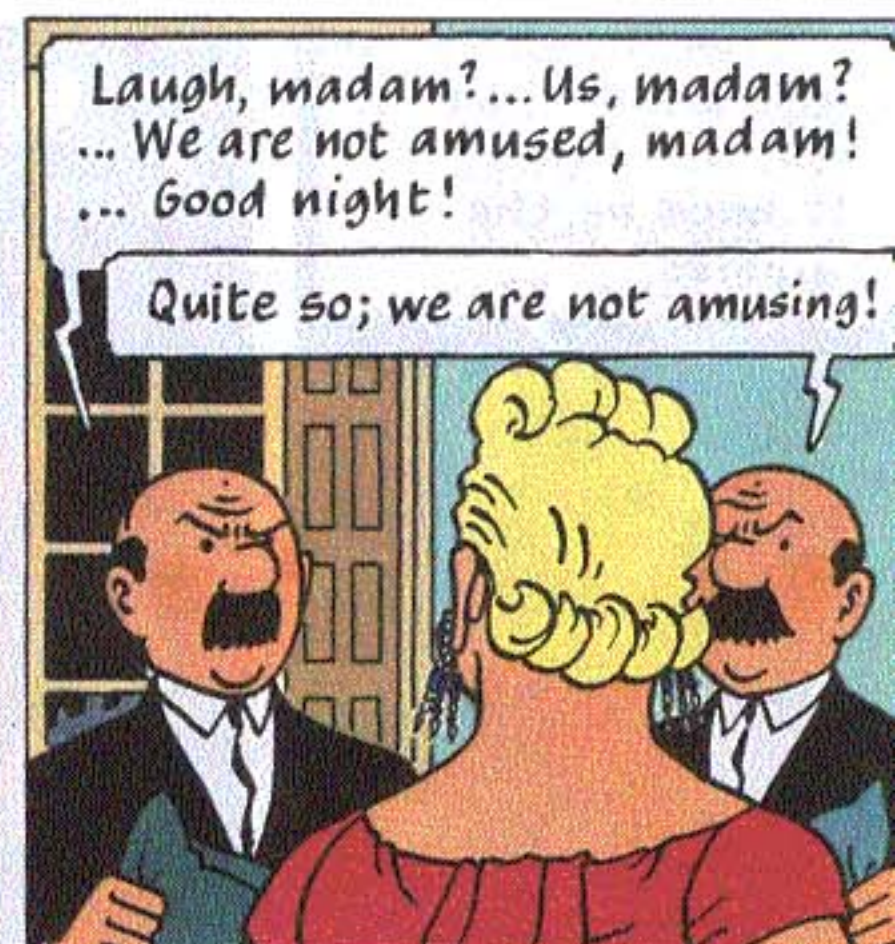
There!...There!...What did I tell you?



My jewels! Look! The little darlings!... All here?... Yes!... Oh, I could weep for joy, I'm so pleased to see them!



I really am a feather-brain!... I completely forgot, I'd come downstairs with my jewel-case, when these nice people from television arrived. How too, too hilarious! Ahaha!... What a good laugh!... Don't you agree, gentlemen?



Laugh, madam?... Us, madam?... We are not amused, madam! ... Good night!

Quite so; we are not amusing!

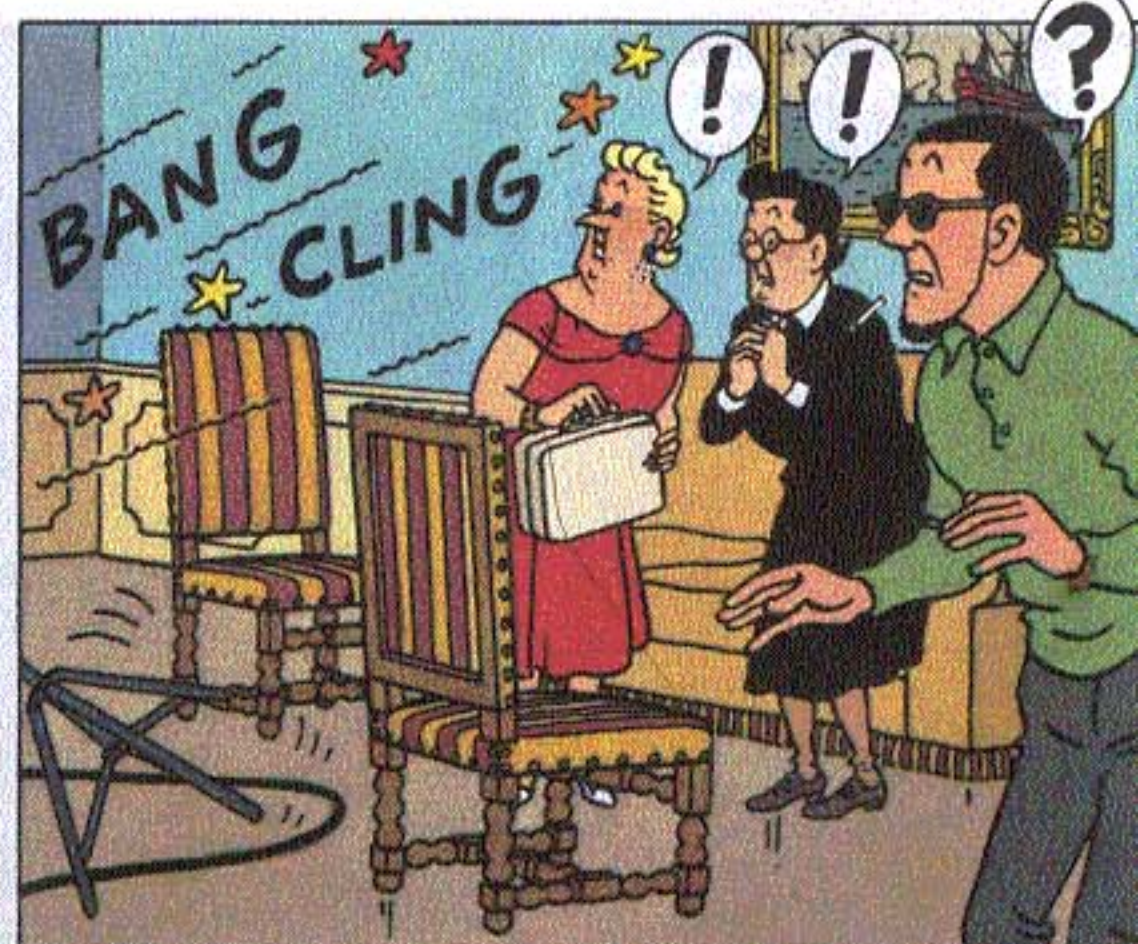


What is wrong?... Oh dear, what have I done?... Why are they so cross?

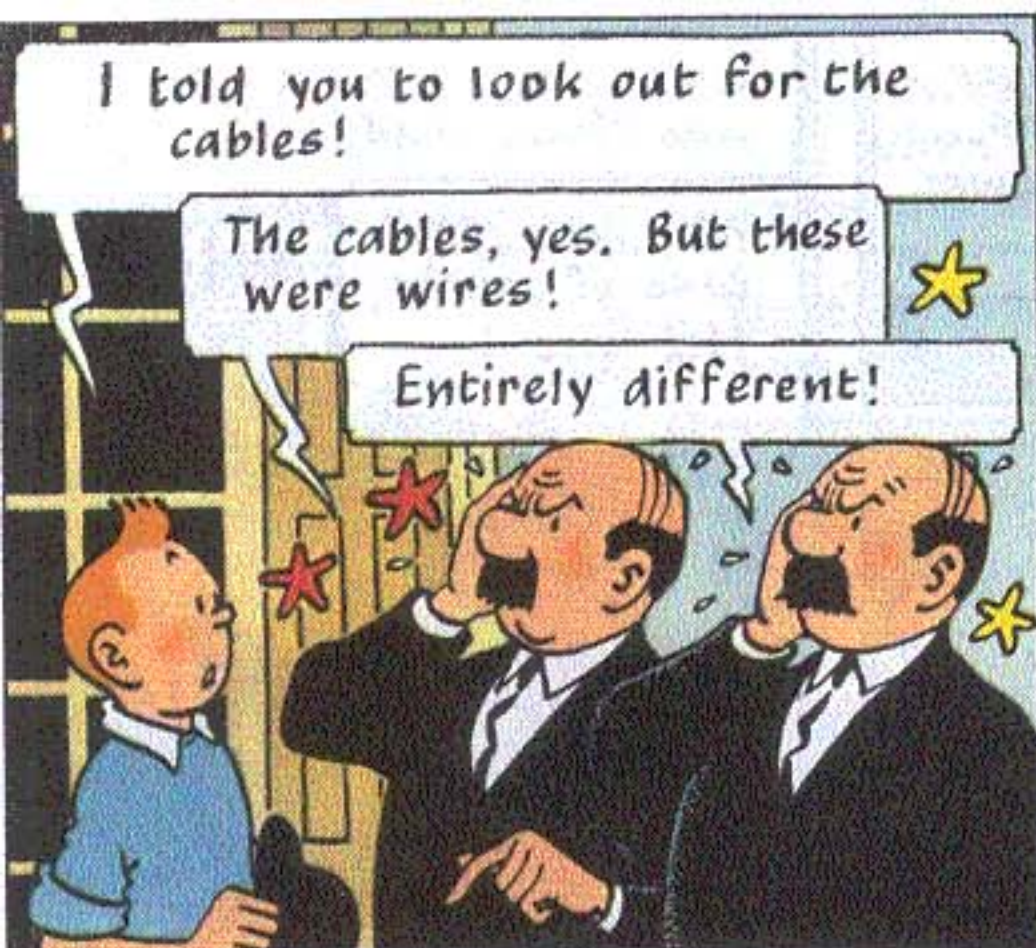


Here, your hats! ... And mind the cables!

Thank you, we can manage. ... We've told you before: we're not children!



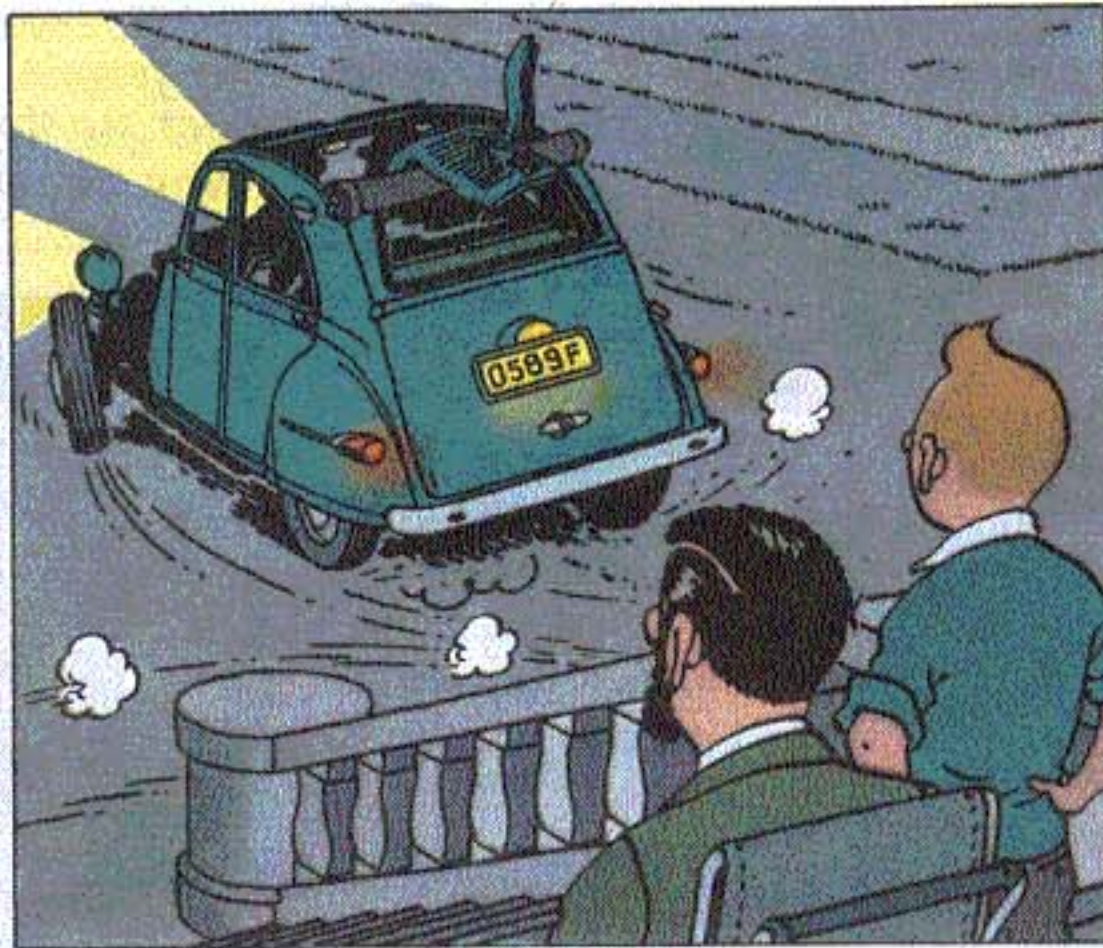
BANG CLING



I told you to look out for the cables!

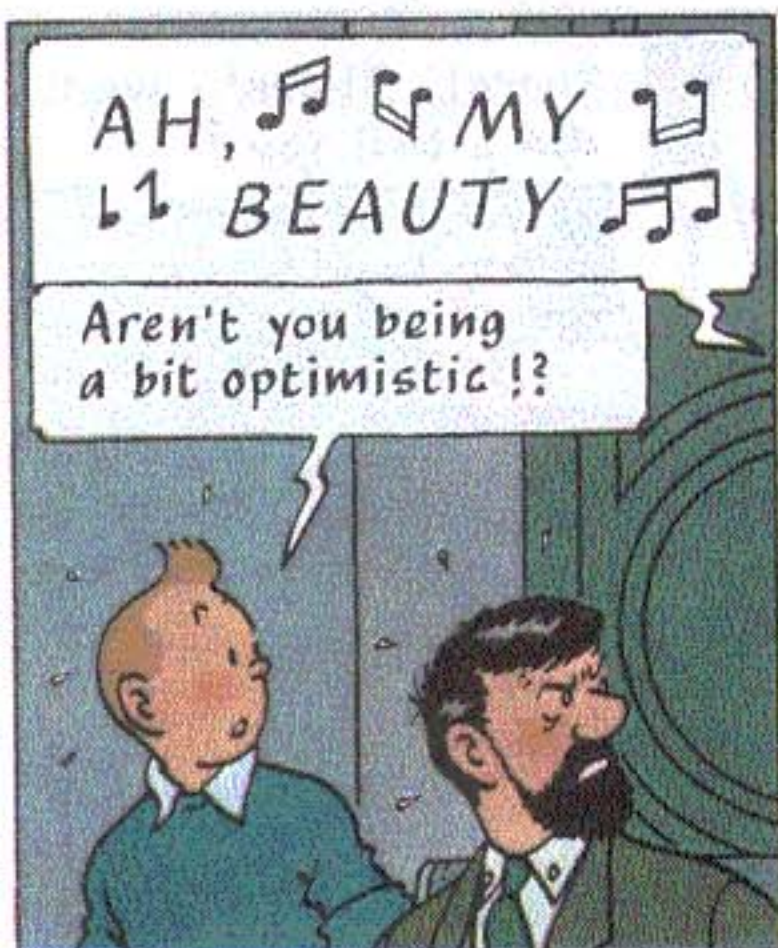
The cables, yes. But these were wires!

Entirely different!



So much for the Castafiore jewels!... You know, that photographer still puzzles me.

But apart from that, all's well that ends well!



AH, MY BEAUTY

Aren't you being a bit optimistic!?



I'm just going for a stroll with Snowy: I need some air. I shan't be long.

Right you are. Enjoy yourself. I'll hold the fort.

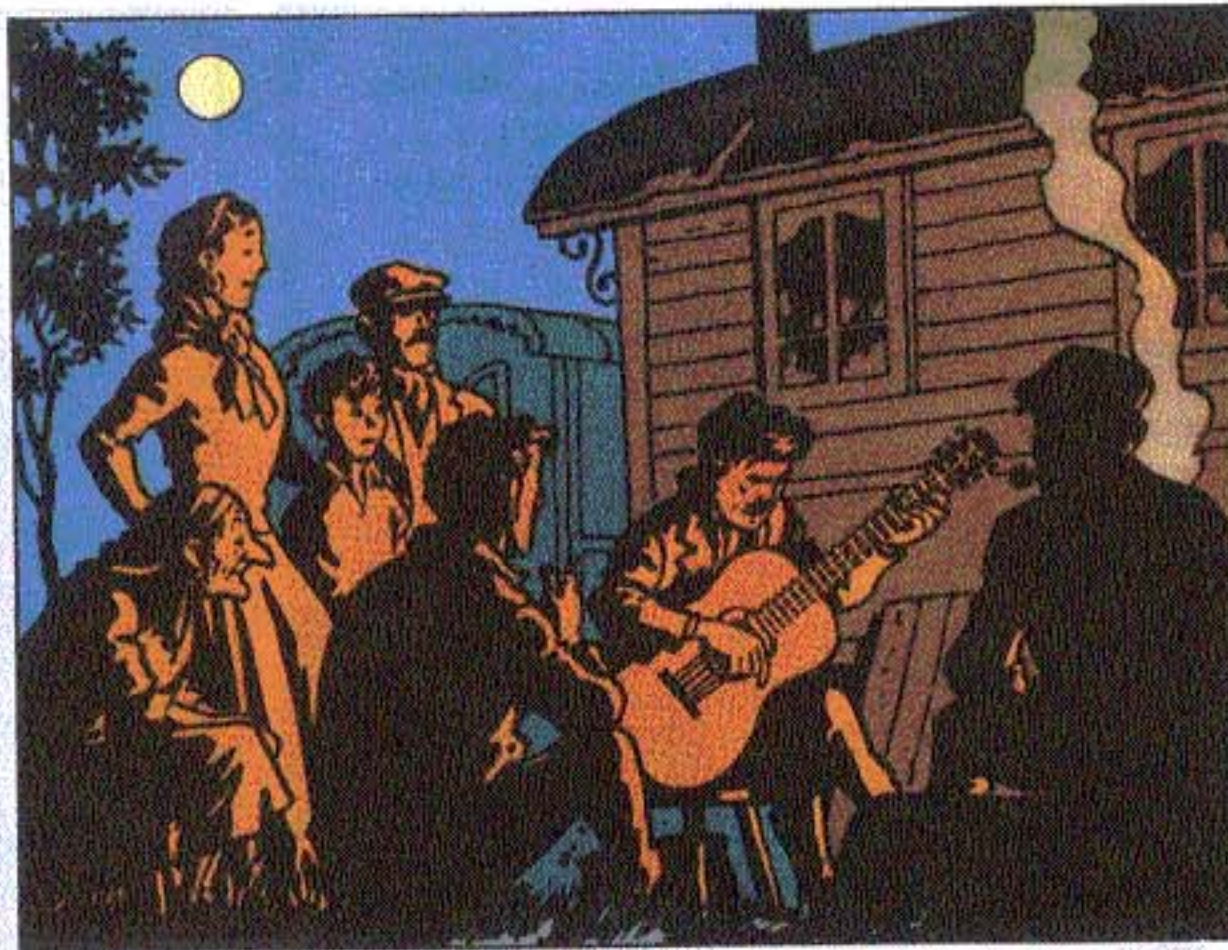
WOOAH! WOOAH!



What a perfect night!



That sounds like... yes, it's a guitar... It must be the gipsies.



What haunting music it is!



Come on, Snowy. We must go back.



How quiet it is here in the wood... Not a sound... Not a leaf stirring... Silence...



WOOO!!!

WOOAH!

TU-WOOD

An owl! ... Heavens, how it made me jump!

Come on, Snowy. Home!

Three days later ...

Yes... yes, I know... I mean ... Yes, it was a wedding ... er... my step-sister's cousin ... Yes... Look sir... I'll be with you tomorrow morning ... Yes, yes, definitely... Yes, yes, I promise, sir... Yes, sir... Good-bye, sir.

If you don't come tomorrow, my fine friend, I'll ... blistering barnacles, I don't know what I'll do ... but I won't stand for it!

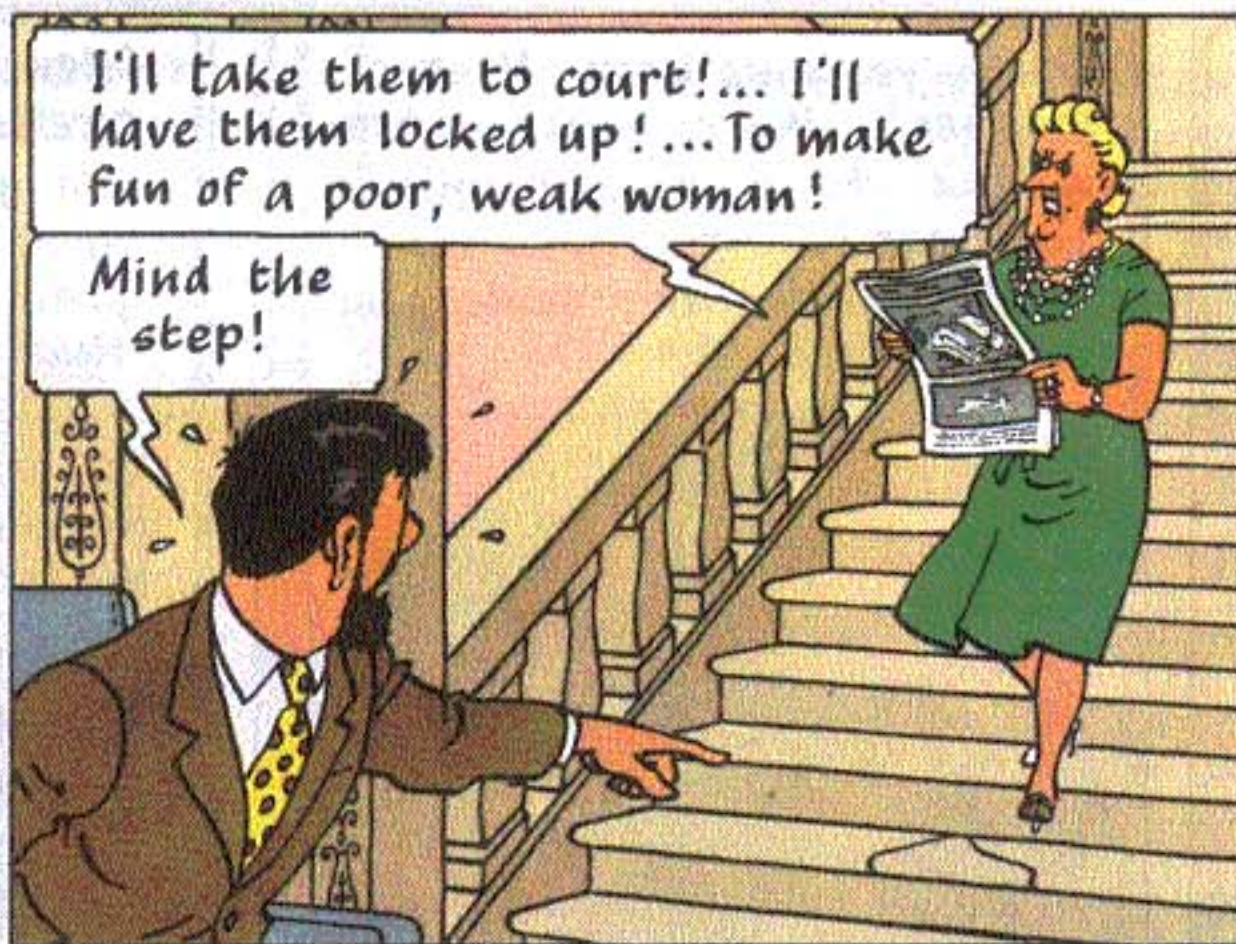


No! I won't stand for it! I tell you: I won't stand for it!

I'll take them to court! ... I'll have them locked up! ... To make fun of a poor, weak woman!

Mind the step!

I know! ... Look at that! ... It's shameful! ... It's a disgrace! ... It's monstrous! ... But they won't get away with it, I can tell you! ... Look at it!



But what's the matter? ... It's not at all bad, that photograph...

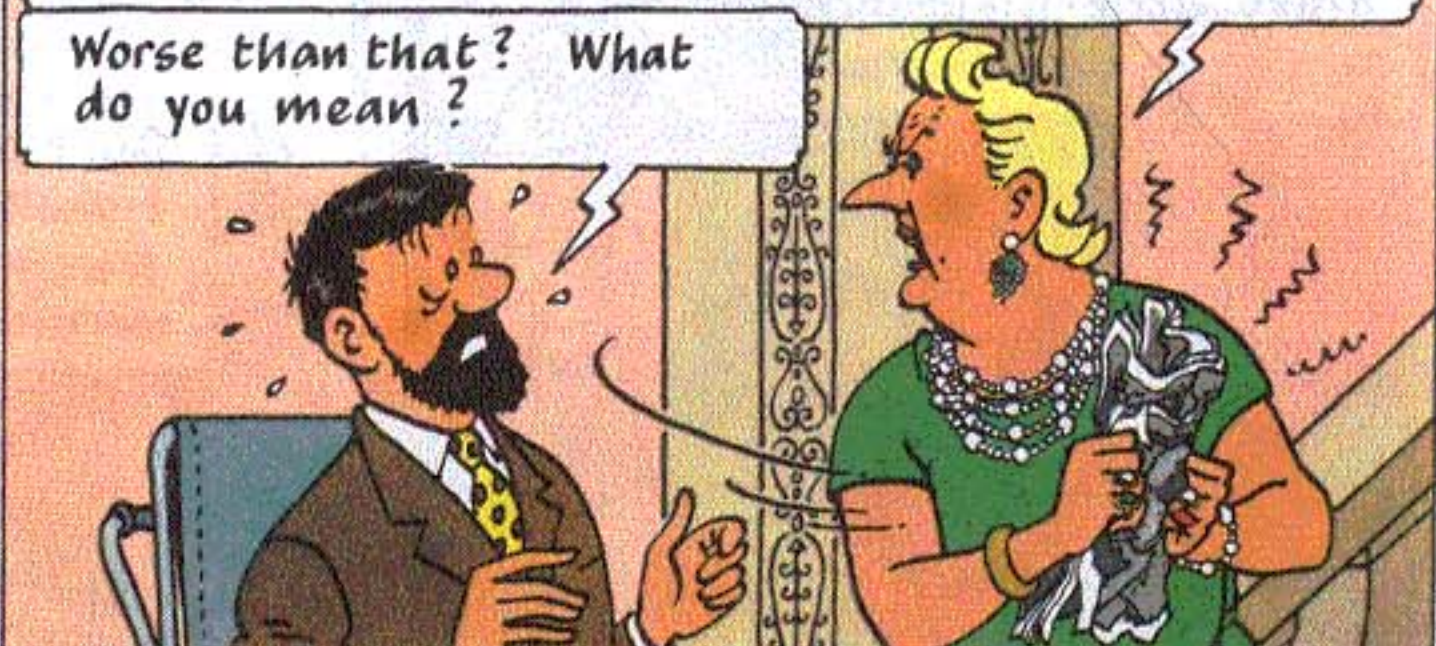
Not bad! ... Not bad! ... Is that all you can say? It's horrible, I tell you!

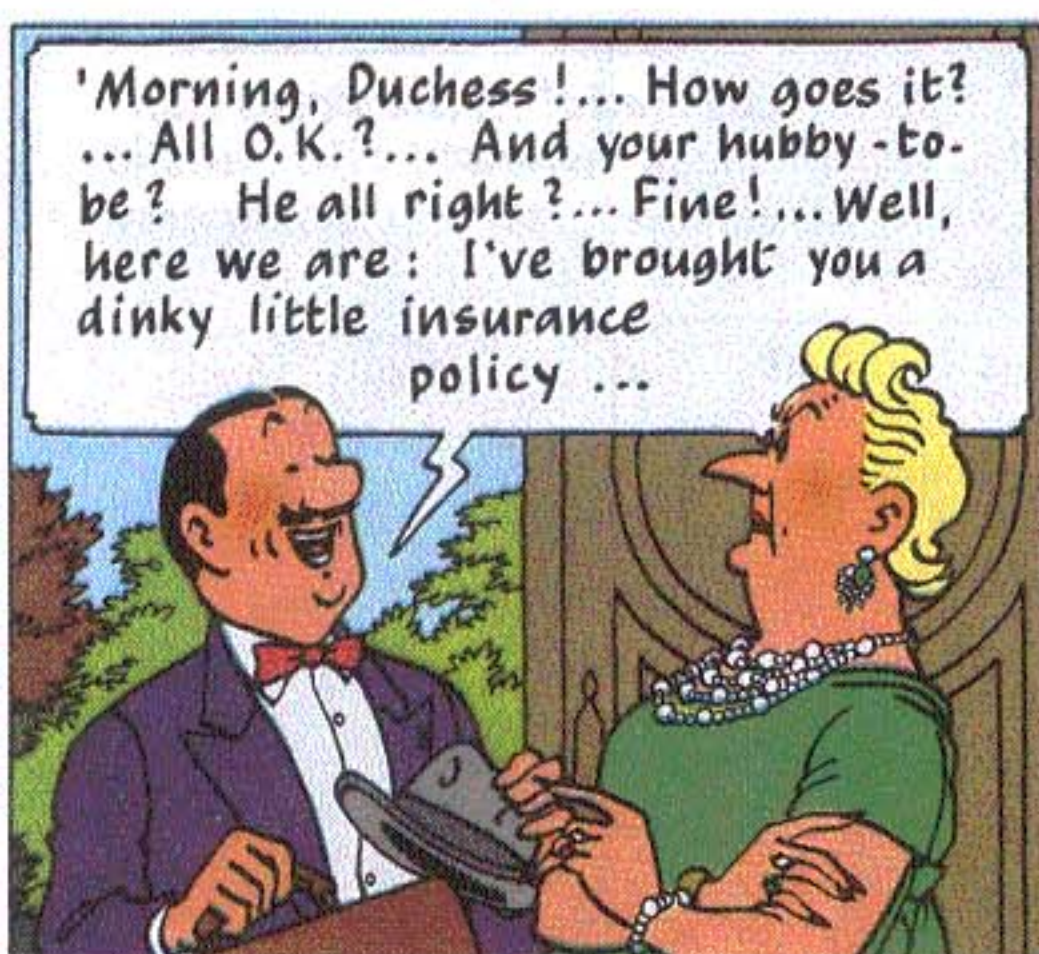
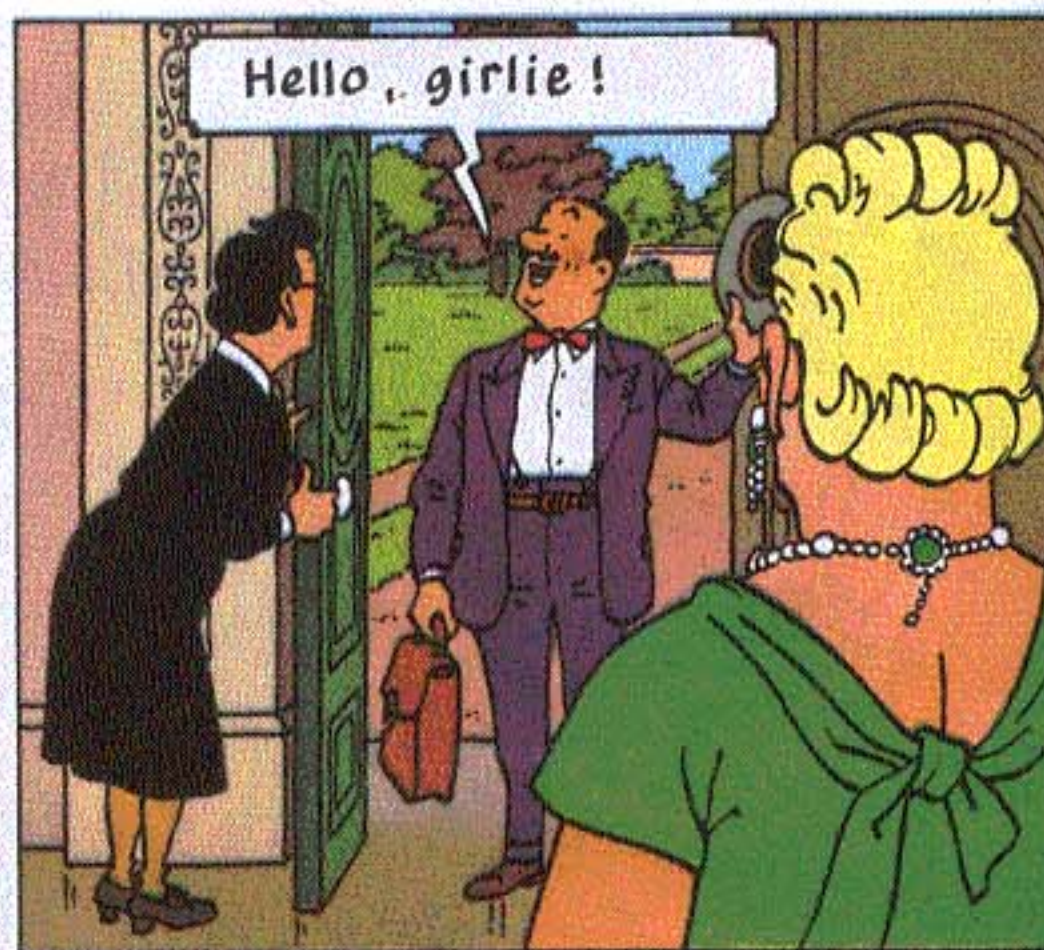
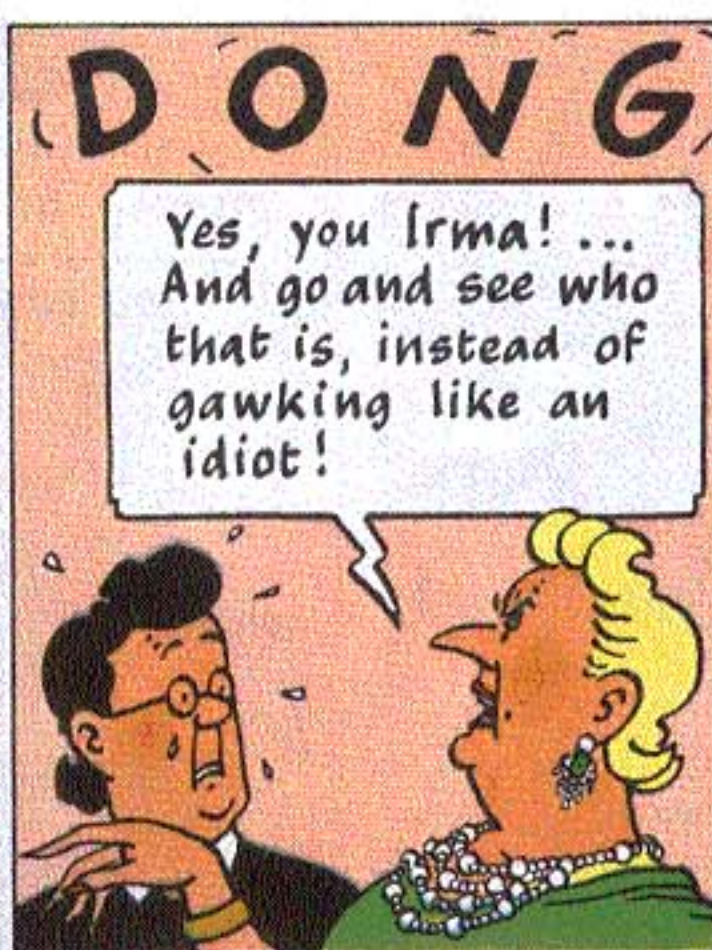
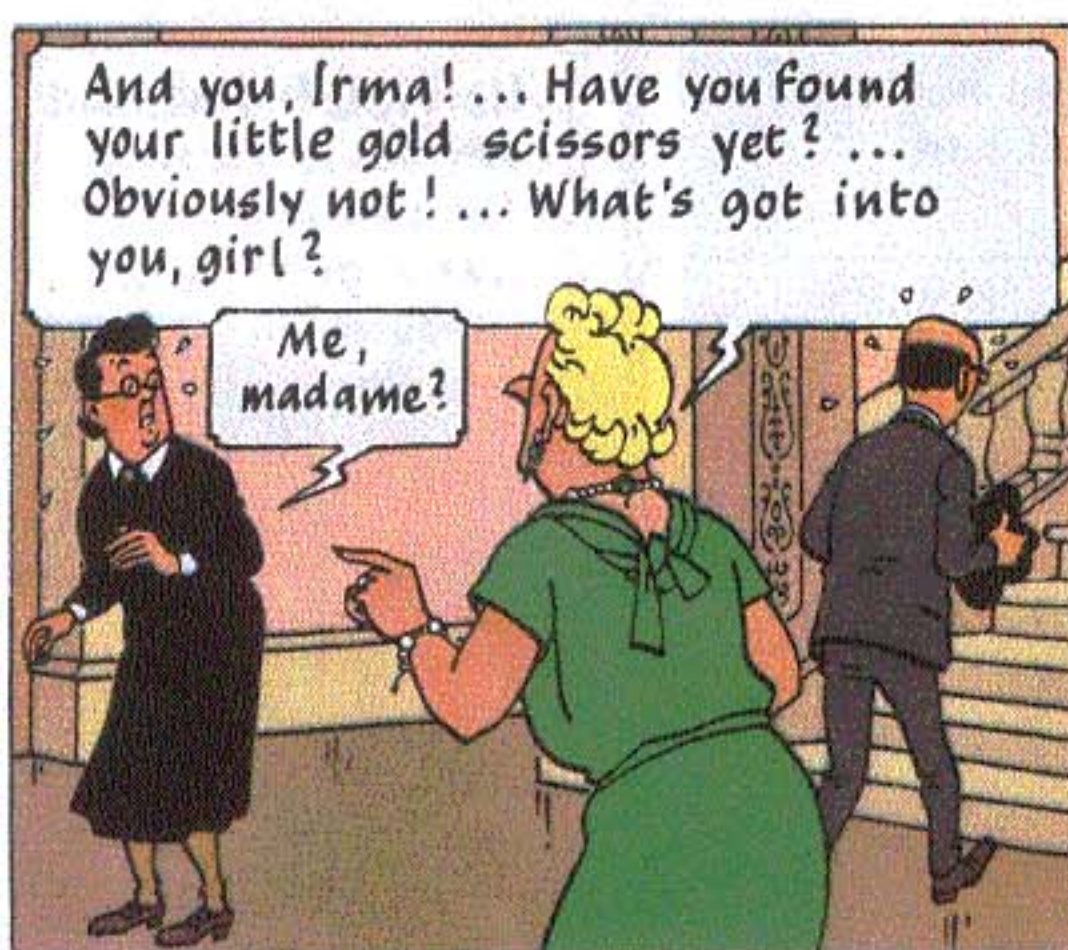
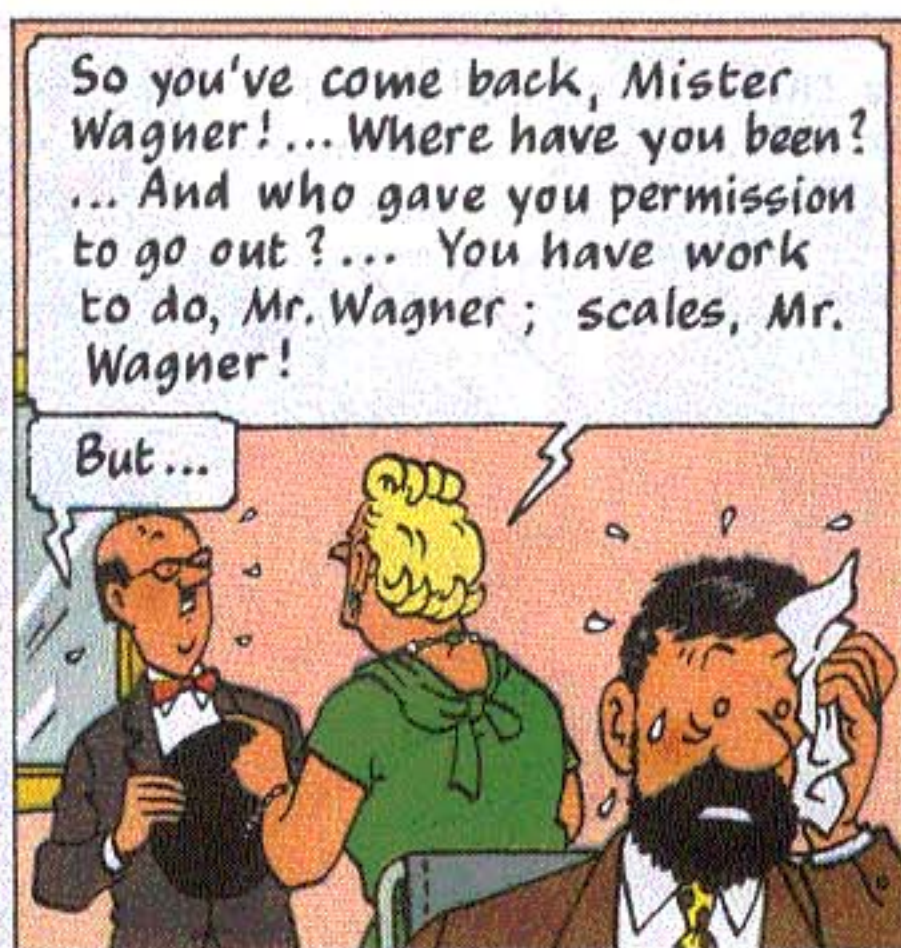
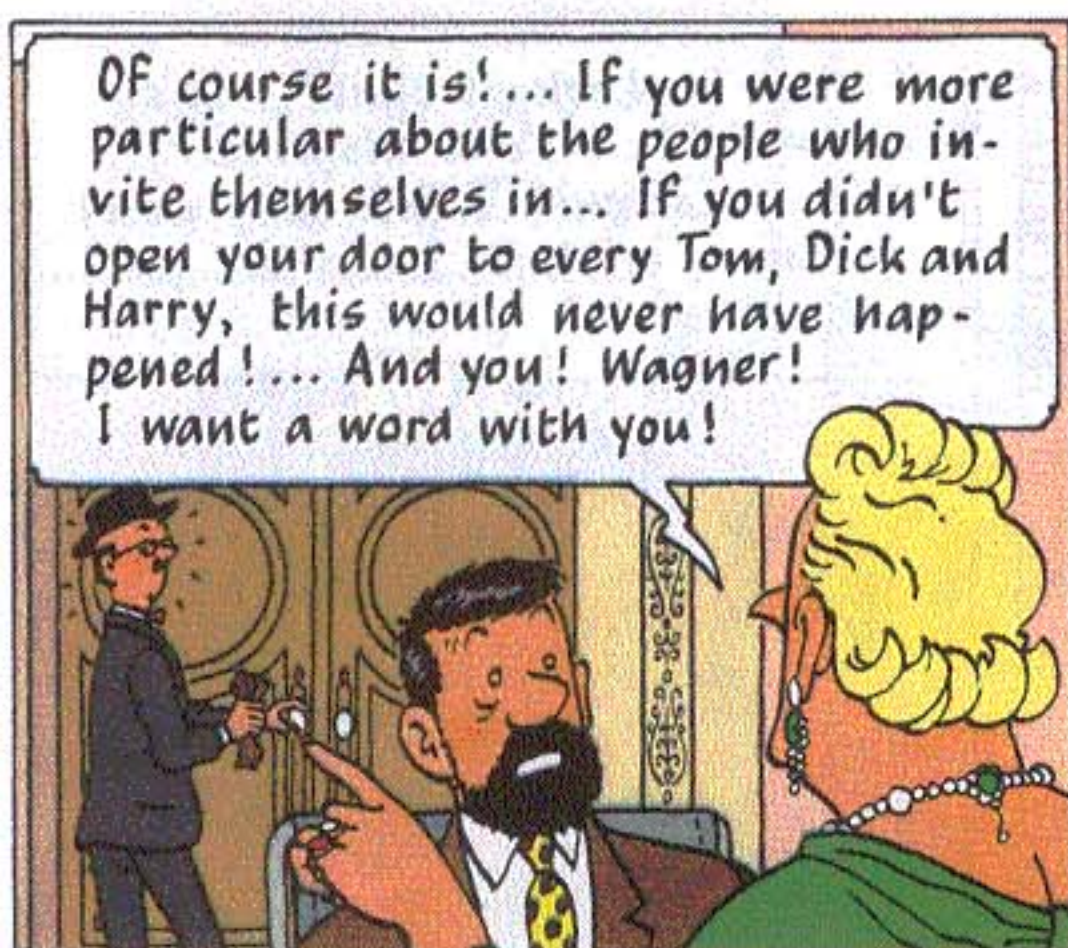
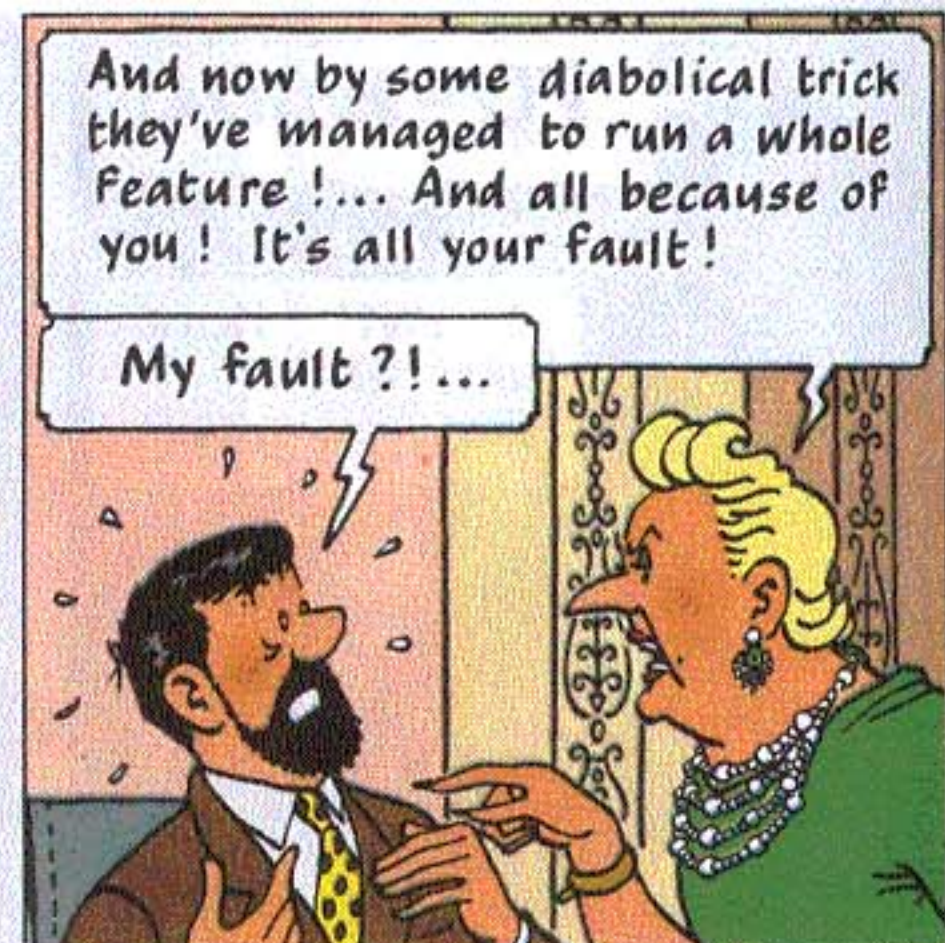
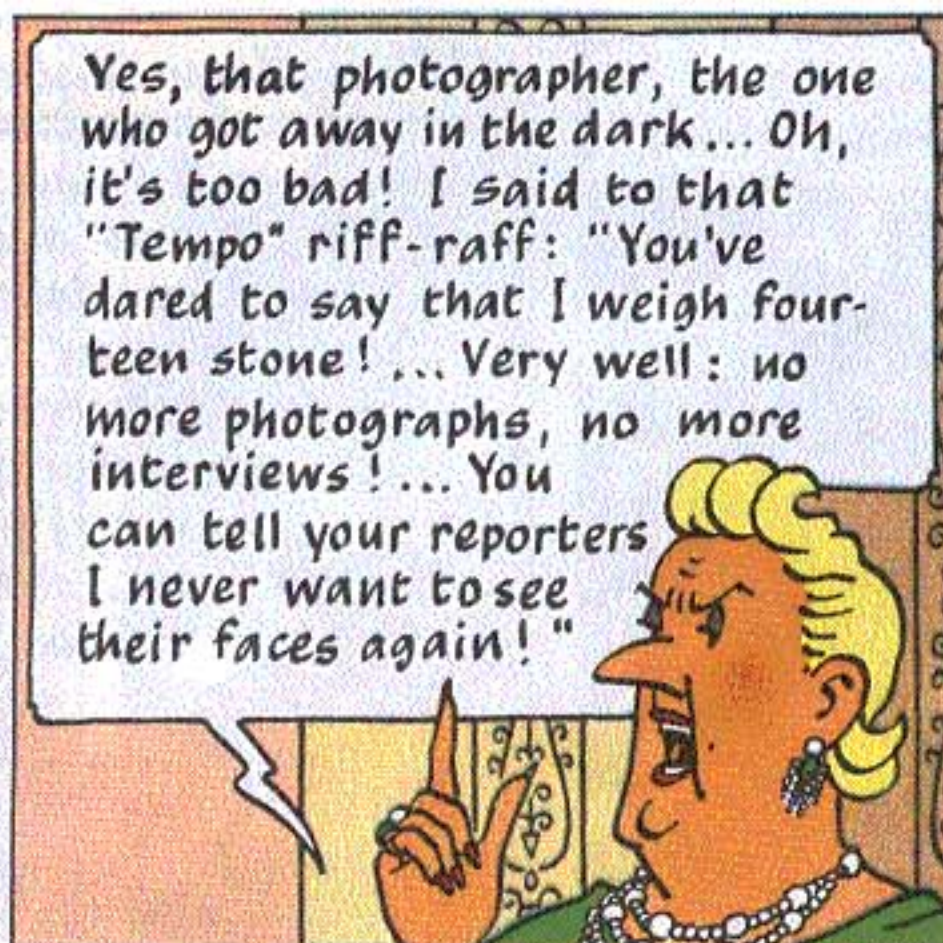
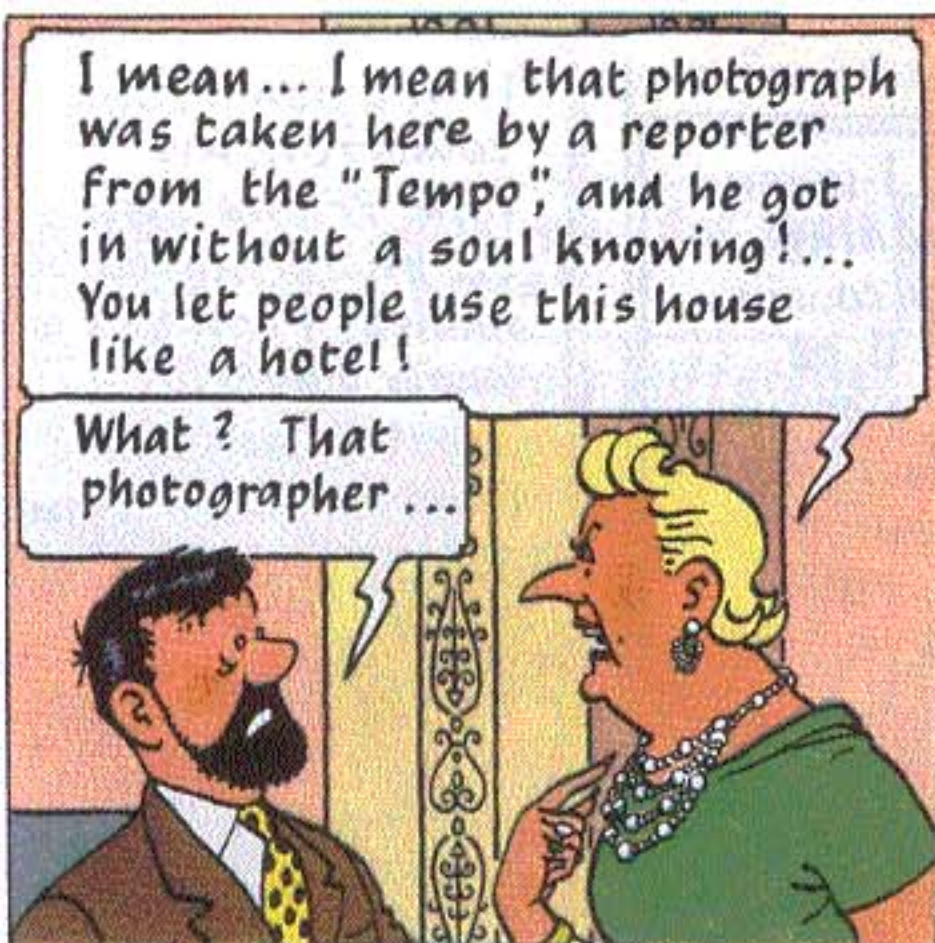
Horrible? I wouldn't say so ... In fact, I'd say it was a very good likeness.

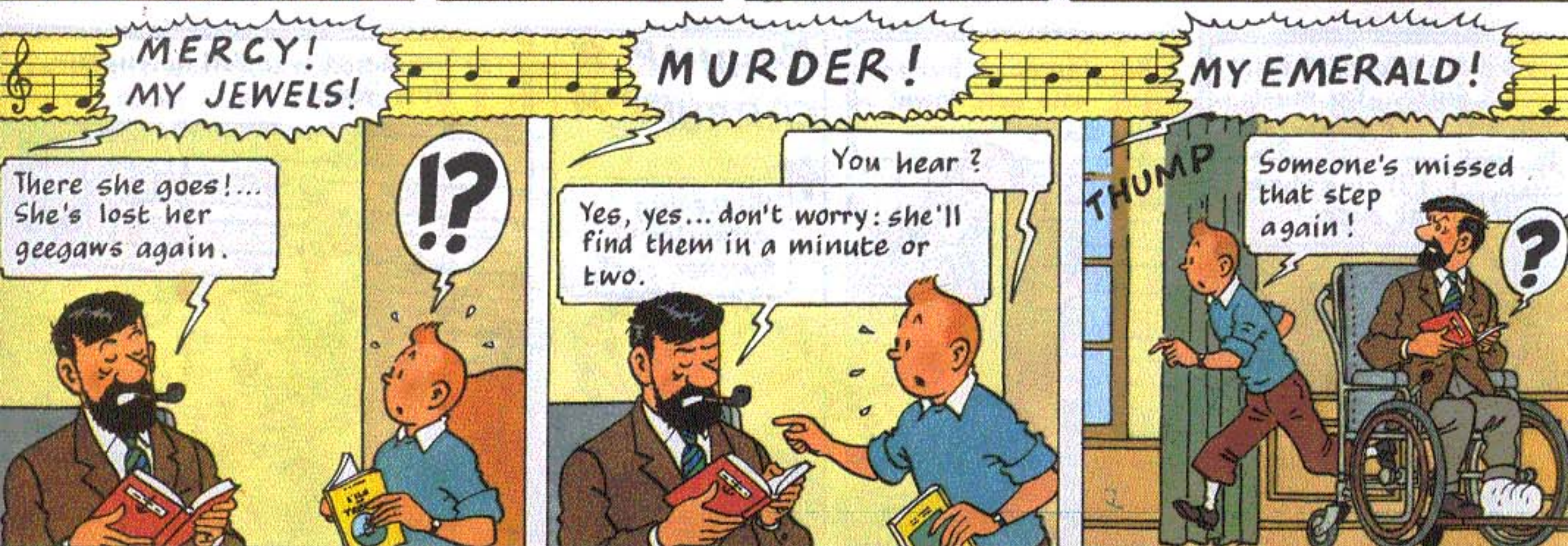
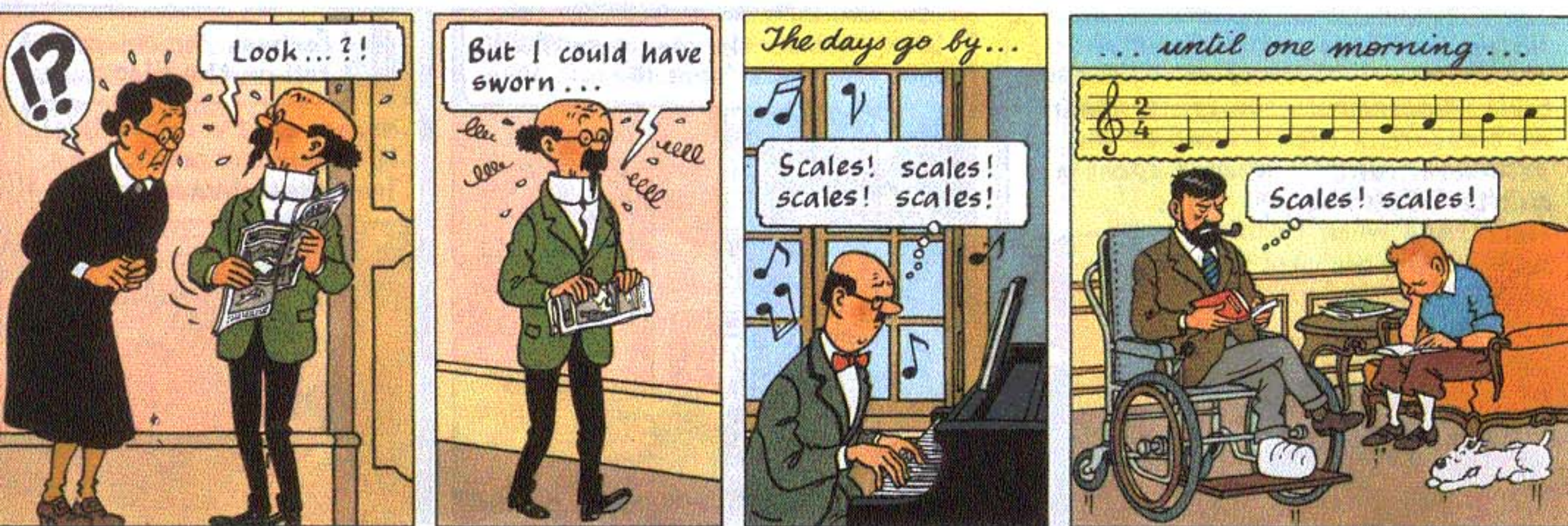
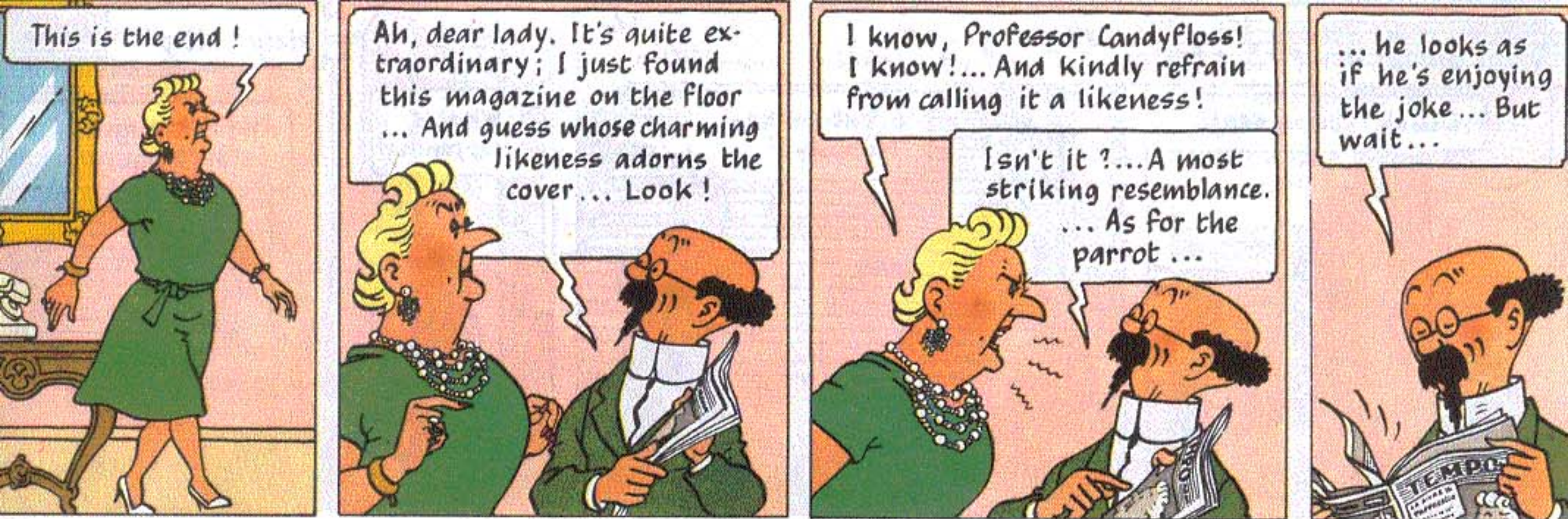


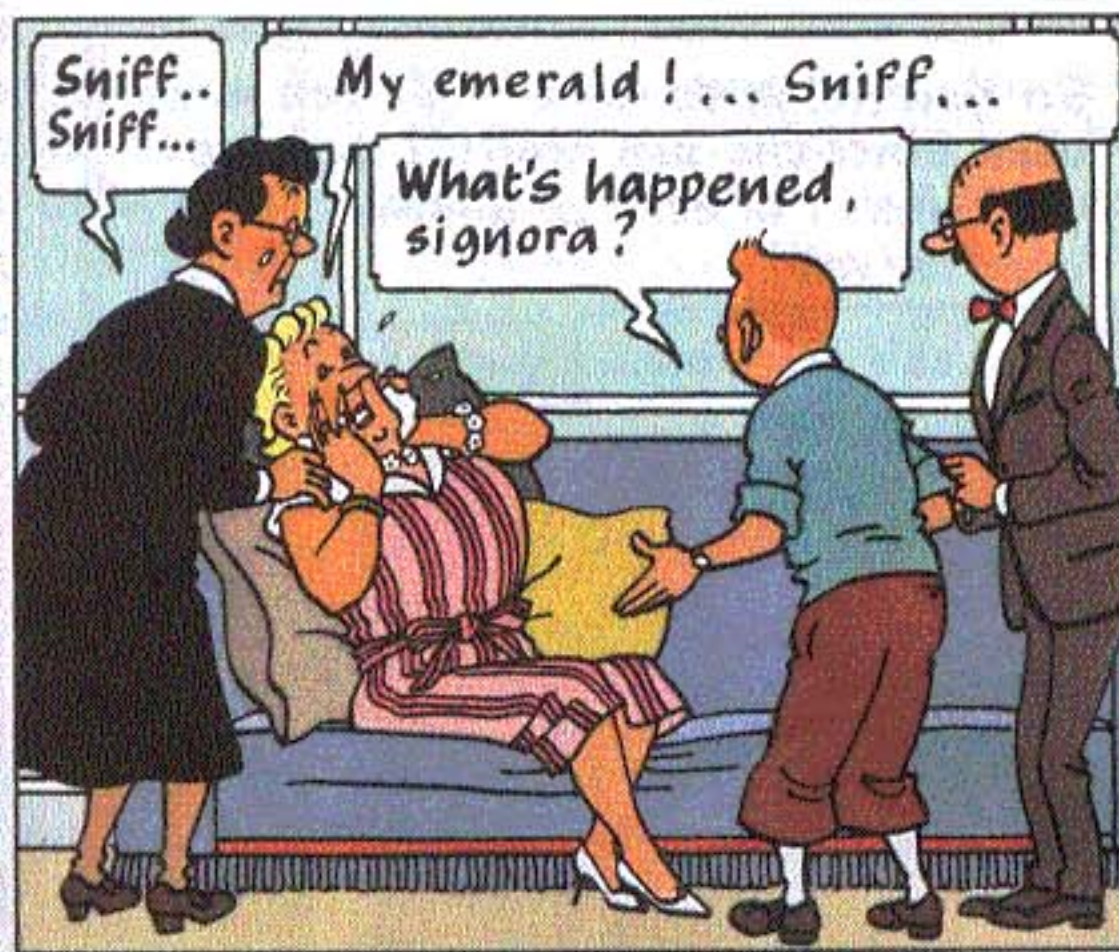
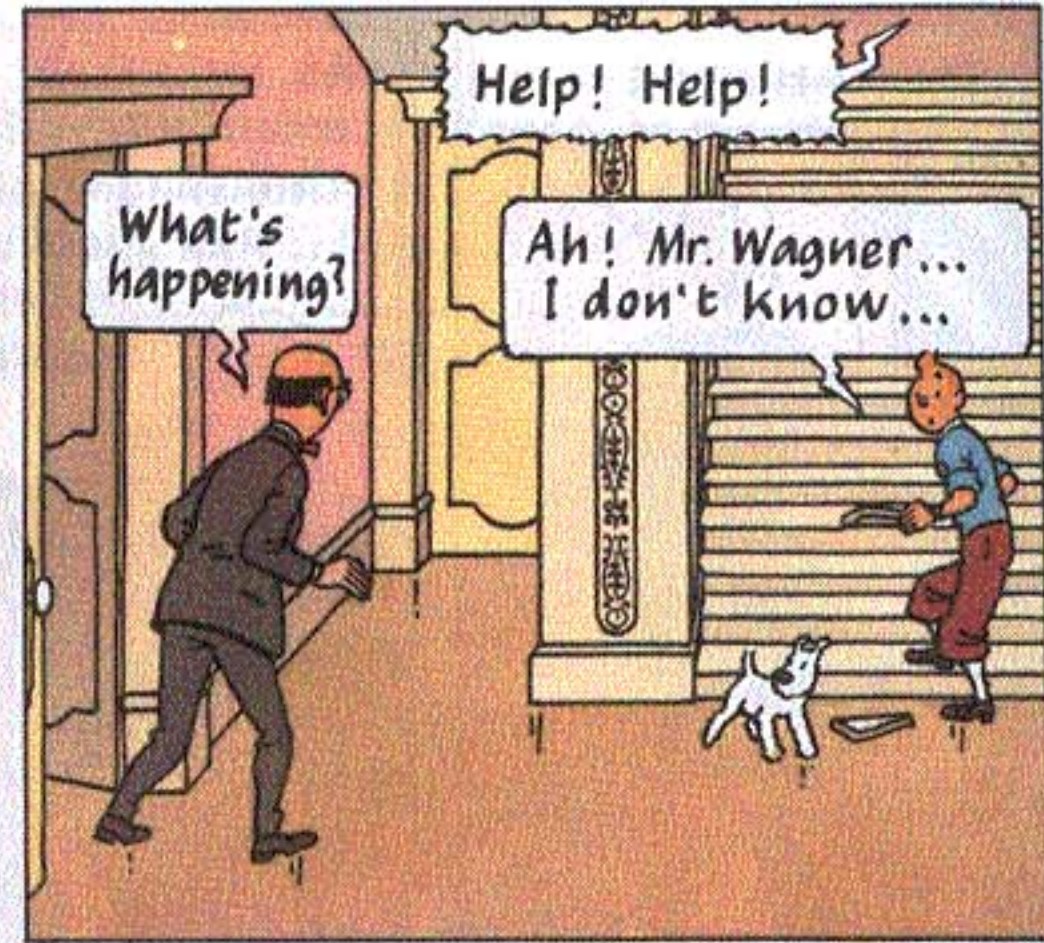
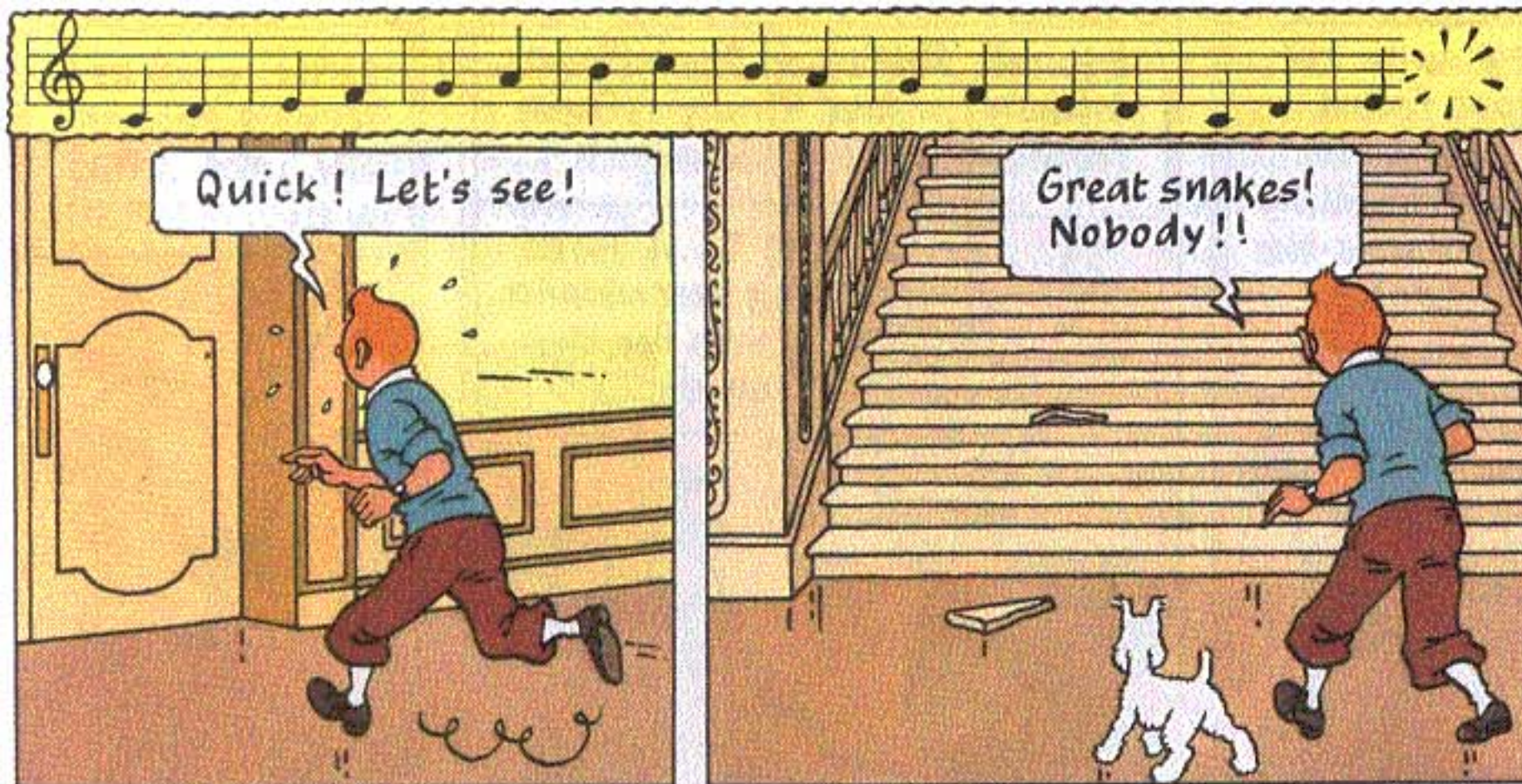
That's right! ... Defend the cads! ... the boors! ... the bumpkins! ... Mannerless yokels! ... This is the limit! ... And it's not just a question of the likeness! ... It's far worse than that!

Worse than that? What do you mean?



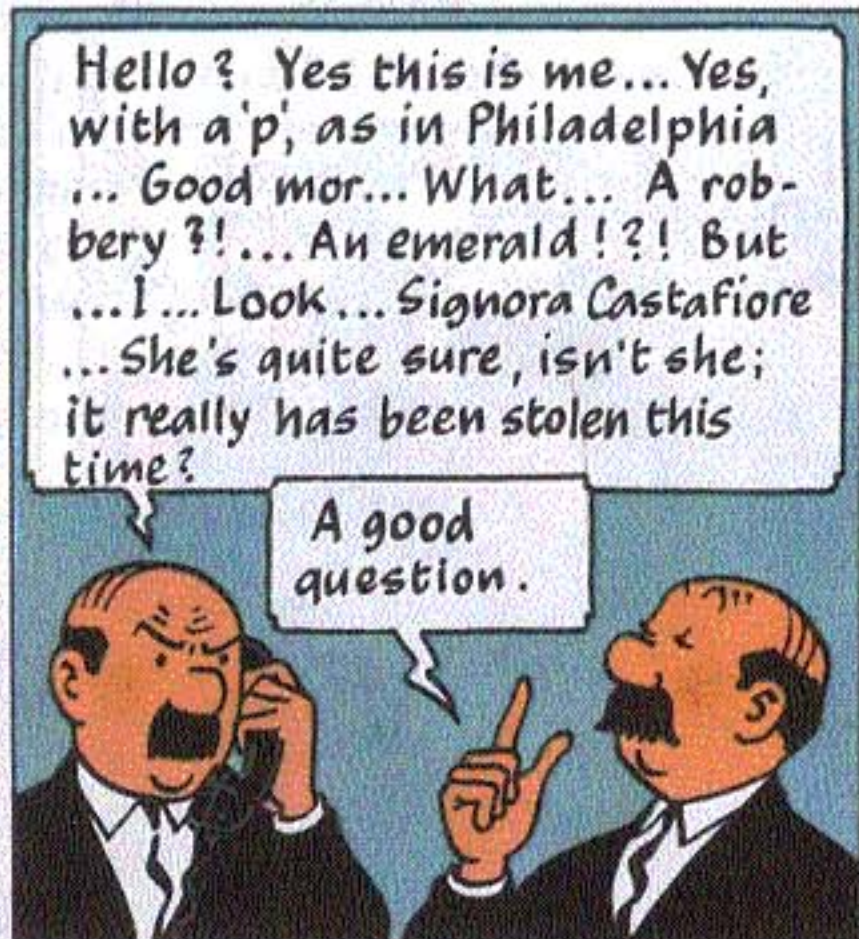








Unless I'm very much mistaken, it was the thief who fell on the stairs just now.

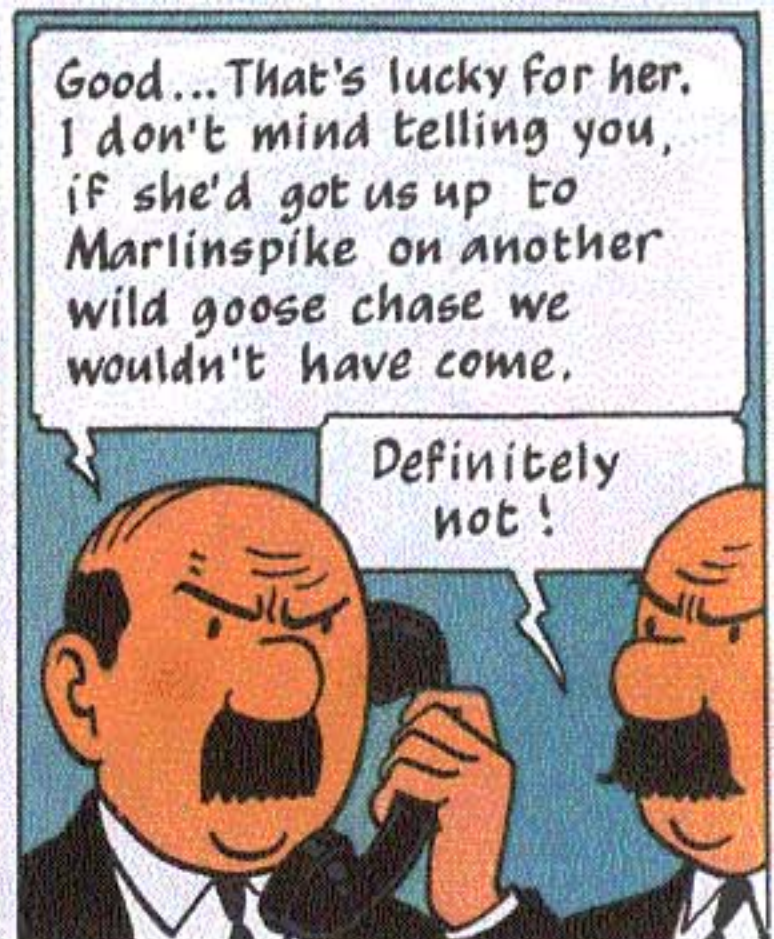


Hello? Yes this is me... Yes, with a 'p', as in Philadelphia ... Good mor... What... A robbery?! ... An emerald!?! But ... I ... Look ... Signora Castafiore ... She's quite sure, isn't she; it really has been stolen this time?

A good question.



Yes, I'm afraid it has.



Good... That's lucky for her. I don't mind telling you, if she'd got us up to Marlinspike on another wild goose chase we wouldn't have come.

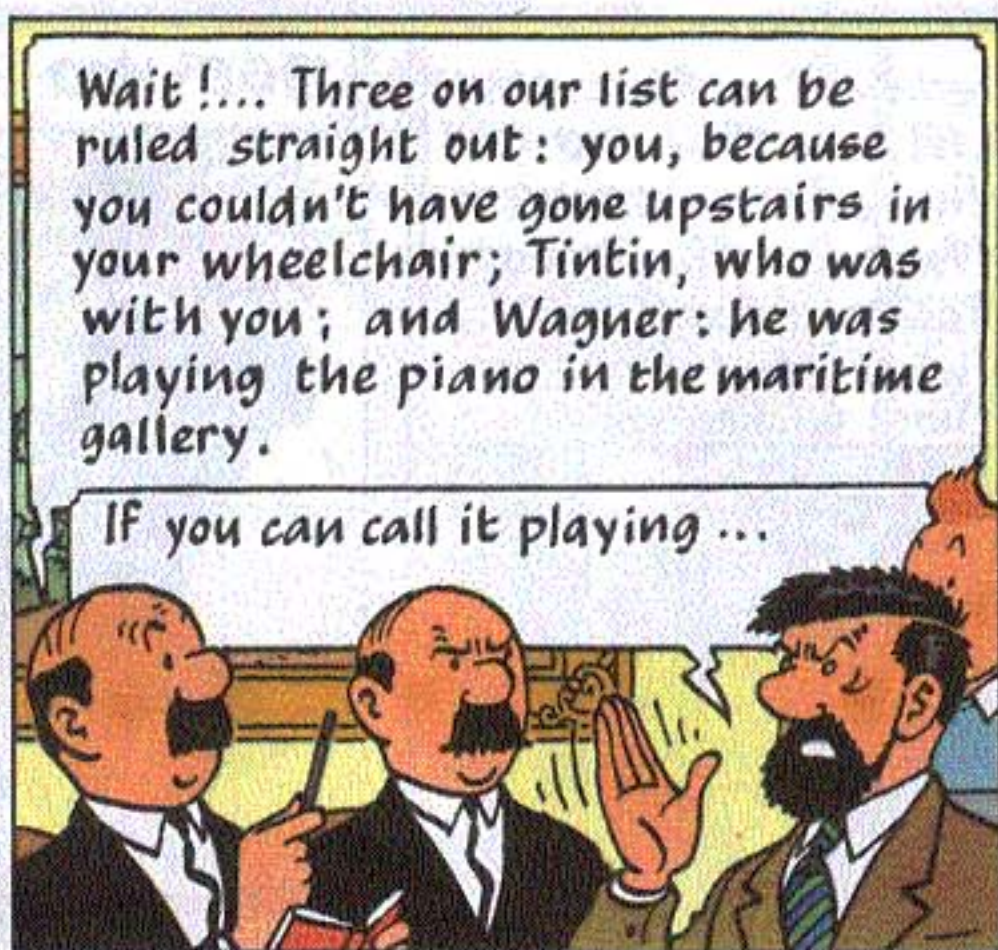
Definitely not!

Half an hour later ...



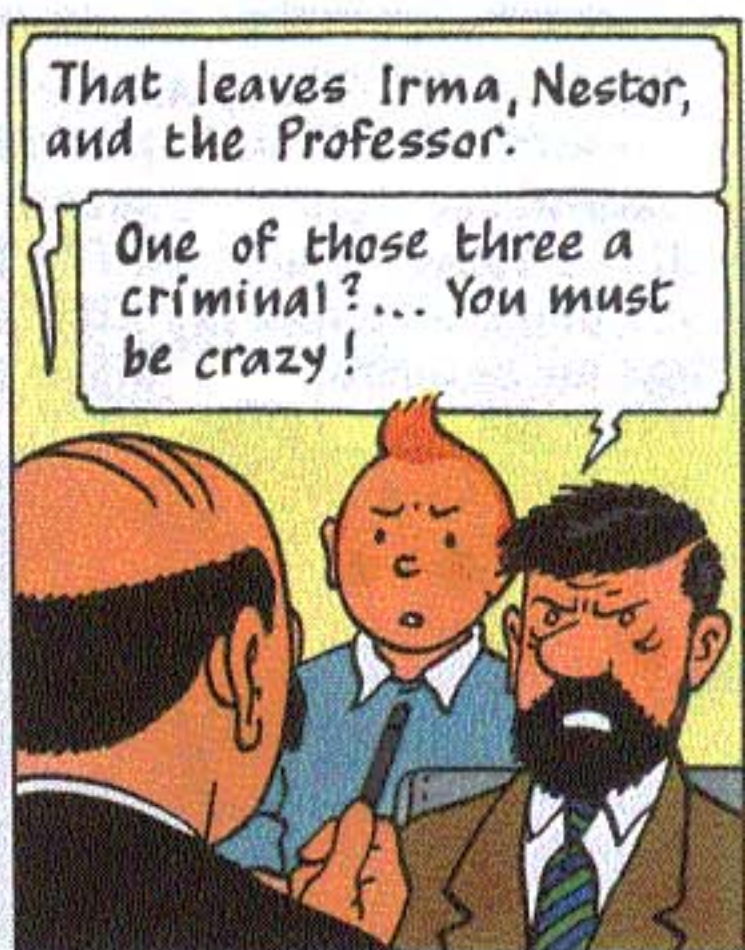
In a nutshell... If the theft was committed by someone in the house, then there are only six suspects: Irma, Wagner, Nestor, Calculus, Tintin, and of course you yourself, Captain.

Are you suggesting ...!?



Wait!... Three on our list can be ruled straight out: you, because you couldn't have gone upstairs in your wheelchair; Tintin, who was with you; and Wagner: he was playing the piano in the maritime gallery.

If you can call it playing ...



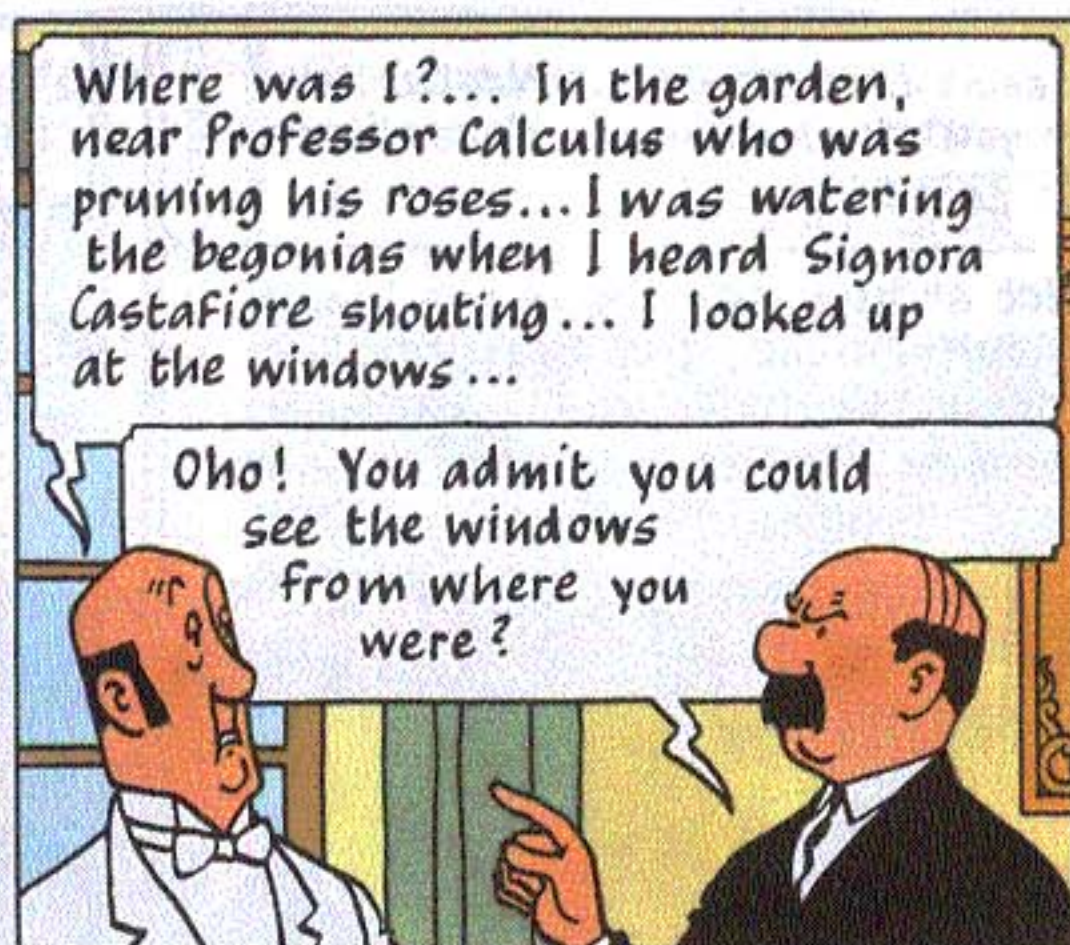
That leaves Irma, Nestor, and the Professor.

One of those three a criminal?... You must be crazy!



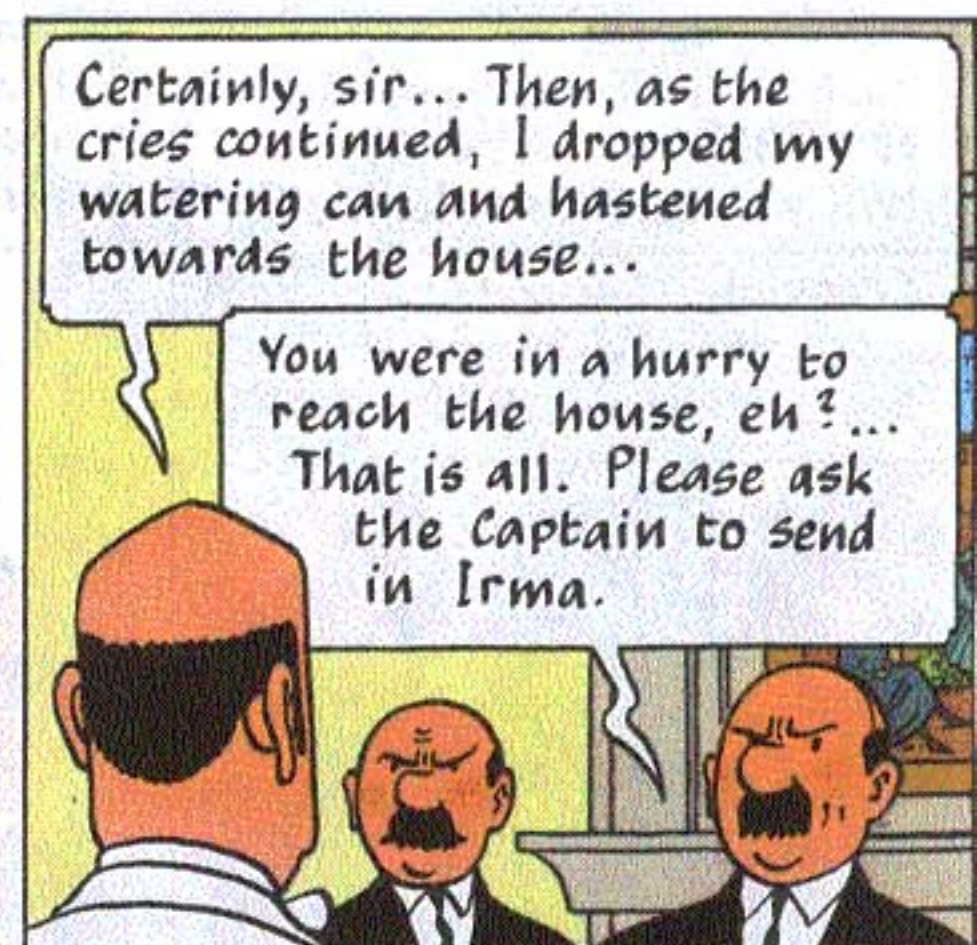
And so, with your permission, we will question each of them separately, in private.

All right. I'll send Nestor in. But you're wasting your time.



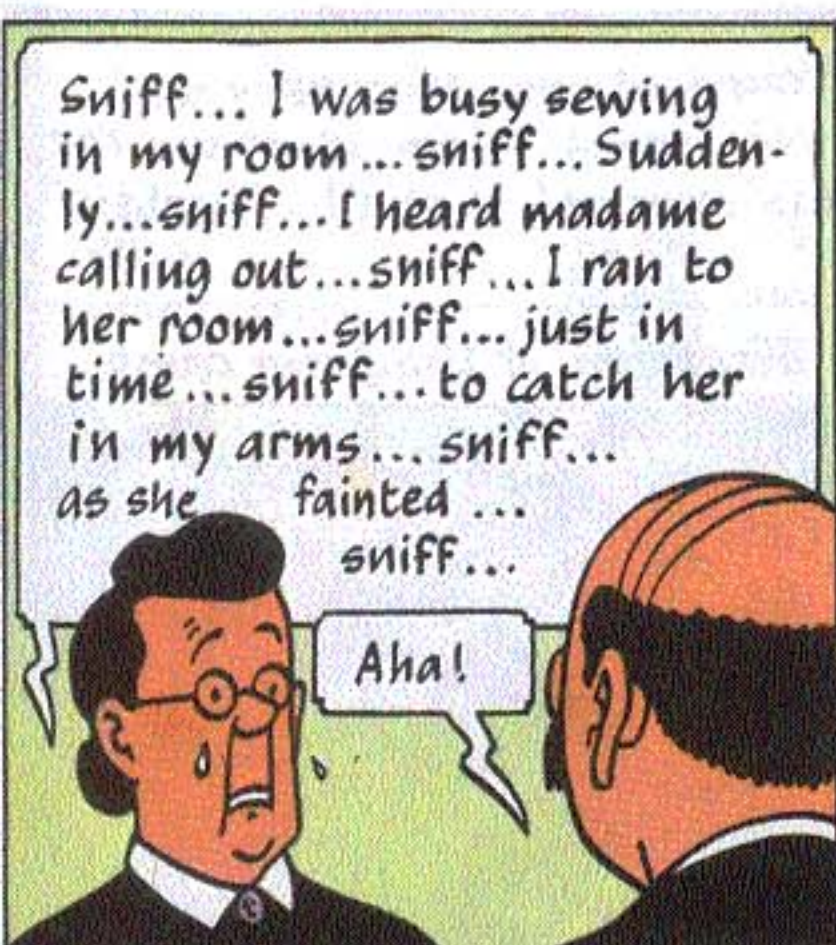
Where was I?... In the garden, near Professor Calculus who was pruning his roses... I was watering the begonias when I heard Signora Castafiore shouting... I looked up at the windows...

Oho! You admit you could see the windows from where you were?



Certainly, sir... Then, as the cries continued, I dropped my watering can and hastened towards the house...

You were in a hurry to reach the house, eh?... That is all. Please ask the Captain to send in Irma.



Sniff... I was busy sewing in my room... sniff... Suddenly... sniff... I heard madame calling out... sniff... I ran to her room... sniff... just in time... sniff... to catch her in my arms... sniff... as she fainted... sniff...

Aha!



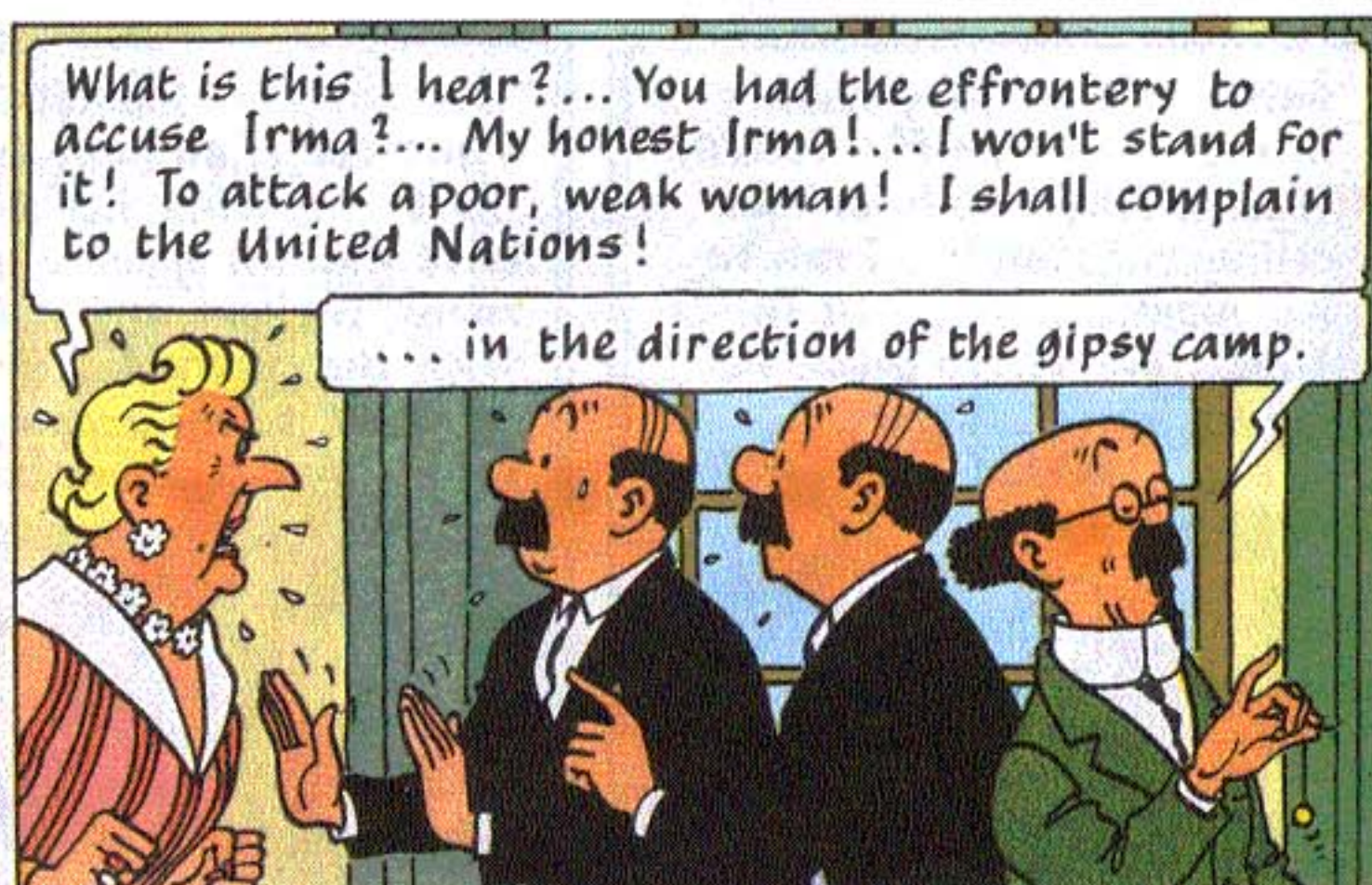
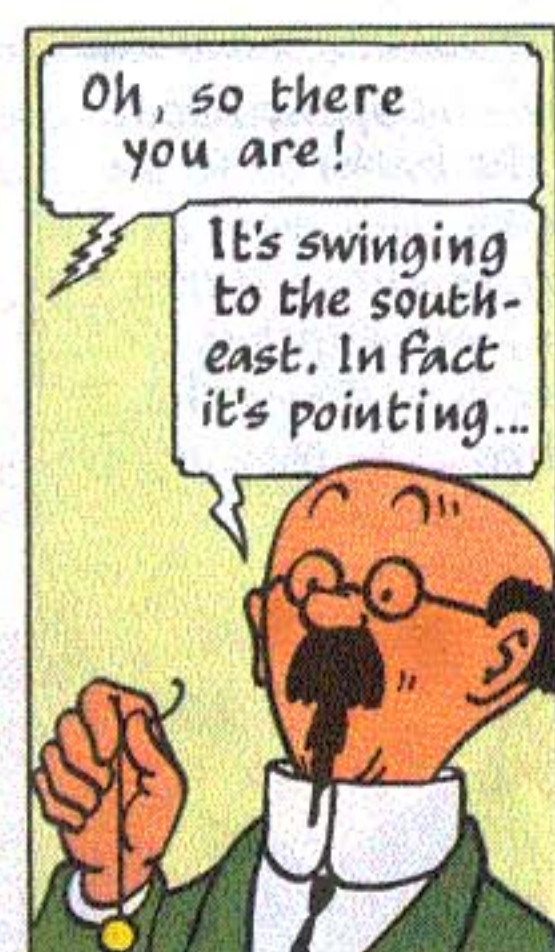
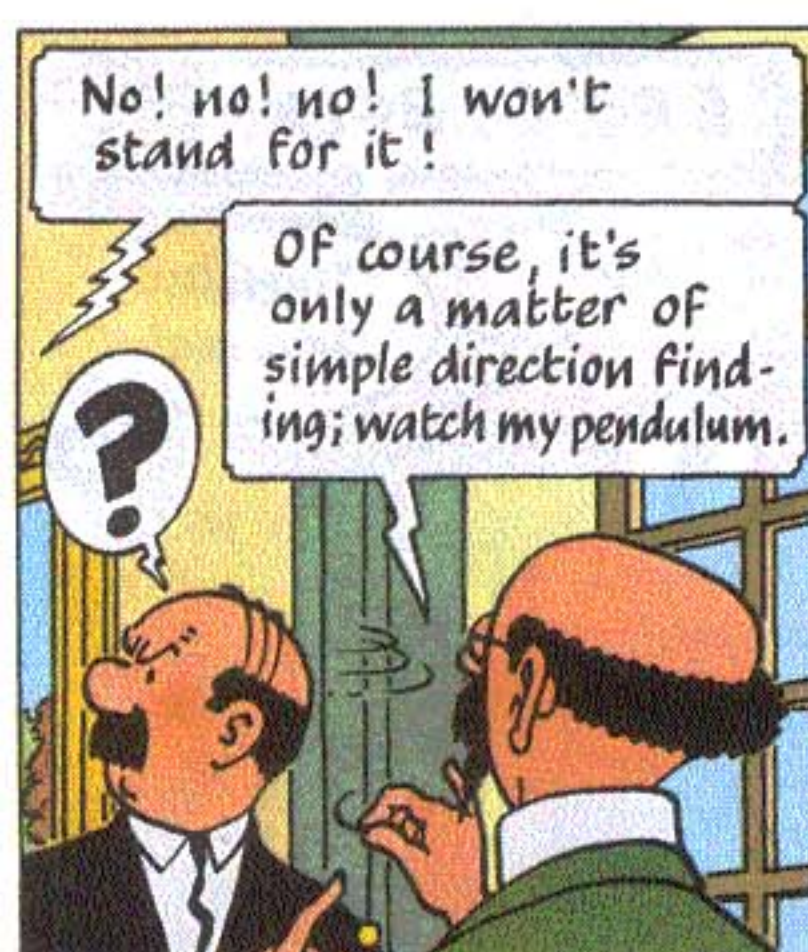
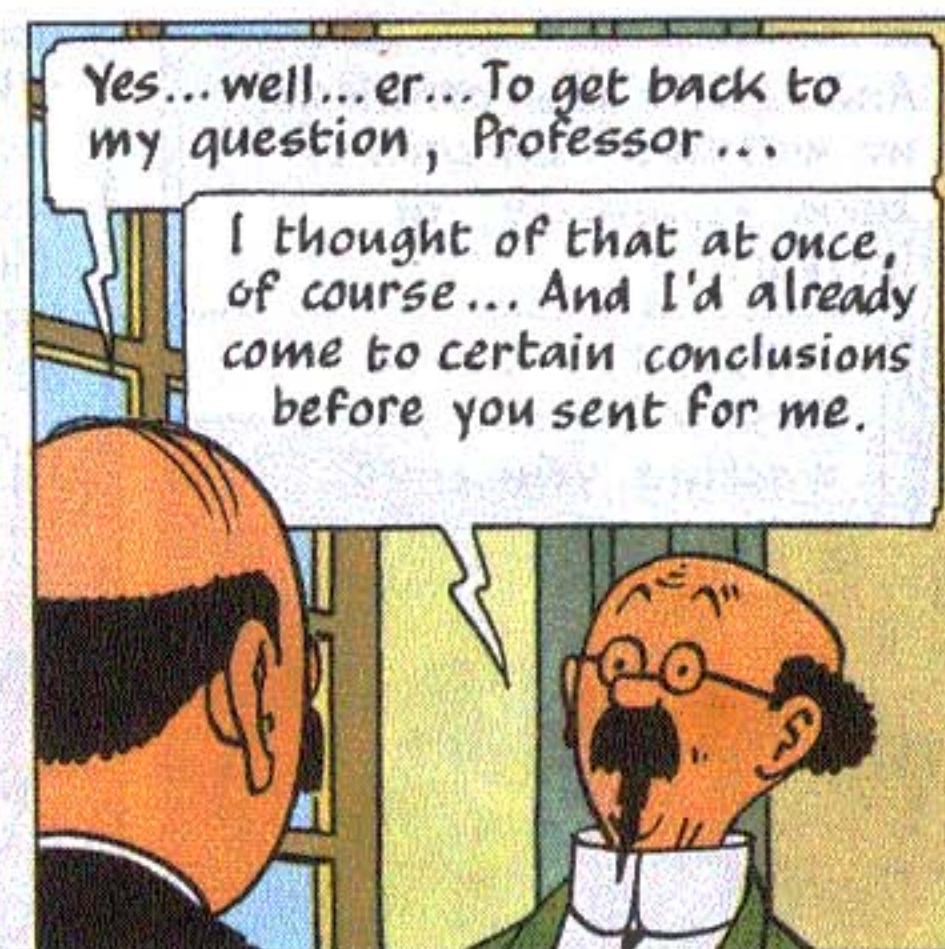
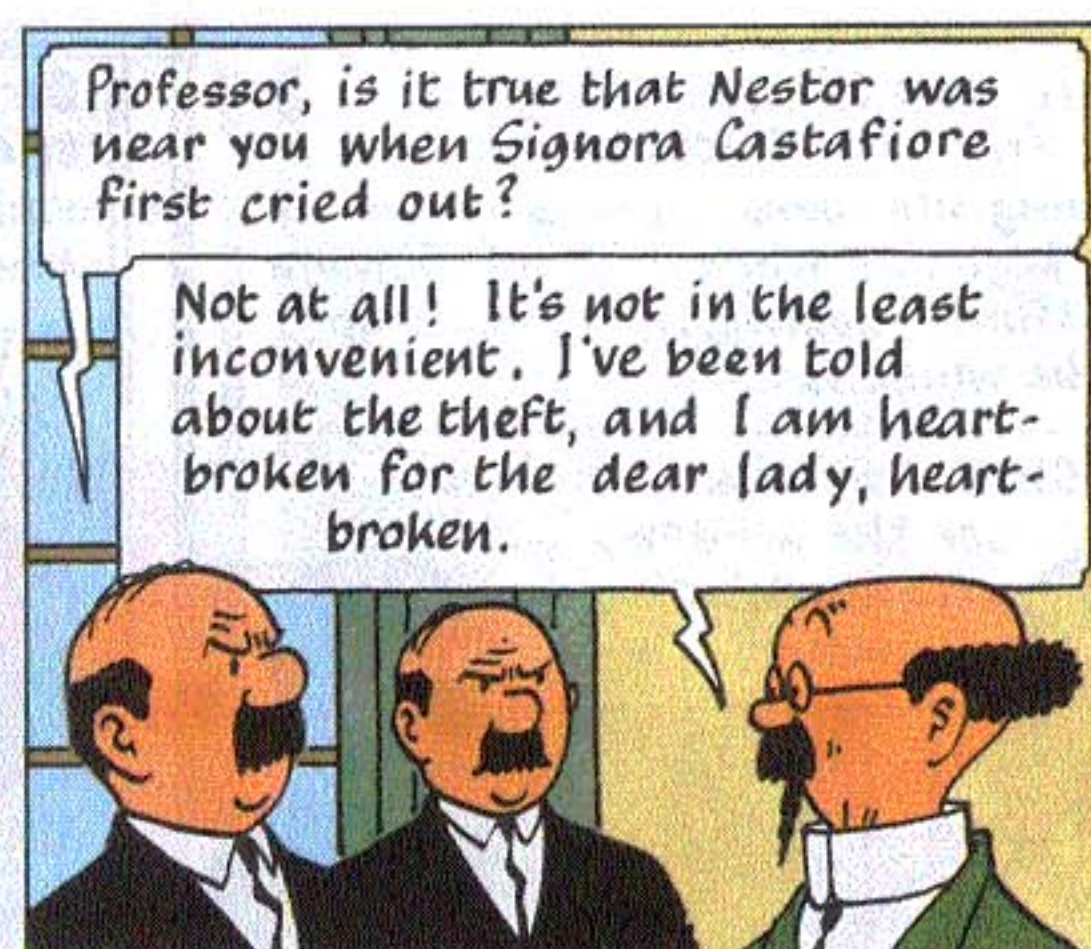
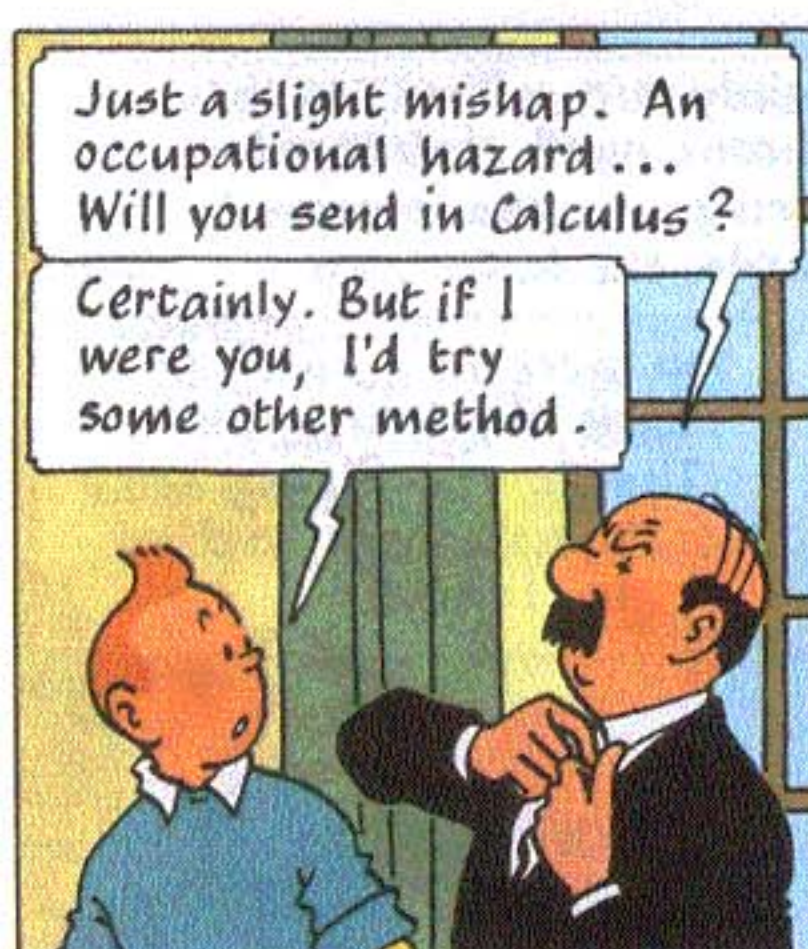
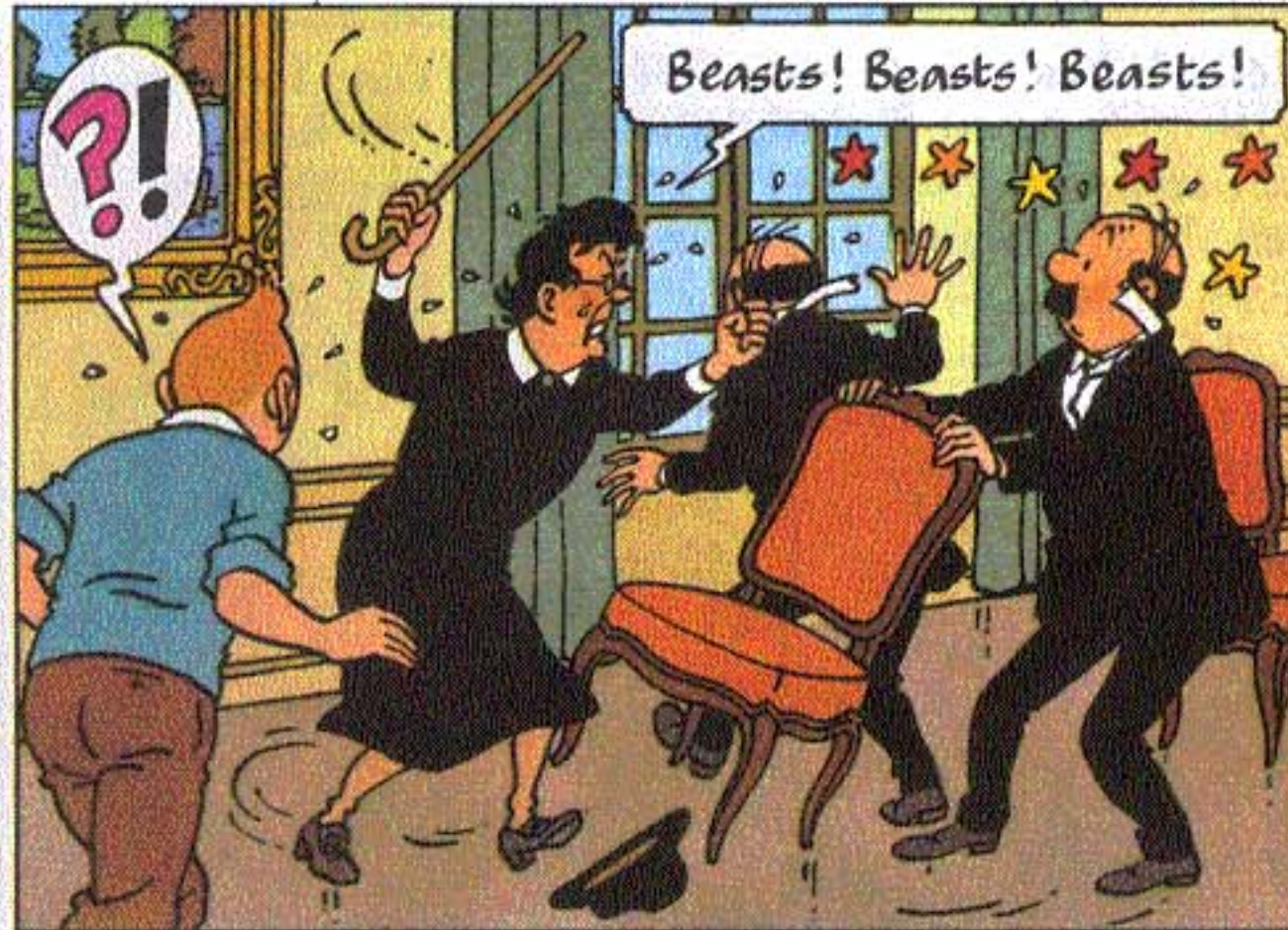
Your mistress has told us she spent about a quarter of an hour in the bathroom. In short, knowing her habits, you would have had an opportunity to enter her room, without any noise, and slip out with the emerald... or drop it from the window to an accomplice... To Nestor, for instance!... Come on! Confess!



EEEEEEEEEEK!

Help!

Tintin! Save me!



And if Irma gives in her notice, as she may well after such an insult, will you find me a new maid? ... And what about the higher wages the new girl will want: will you pay those? ... I tell you, if you don't apologize to Irma...

... I leave this house immediately. I shall tell the Captain!

You see? It points south-east.

Now... where were we?...

You understand, I'm not accusing anyone. It's simply that my pendulum indicates the direction of their camp.

A camp? What are you talking about?

Excuse me! I must stop you there!... They are real gipsies. I've seen them as clearly as I see you!

I say, your friend Calculus, is he a bit...er, you know? He keeps on talking about a gipsy encampment.

Yes, that's right. There's a Romany camp quite close.

Is that true?... Why didn't you say so before?... They're the villains, without a shadow of doubt!

But look here, what proof have you?

Proof? We shall find it!... Those sort of people are always thieving! There's no time to be lost: take us to their camp.

All right, I will. But you've no right to suspect them just because they're gipsies.

I'll be surprised if they're still there. Having done the job, they'll have bolted.

I don't think so!

Where's the camp?

OH!

Well?

They... they've gone!... But I saw them only last night...

What did I tell you? They've done a bunk.

They won't have got far.

... calling all patrols... Intercept band of gipsies. Believed to have left Marlinspike within past few hours for unknown destination ...

"Investigation into the theft of the Castafiore emerald continues"... etc. etc... Ah!
"The gipsies who were camping near Marlinspike at the time of the robbery have been assisting the police in their inquiries. A headquarters spokesman refused to comment on the affair"... There!

Me too. I'd stake my life on it ... but ...

Tintin! Captain! My dear friends!
... A sensational discovery! ...
Sen-sa-tion-al! ... I've just invented
a television set!

You old pioneer!

Colour television, of course! The other day, looking at all those sets, I thought to myself: what a pity the pictures are only in black and white!

You know, someone
has already...

Not at all, it's just a question of know-how. Now listen carefully... The people you see on the little screen are in black and white, aren't they? But in the studio?... What about that?

The studio ?

Er...

I don't need to tell you... In the studio the subjects are all in colour... Well, the purpose of my apparatus is to restore those colours!... How?... How?... Well, roughly speaking, by colour filters inserted between an ordinary television set and a special screen. I call it "Super-Calcolor".

But that's brilliant!

You think so?... In all modesty I must say my own comment would be: brilliant! But you shall judge my invention for yourselves. Tonight they have that famous programme "Scanorama"... Will you join me?

That evening...

Now my friends, hold your breath! ... This is an historic moment!

Tonight... BING ... Scanorama...
BONG... your look at life... DONG

...brings the big news of three continents to your Fireside. Our roving cameras give you a close-up of...

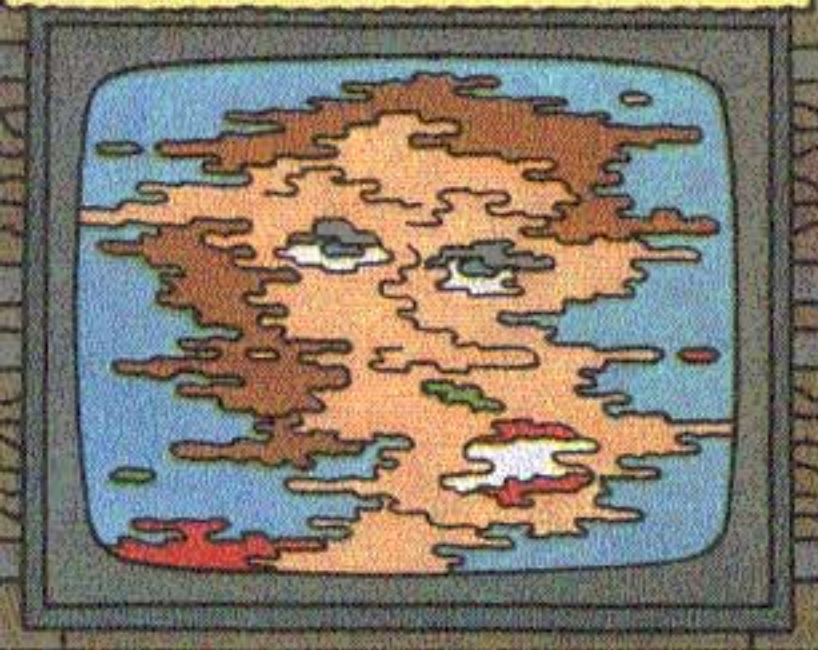
...the 21st Taschist Party Congress
at Szohôd, the secret life of the
Abominable Snowman, and the jewel
robbery at Marlinspike ...

Well, I
be...

What a coincidence!

How very strange!

At the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szohöd, Marshal Kürvi-Tasch, in an exceptionally violent speech...



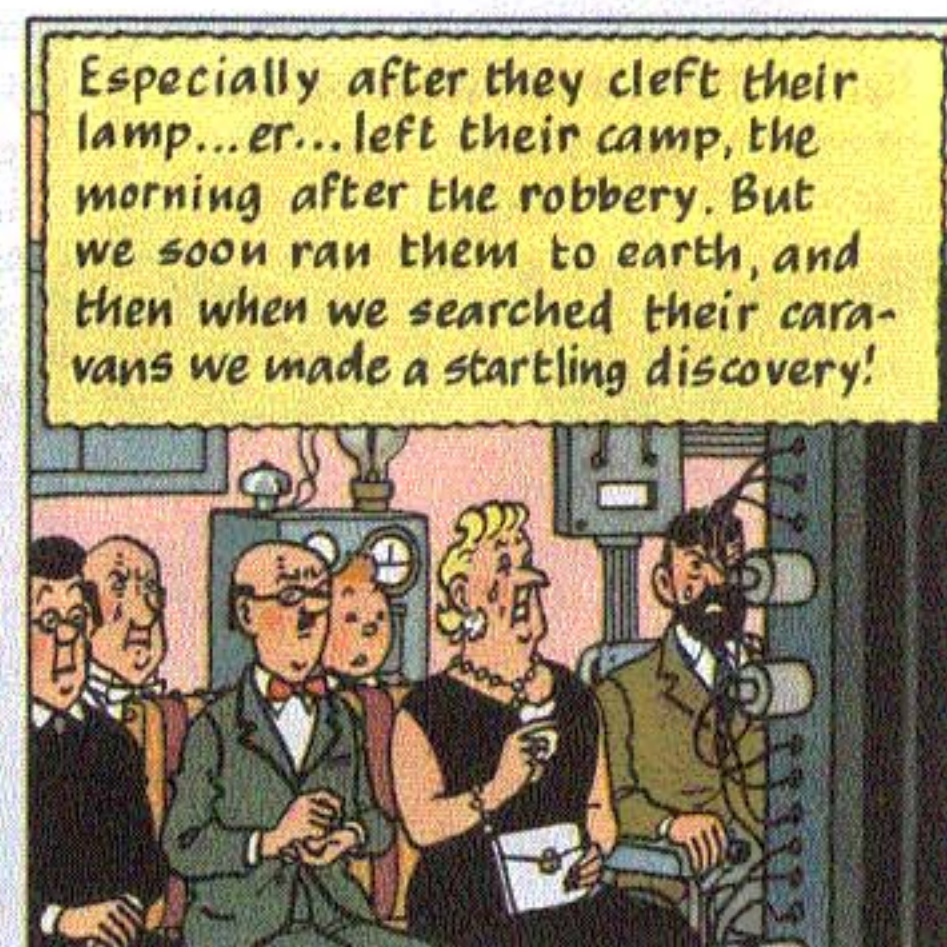
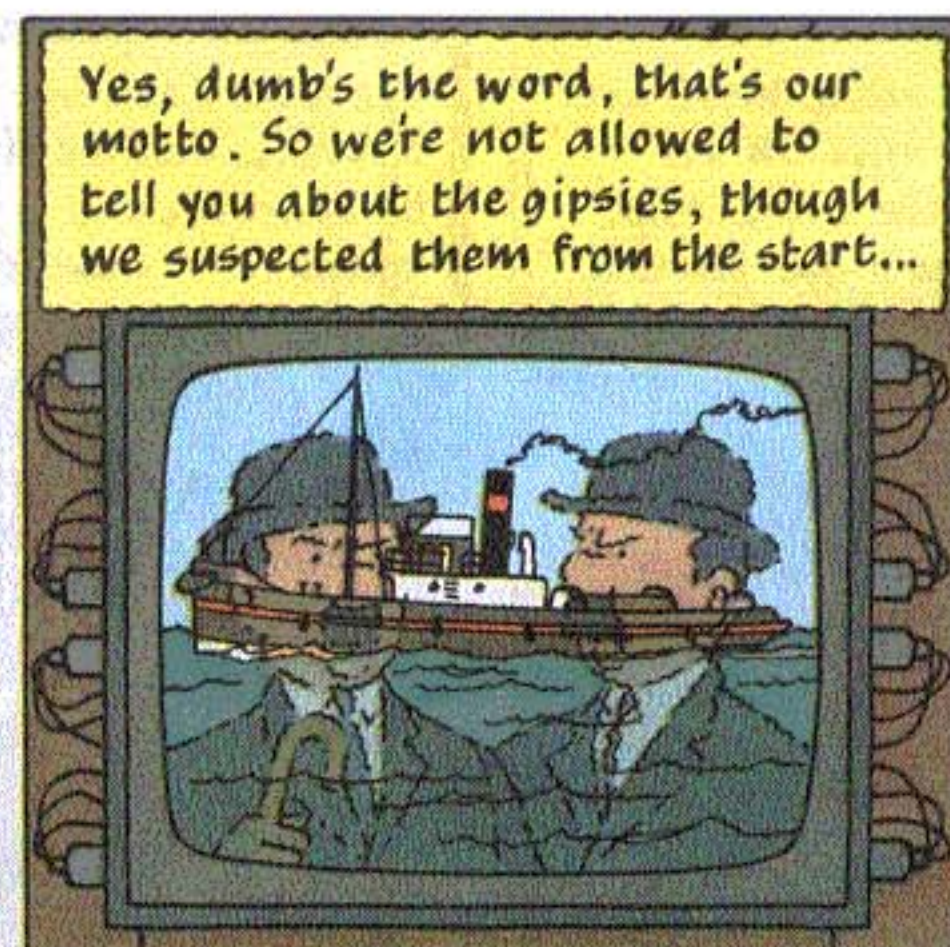
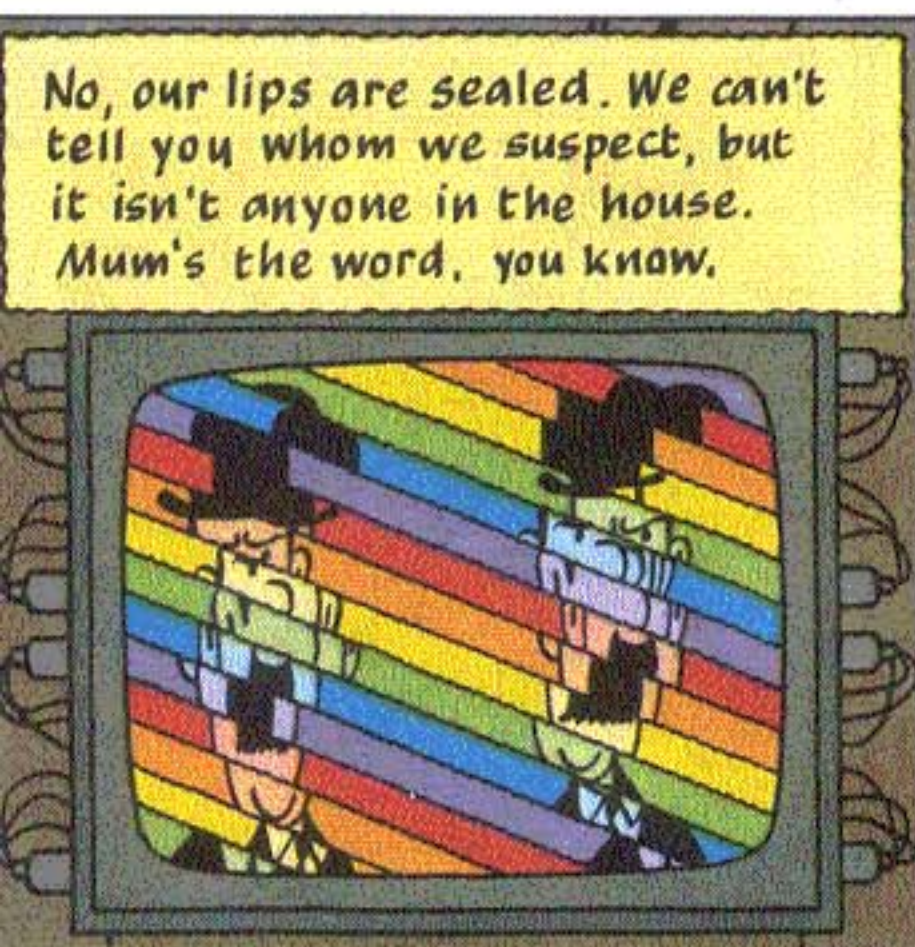
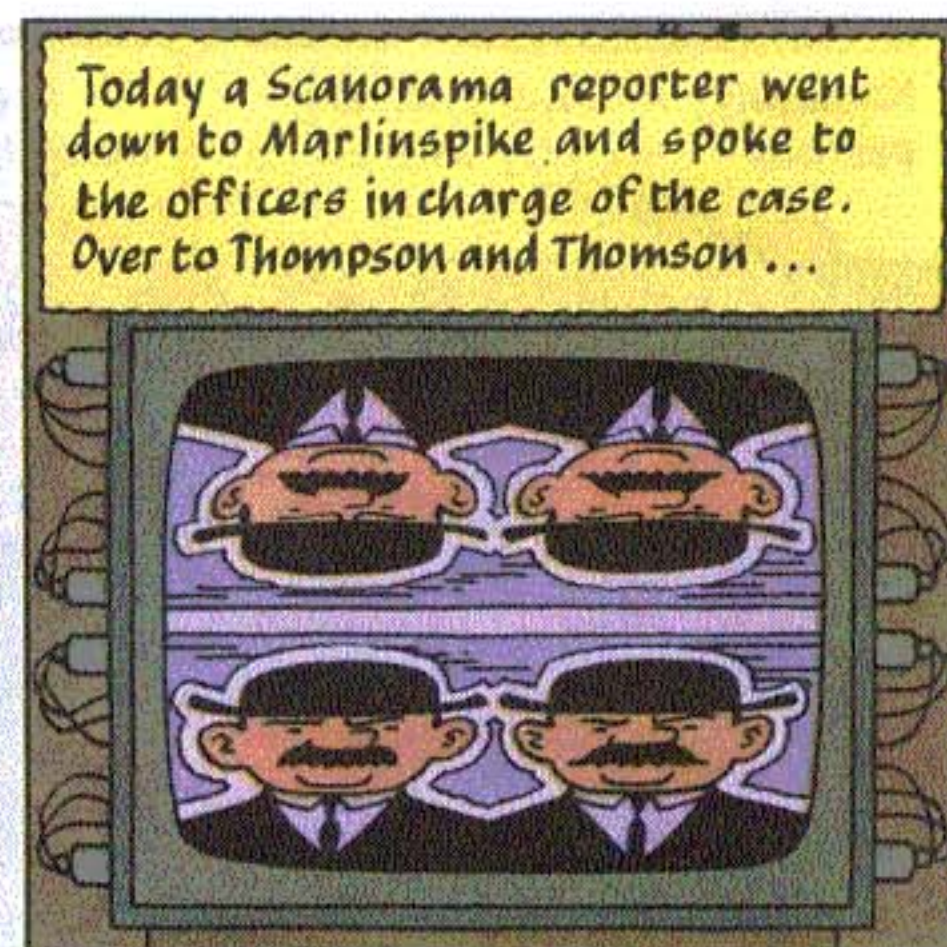
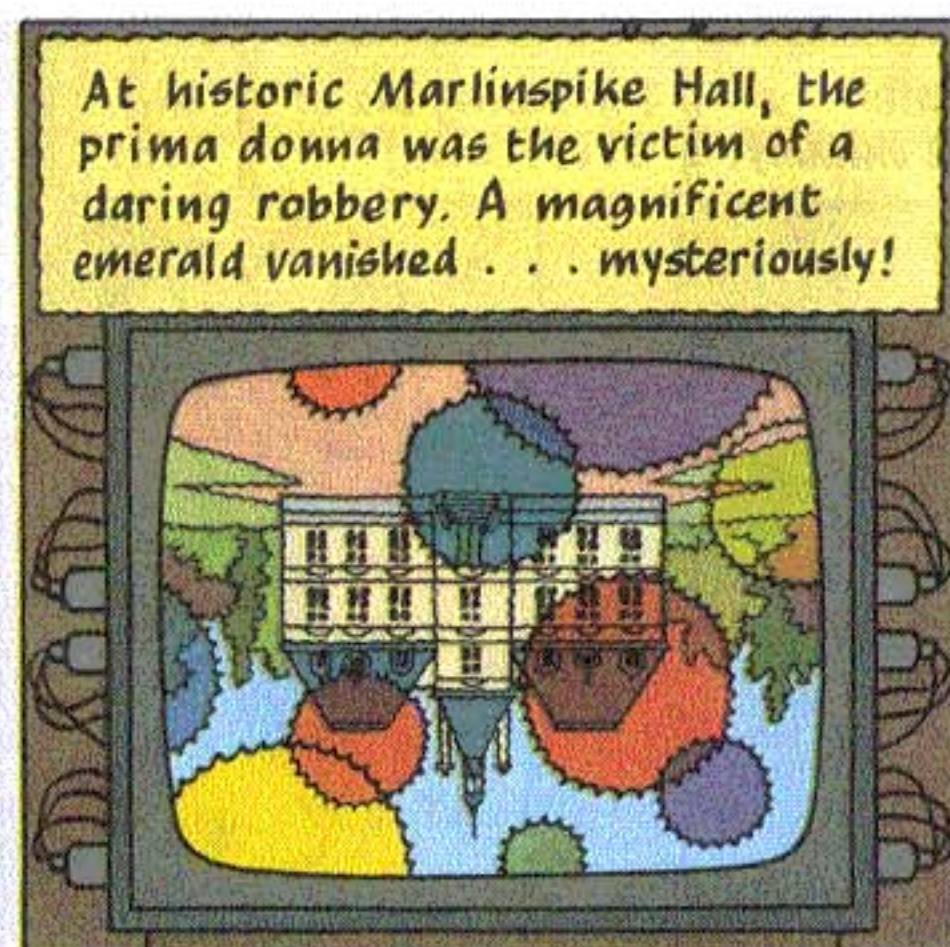
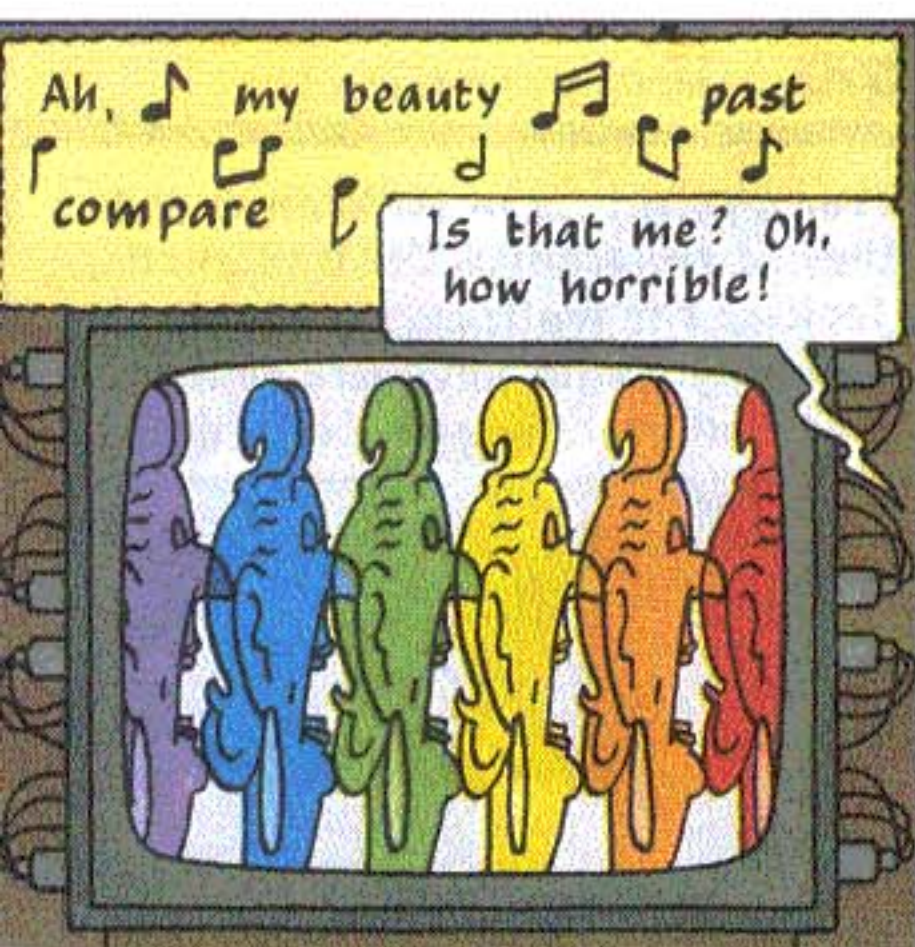
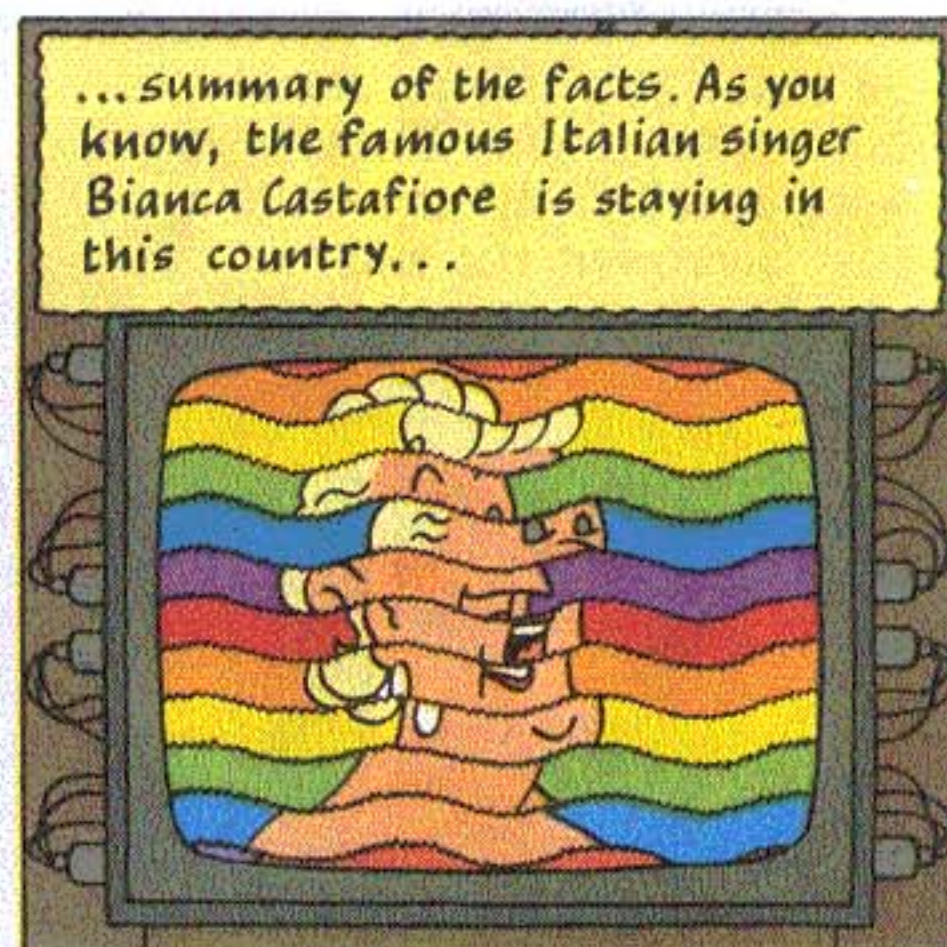
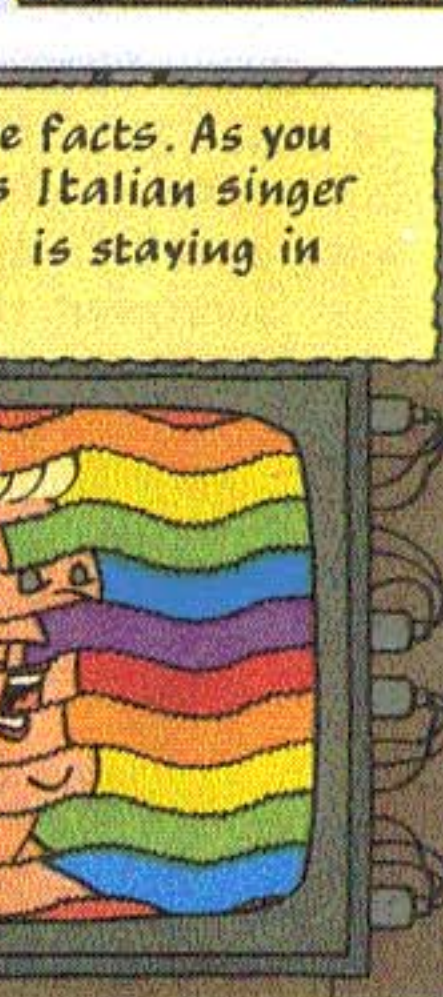
The picture isn't absolutely clear, but I can adjust it...



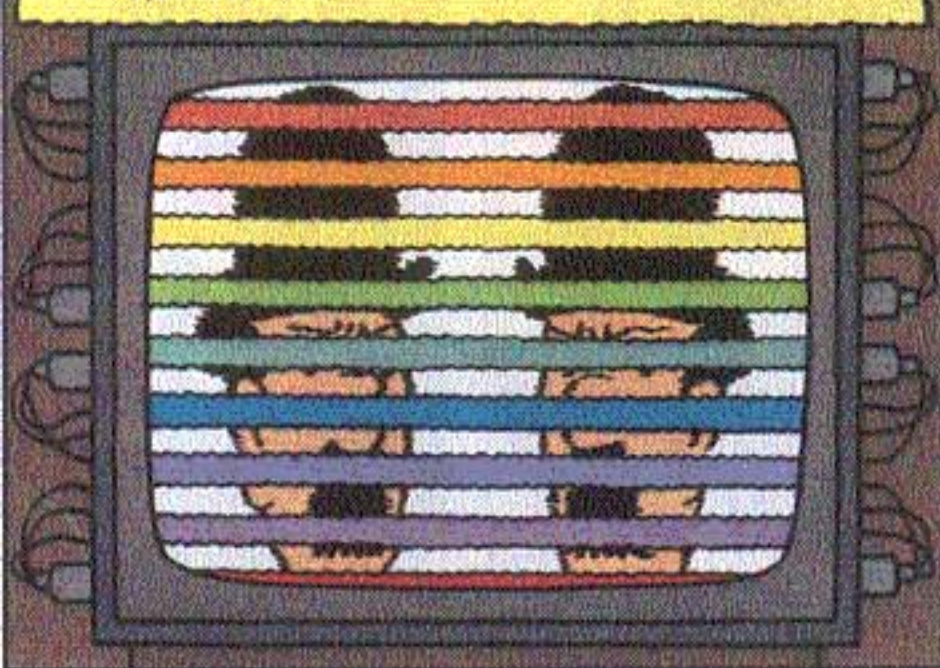
DIGADOG DAGADIGADUG DOGODOGDOG
DAGODAGODAGODUG DIGADIGDUG



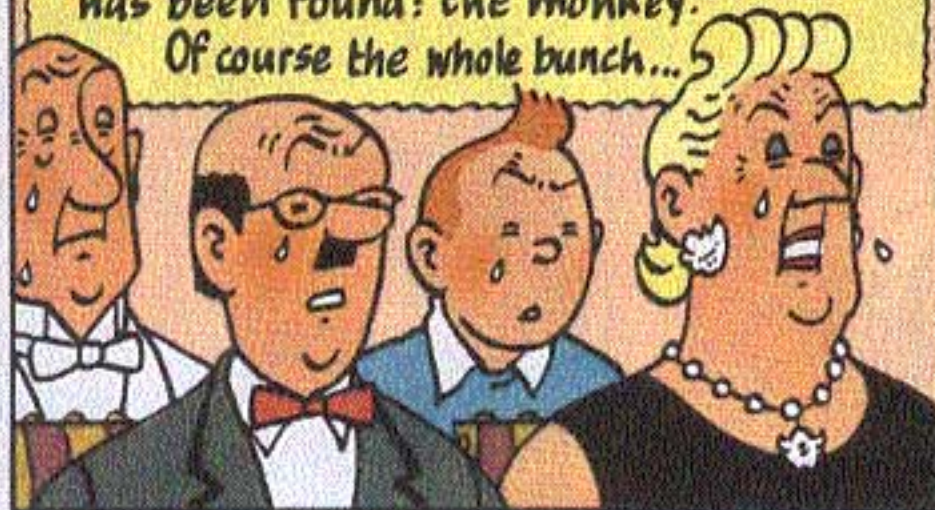
All right, eh?
The sound! ...Thundering typhoons, adjust the sound!



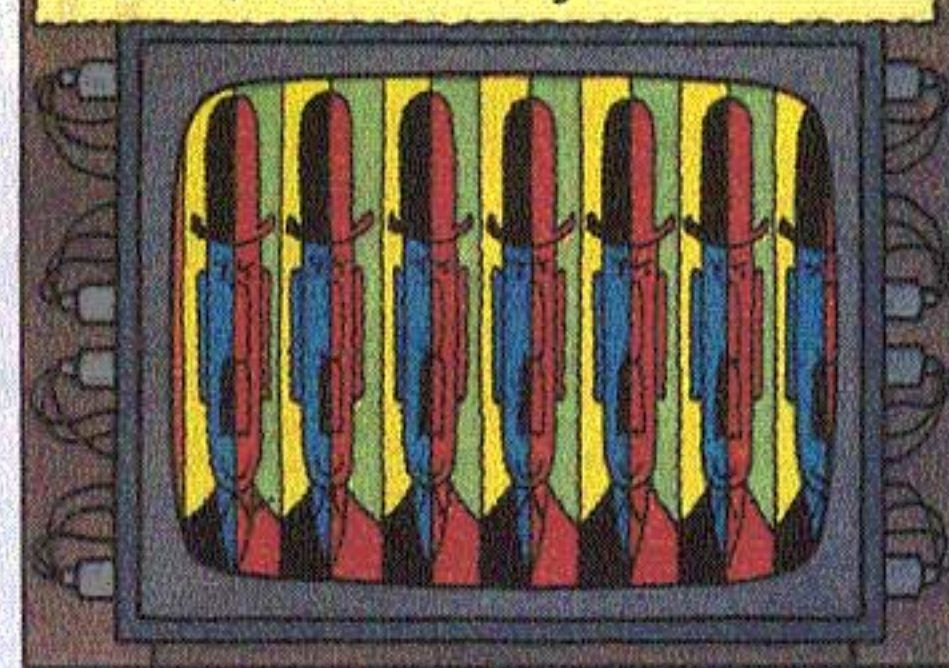
Not only did we discover a pair of scissors belonging to Signora Castafiore's maid, but in one of their caravans...



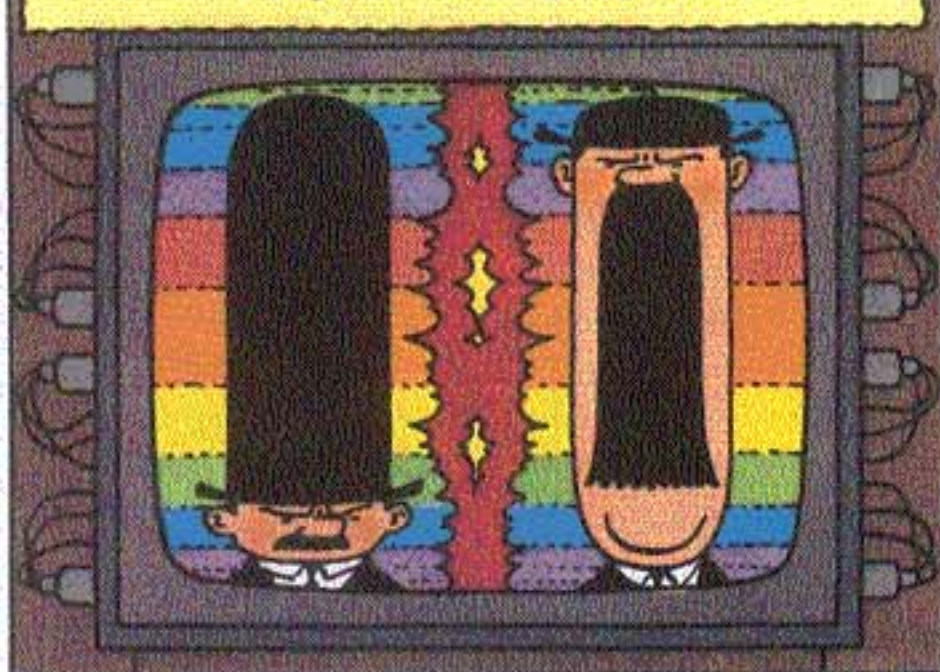
... we found a messed-up Flunkey ...er... a dressed-up monkey. Obviously, the emerald could only have been stolen by a man climbing the wall: in fact, a man of remarkable agility... And that man has been found: the monkey! Of course the whole bunch...



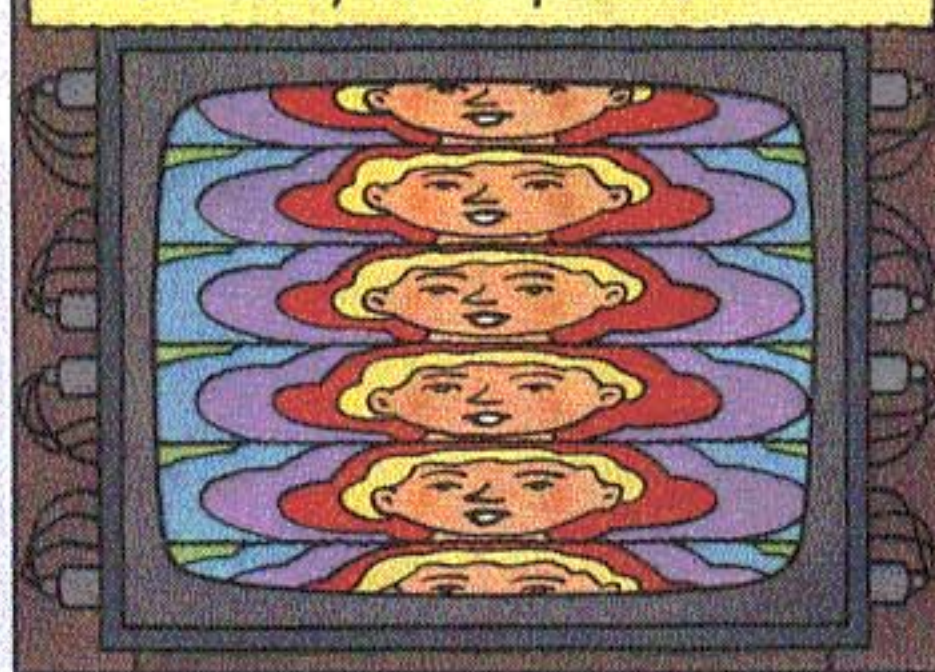
... denied it furiously. The scissors had been 'found' by a little girl. As for the monkey, he'd never been out of his cage.



So that's how things stand... but we're keeping it under our hats, of course. All we have to do now is recover the emerald...



And for a couple of master-minds like you, gentlemen, that will be child's play... Thank you for putting us so clearly in the picture.



Now we turn from the excitement and suspense of a police investigation to another burning topic that is hitting today's headlines...



Naturally, it isn't entirely perfect yet, but...

My eyeballs are doing the shimmy!

I'm seeing six of everything!

Me too!

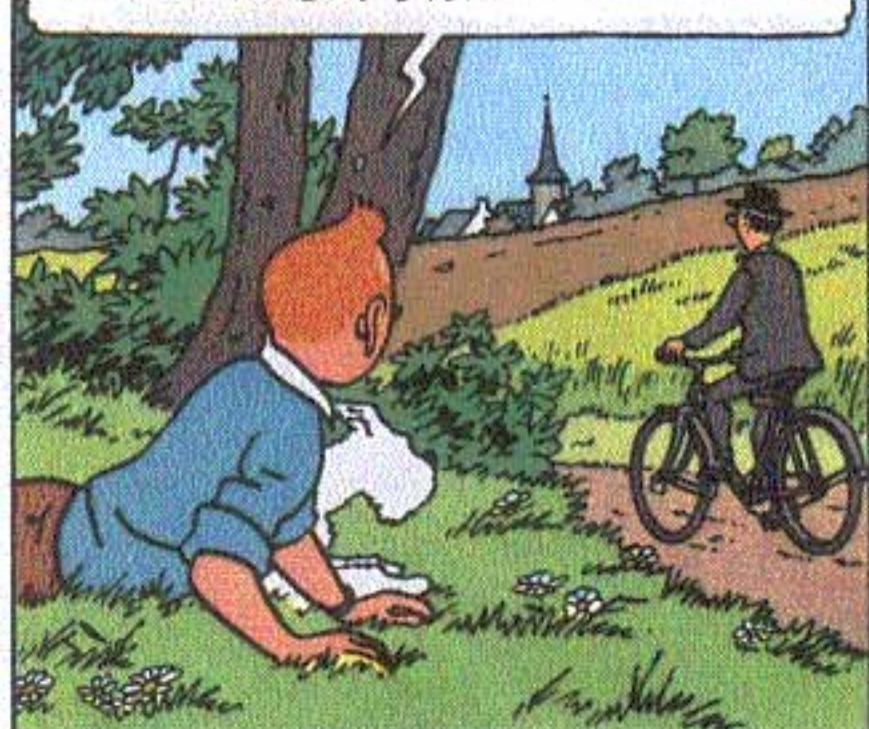


The next morning...

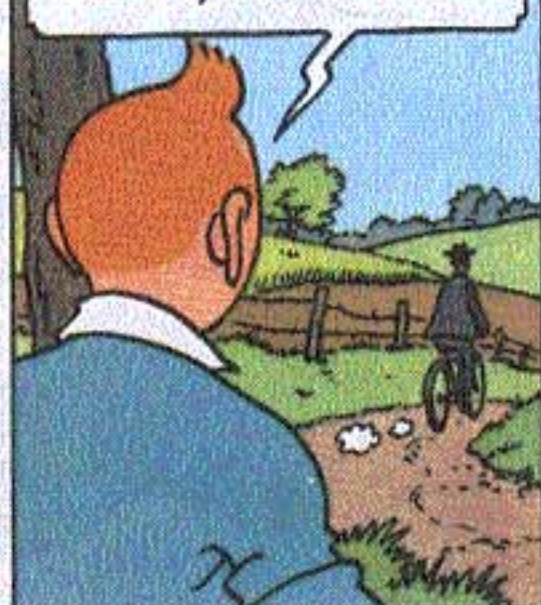
Poor gipsies!... I'm still convinced they're innocent... I've had another look at the wall: even a monkey climbing would have left some trace, but there wasn't a sign. What then?



Hello! There's Mr. Wagner going into the village, on Nestor's old bike.

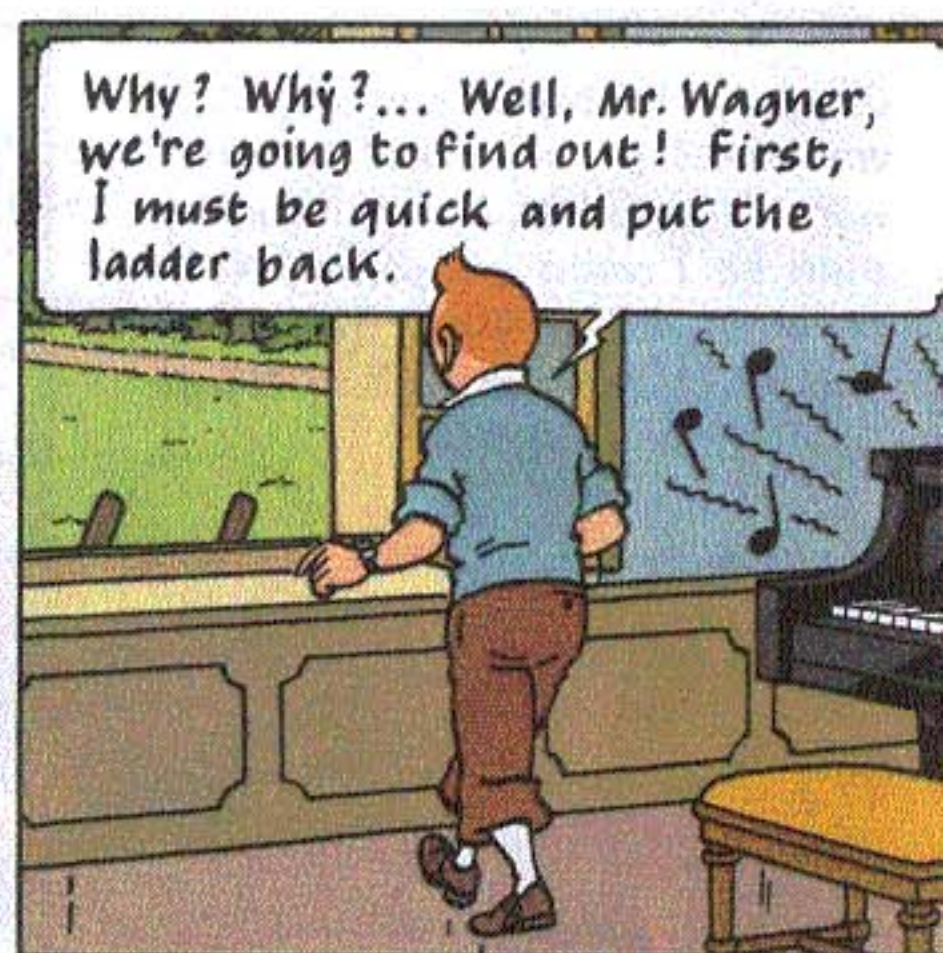
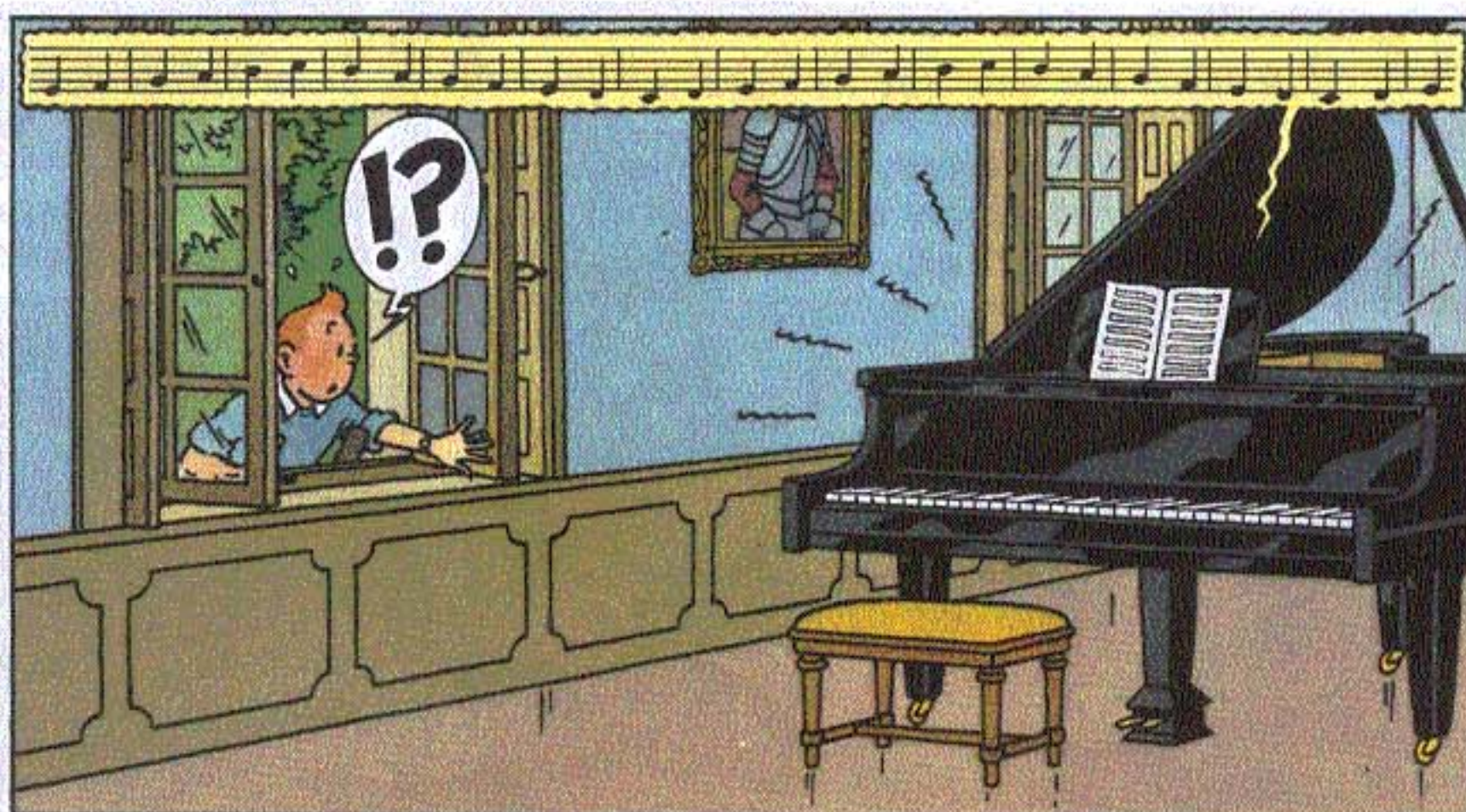
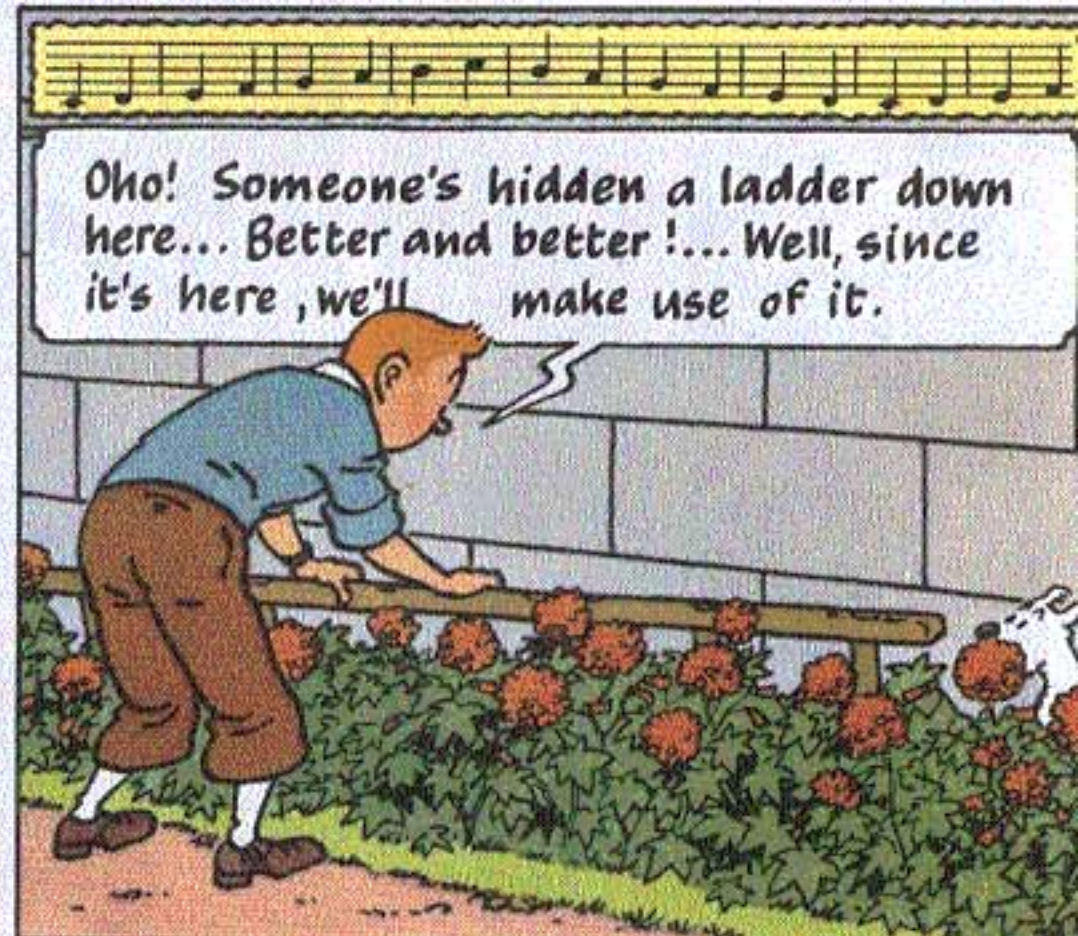


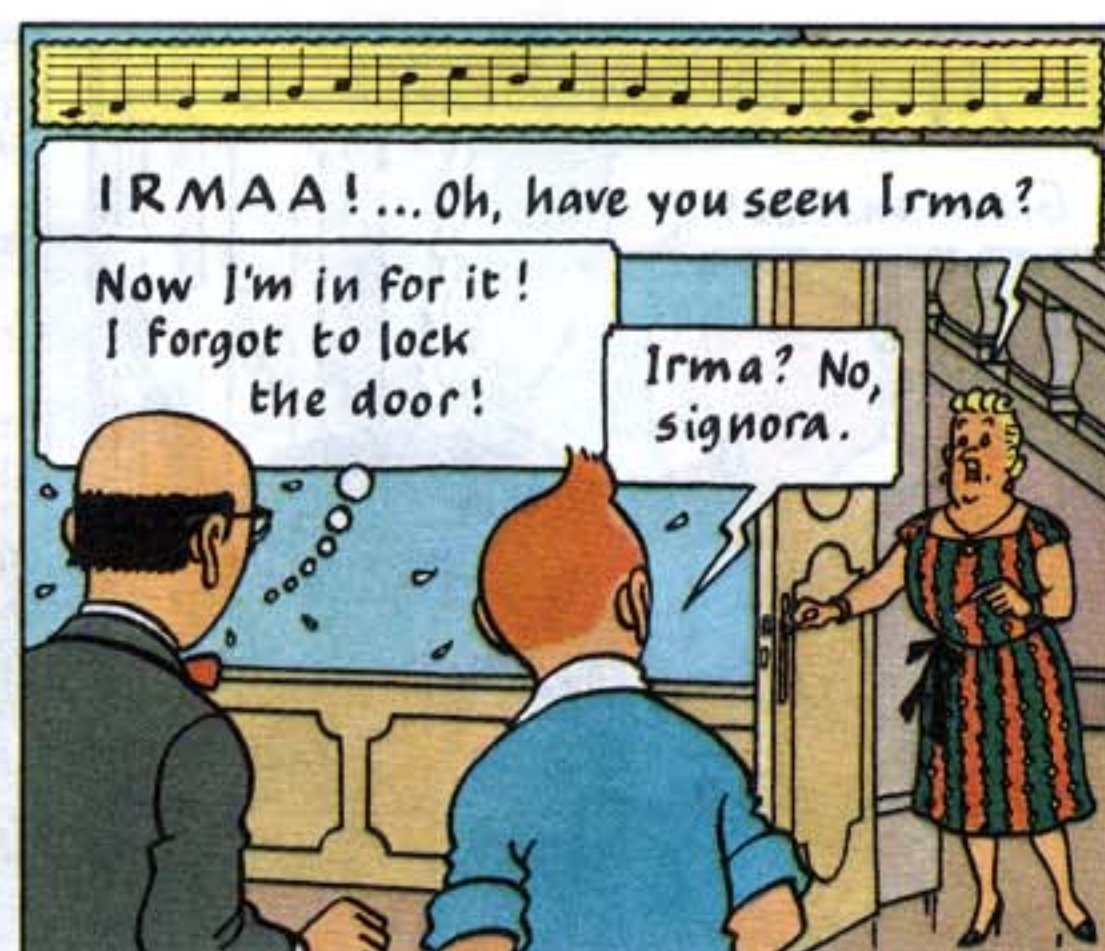
He must have got permission to leave his piano. Now's our chance, Snowy...



We'll go back indoors... and we'll be spared that piano for a change!







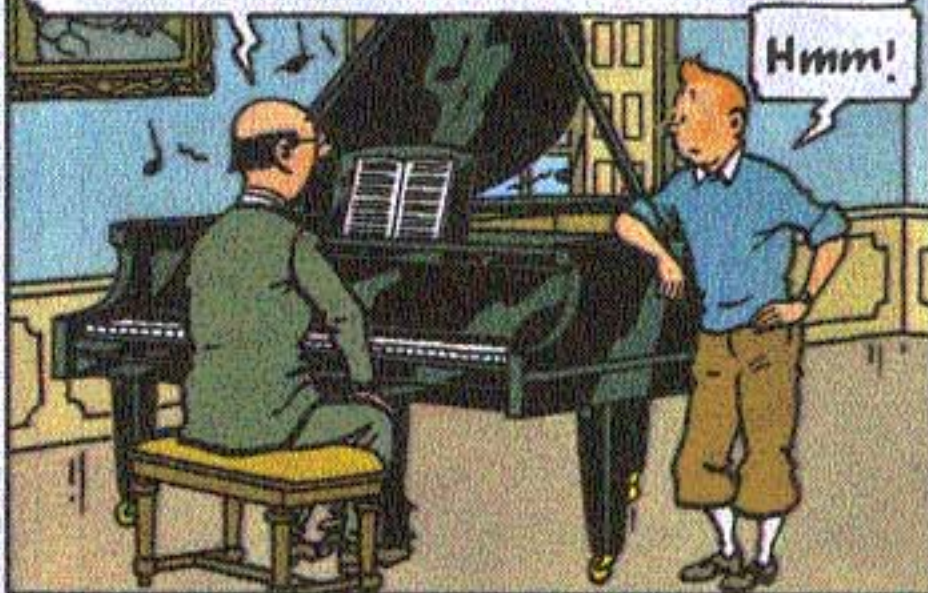
Thanks... But why did you save me from her?

I wanted to get you alone... Now, sit down at the piano: it's safer... Then talk!



All right!... I'll tell you everything. It's the horses... I'm a gambler, you see. I go to the village every day to telephone my bets...

Hmm!



Is that so?... Still, you weren't in the village when the emerald was stolen... when some unknown person fell down the stairs... It was you, wasn't it?

Yes, it was I.



I'd been up to the attic... and on my way down I heard Signora Castafiore cry out... I hurried to get back to my piano, and missed the step.

Why were you in the attic?

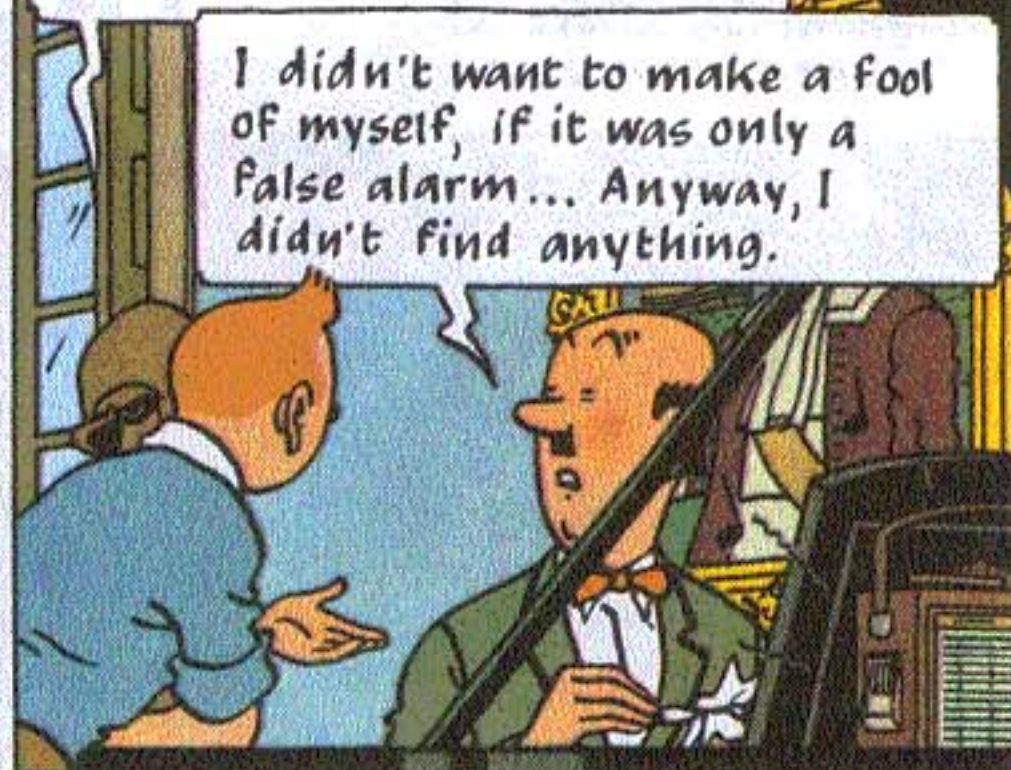


Well, on a number of evenings I thought I heard someone walking about up there... at dusk... like the signora did on the night we arrived. In the end I decided to get to the bottom of it...



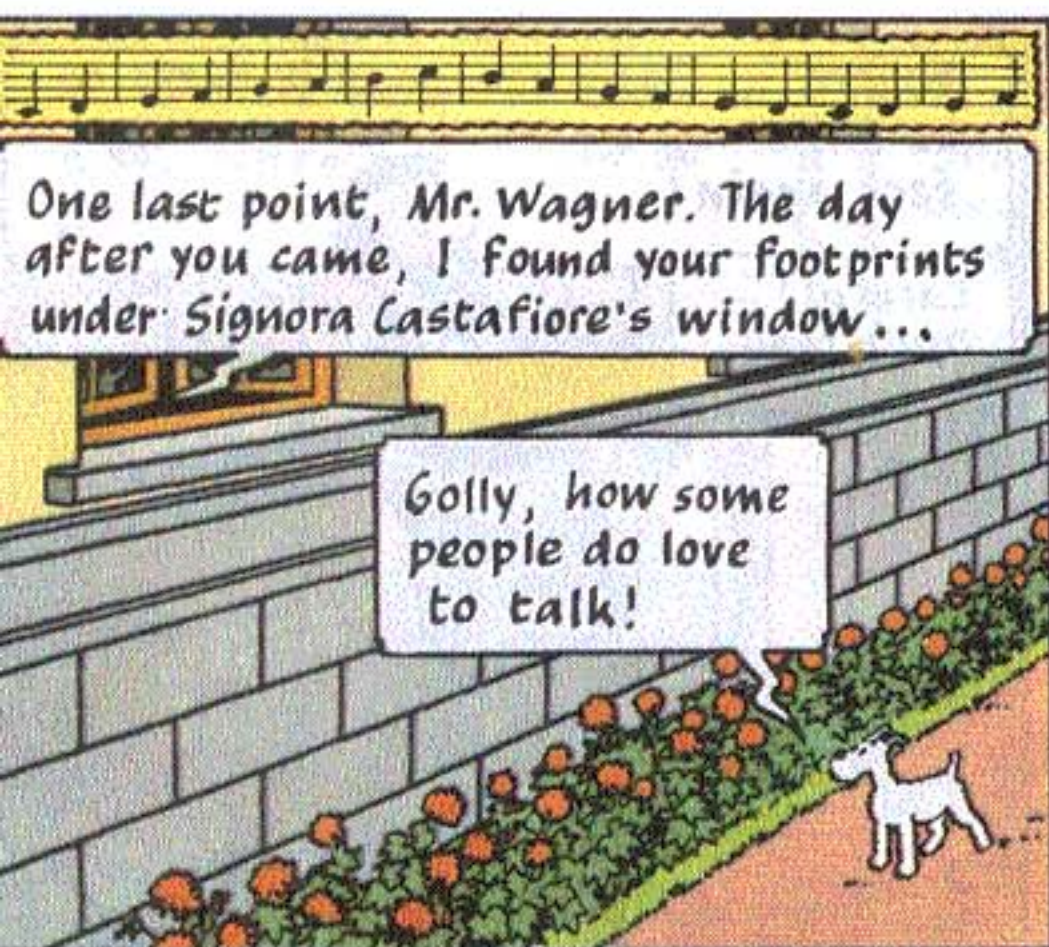
Why didn't you simply ask us?

I didn't want to make a fool of myself, if it was only a false alarm... Anyway, I didn't find anything.



One last point, Mr. Wagner. The day after you came, I found your footprints under Signora Castafiore's window...

Golly, how some people do love to talk!

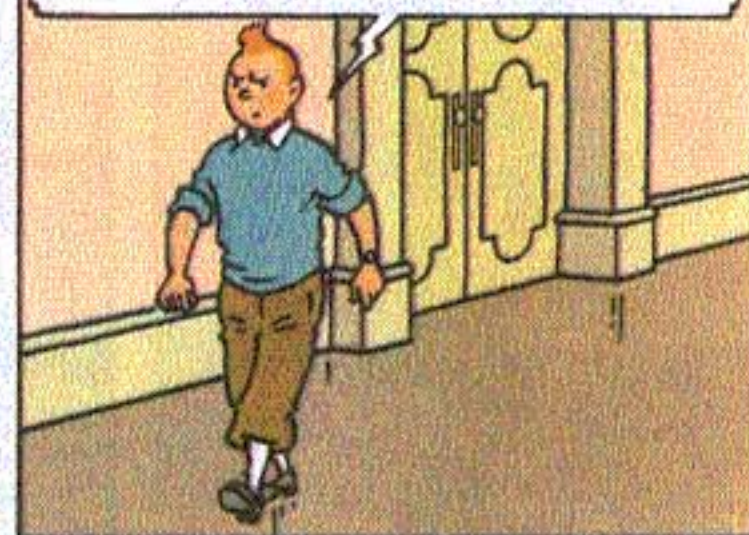


Yes... it's quite possible. After that incident during the night I went round there, to make sure no one could have climbed the ivy.

Good... That's all the explanation I need.



No, I don't think Wagner stole the emerald: he seems to be telling the truth.. Well, now I've got to find the real culprit!



In any case, I'll visit the attic tonight. We must follow every lead... Coming, Snowy?

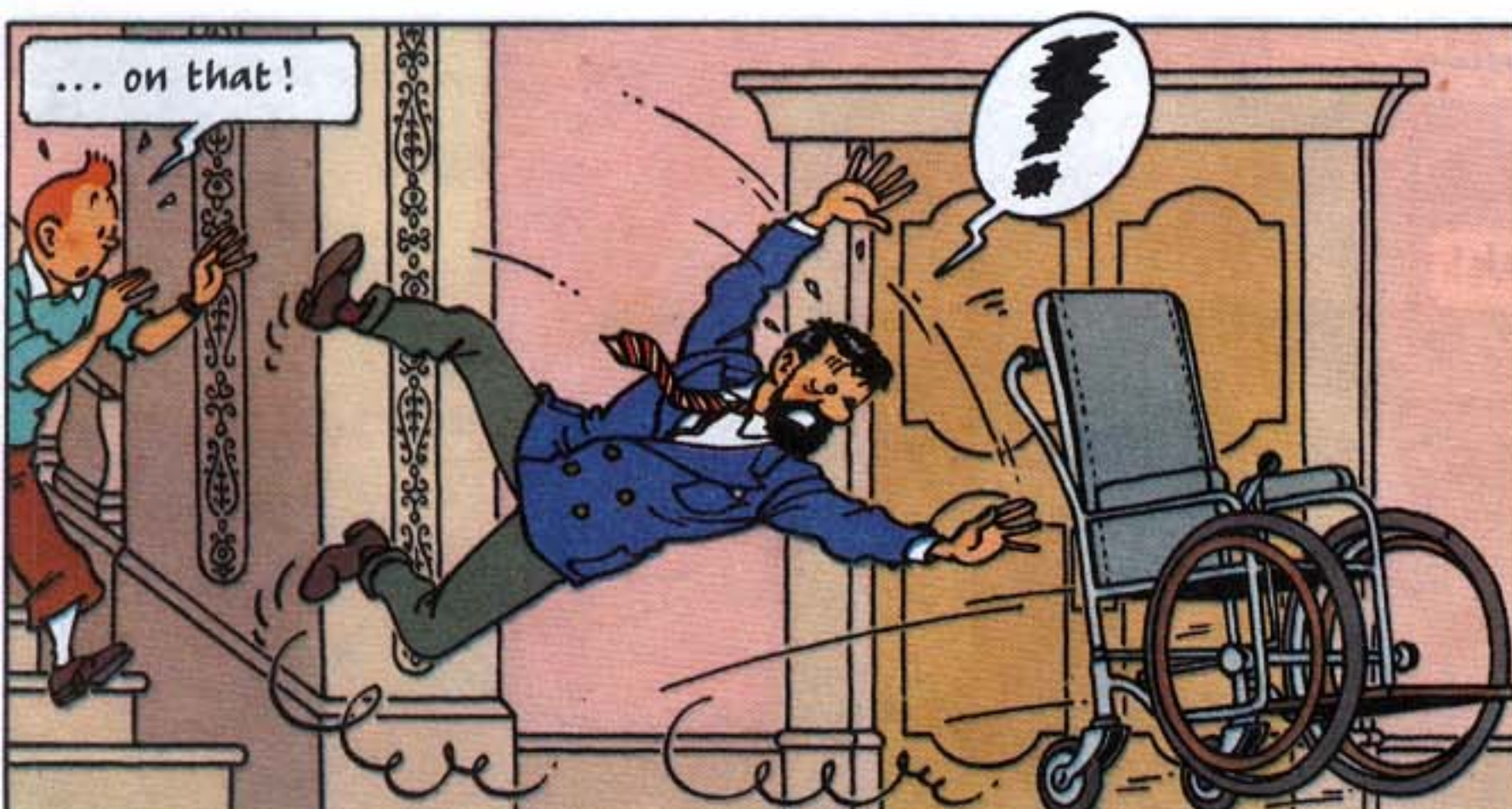
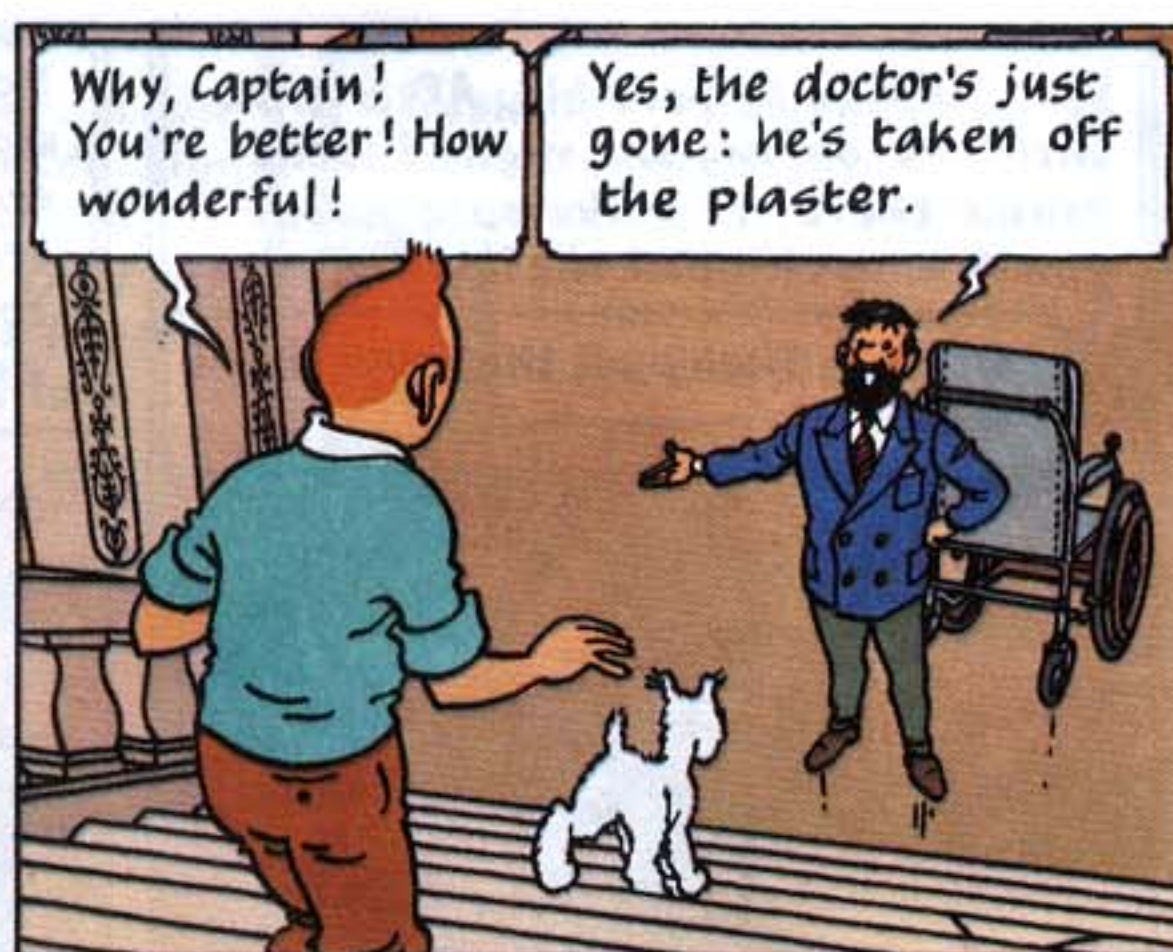
Ah... at last!



At nightfall...

Ssh!







Great snakes!
What's going to
happen?

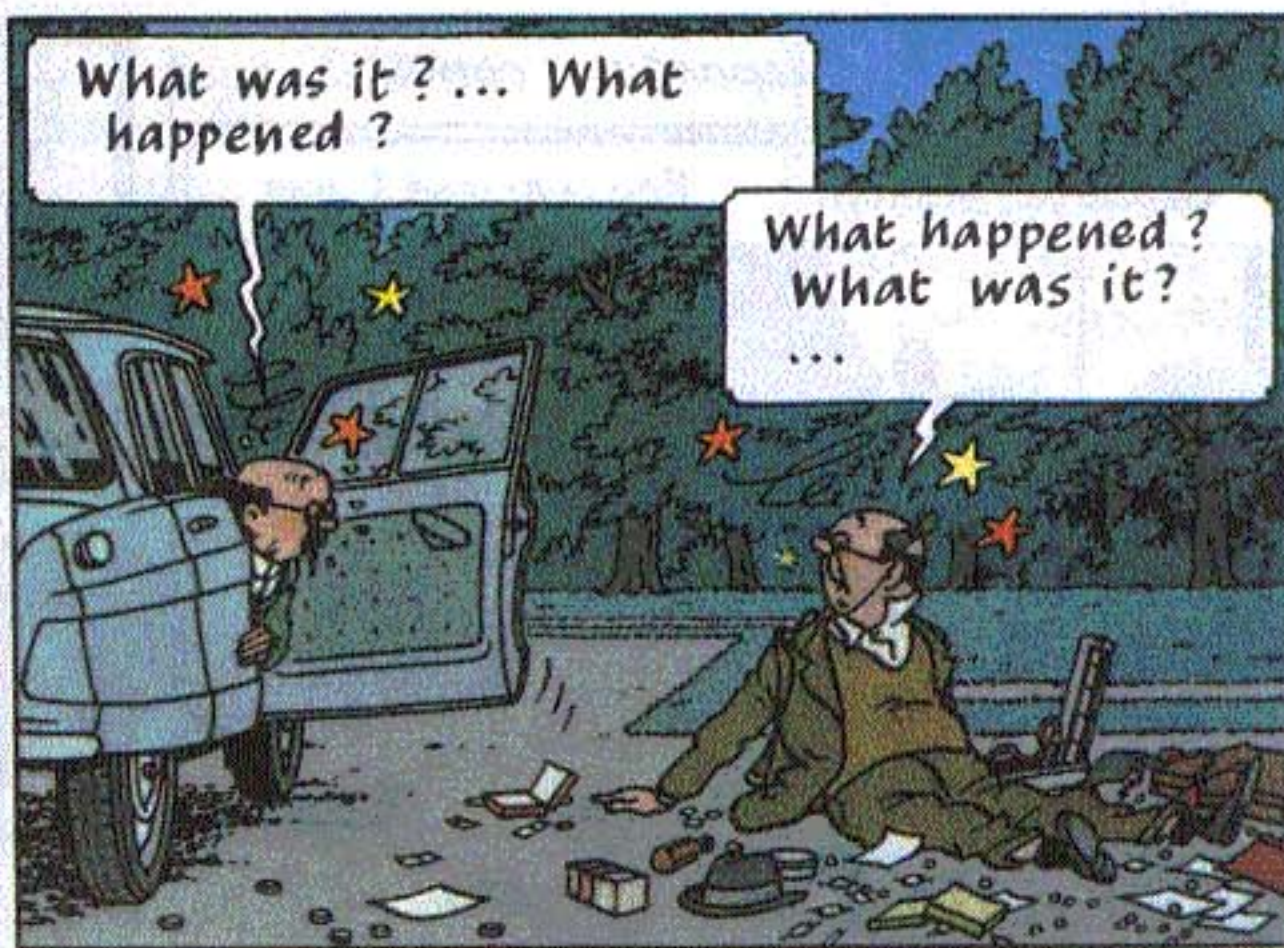


One day I really must
turn out the clutter in
this car!



What was it? ... What
happened?

What happened?
What was it?
...



My dear Captain Padlock ...
Why, you're up! ... I'm so
glad.

Thanks!



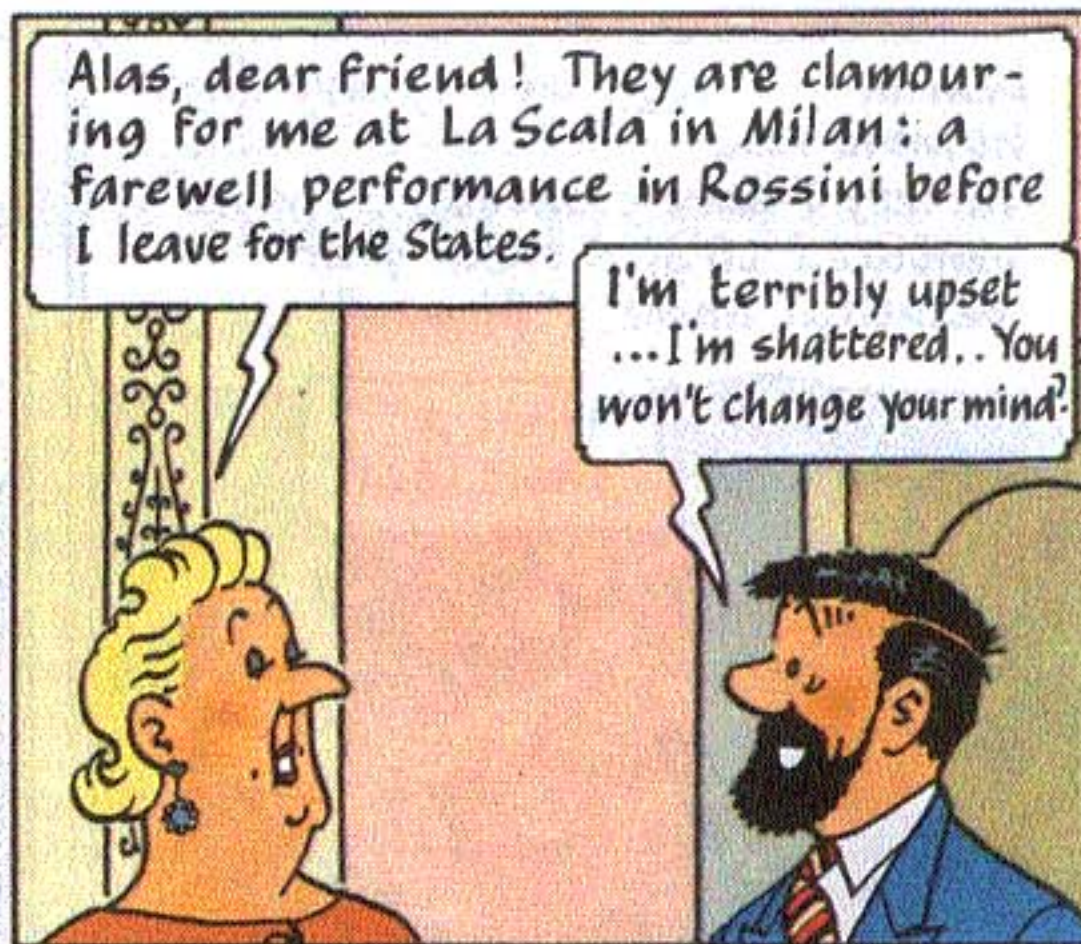
It grieves me to cloud your
happiness, but I have sad
news for you: I must leave
you tomorrow.

No! ... Not really?
It can't be true!



Alas, dear friend! They are clamour-
ing for me at La Scala in Milan: a
farewell performance in Rossini before
I leave for the States.

I'm terribly upset
... I'm shattered... You
won't change your mind?

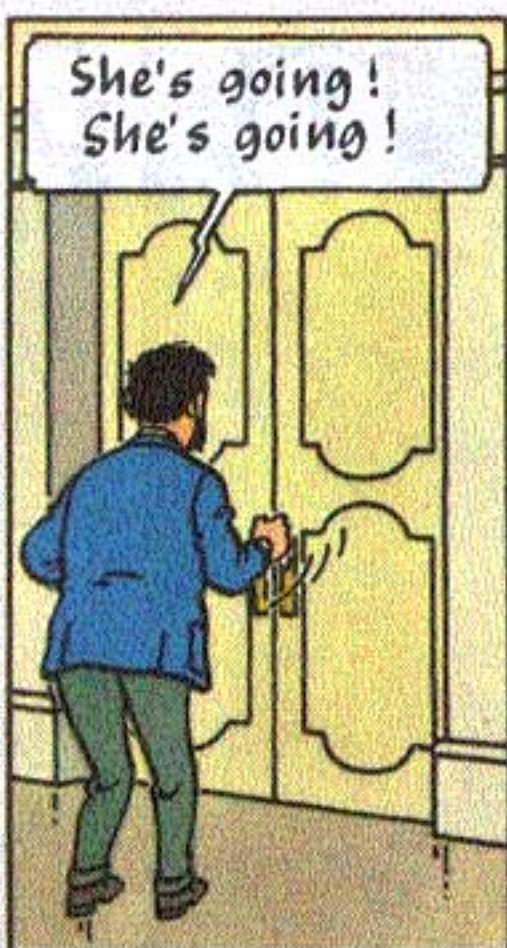


You're an angel, trying
to keep me here, but I
already have my tickets.

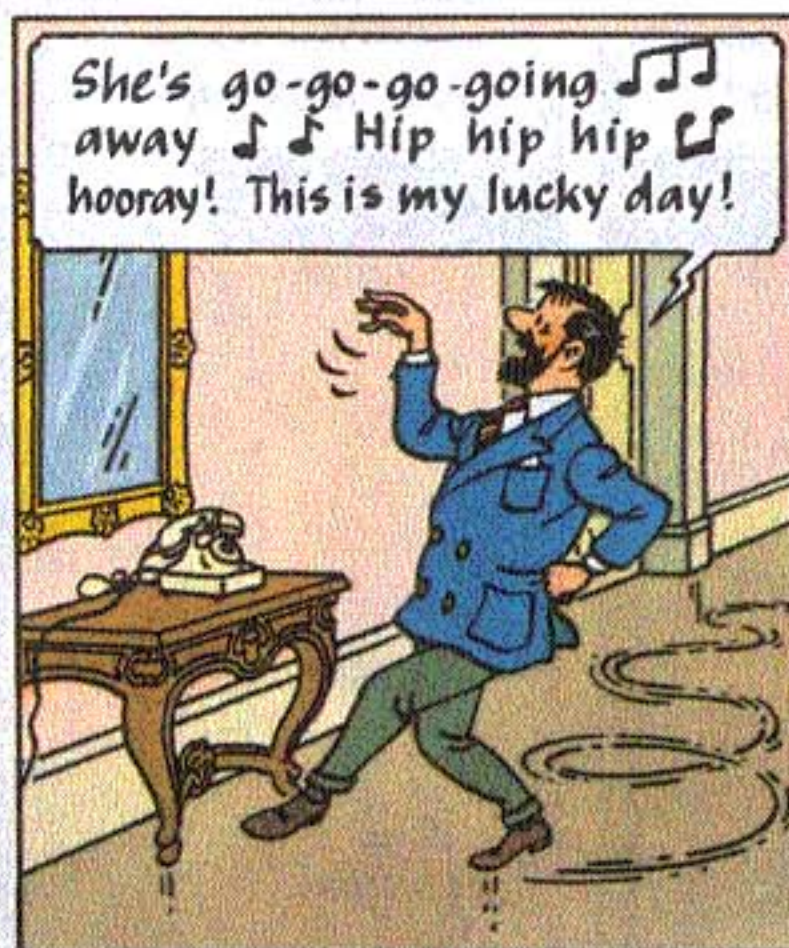
Ah!



She's going!
She's going!

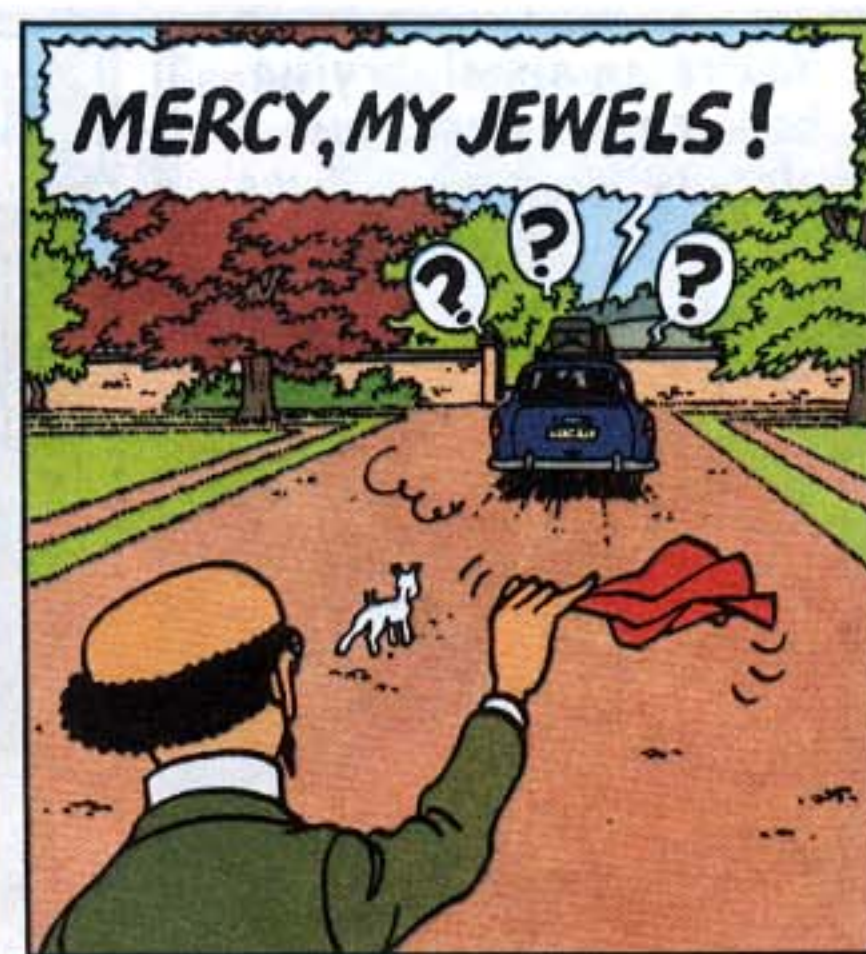


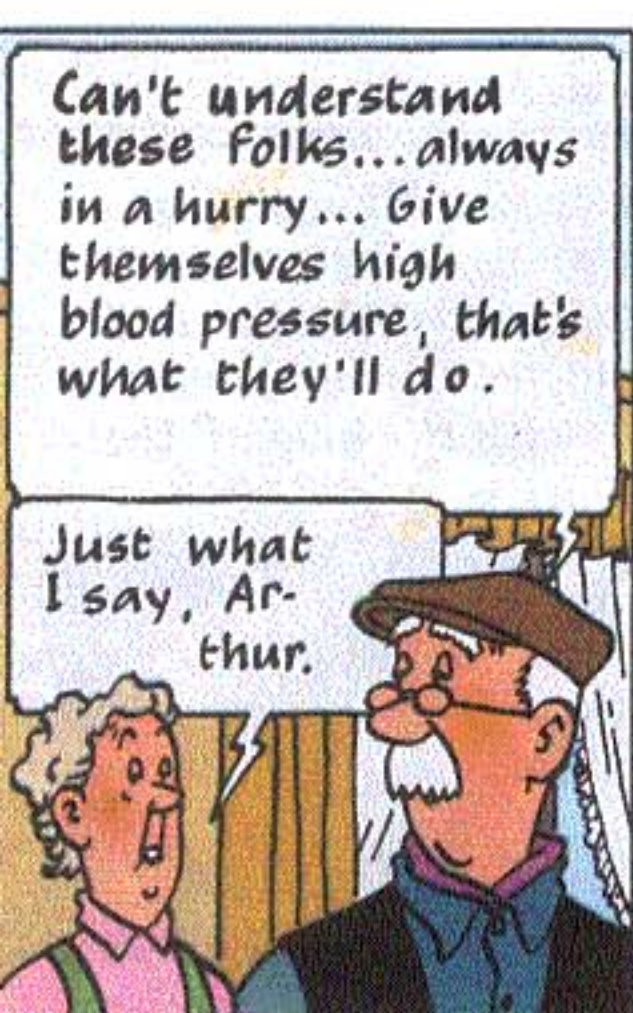
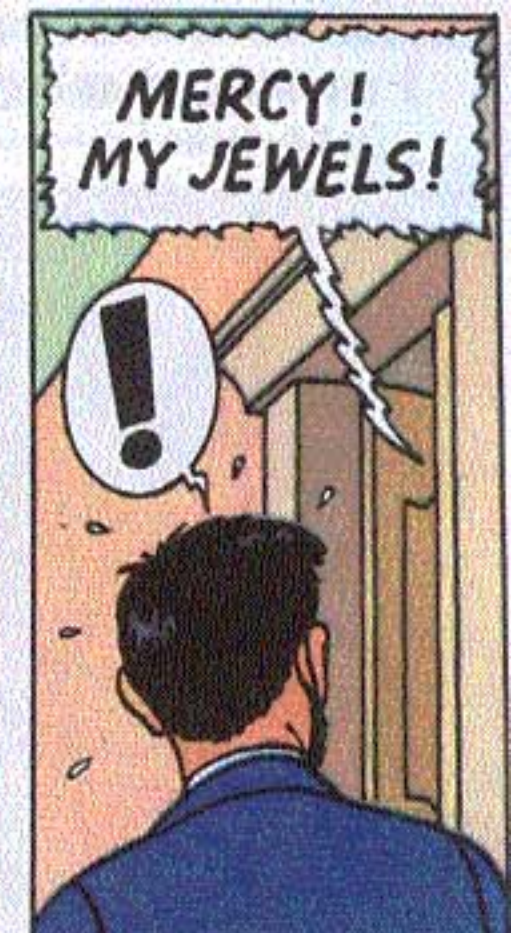
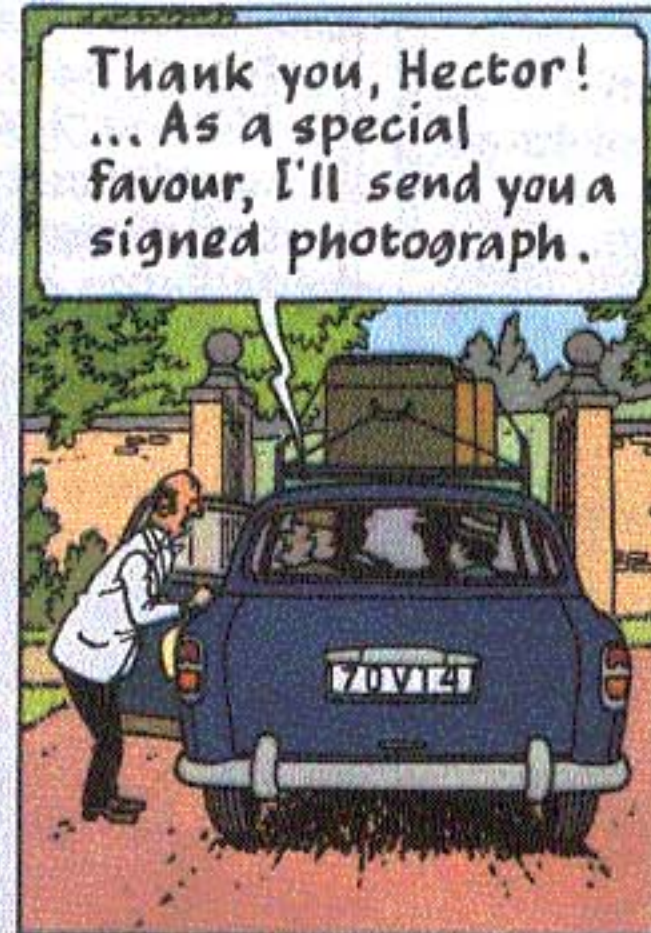
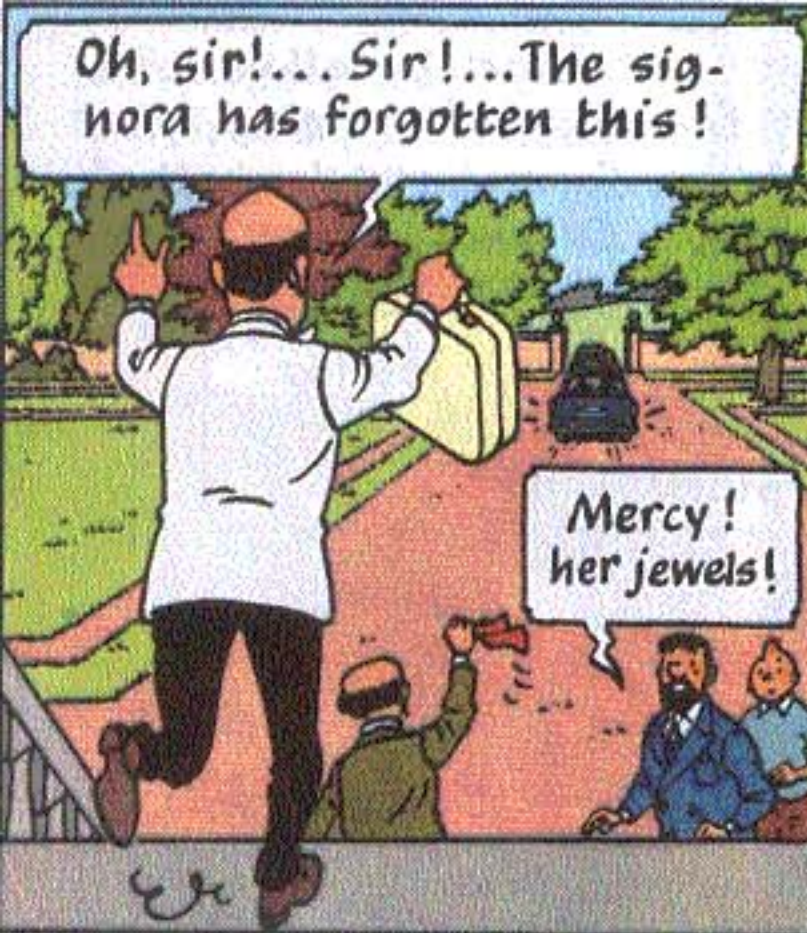
She's go-go-go-going ♪♪
away ♪♪ Hip hip hip ♪♪
hooray! This is my lucky day!



She's go...guo...gug!...Ta-ra-
ra-er... um... yes... H'mm.







Nightingale with a Broken Heart

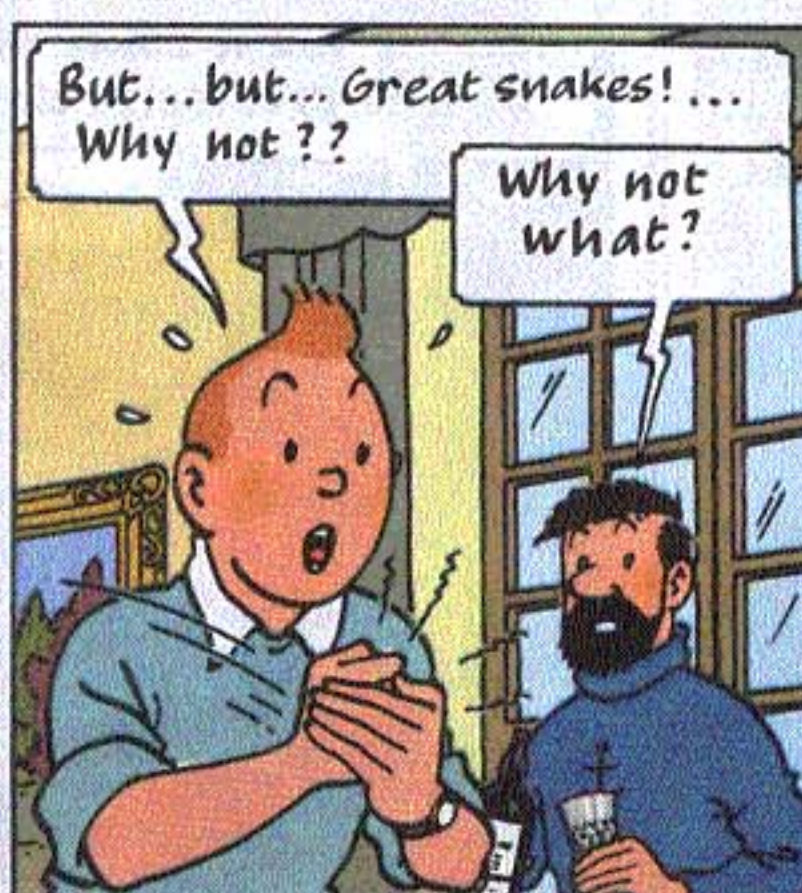
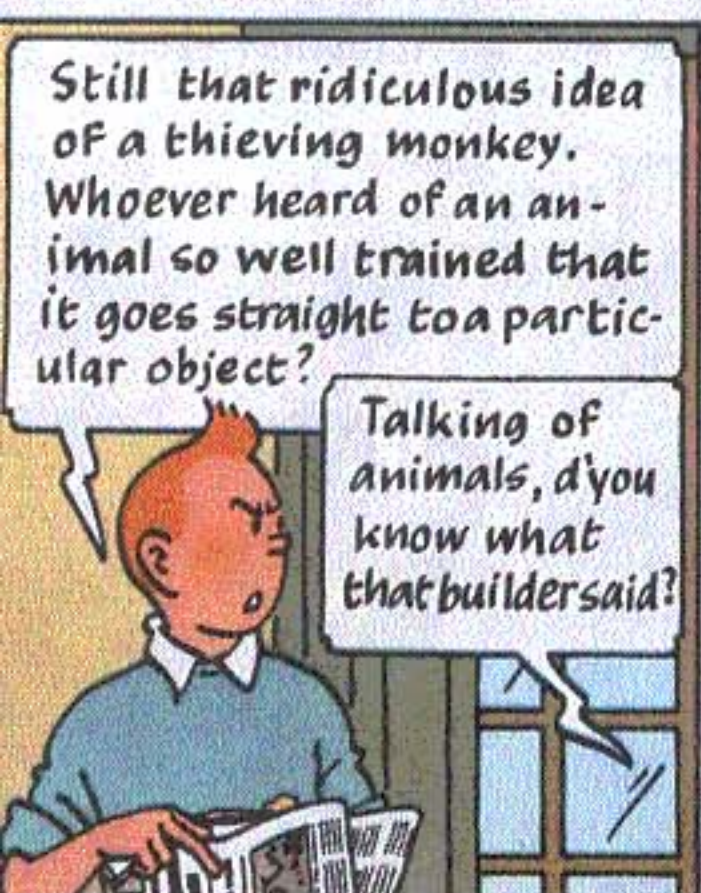
MILAN, TUESDAY

'Triumph ... superlative ... sublime ... unforgettable,' proclaims the Italian press. At La Scala last night the divine Castafiore bid farewell to Europe. An ecstatic audience acclaimed her overwhelming performance in Rossini's LA GAZZA LADRA.

Time and again a delirious house recalled their idol. Fifteen curtains! Bravo! Bravissimo! But can the plaudits of admirers mend a broken heart? For the nightingale still mourns the loss of her most precious jewel.

And have we heard the last of the Castafiore emerald? Not so. Police investigations continue in the Marlinspike area. Was a monkey used to spirit away the jewel, magnificent gift of the Maharajah of Gopal? No comment, say detectives, but suspicion weighs heavily upon local gipsies. And still no sign of the emerald.

From Italy, the Milanese nightingale wings her way tonight



I wonder what's got into him?

Tell me, Captain, is there any message you'd like to send to Signora Castafiore?

A message?... Me?... For Castafiore?

No, a message!... I forgot to tell you, I'm leaving today for Milan: I'm going there to demonstrate my Super-Calcolor to the International Television Congress. Naturally, I shall call upon our charming friend.

Oh? Well, tell her whatever you like: but for pity's sake, don't invite her back to Marlinspike!

That's very kind: I'll tell her. She'll certainly be touched by your invitation...

Captain! Captain!

Now what?... Has he set the house on fire?

Is there a woodman anywhere near?

A woodman?... Yes, Charlie Sawyer, in the village... But why?

Thanks!... Oh, I almost forgot... Ring up the Thompsons... Tell them to come here as soon as possible: about the emerald.

About the emerald?... What?...

Later!... And remember to telephone, won't you?

But Tintin, look here...

Half an hour later...

We've only come as a special flavour... er, savour... er, well, so far as we're concerned, there's absolutely nothing Tintin can add to the case. Once and for all, the job was done by the gipsies, with the help of their monkey.

It's as clear as day to us, eh Thompson?

To be precise: dear as clay. That's my opinion and I'm stuck with it!

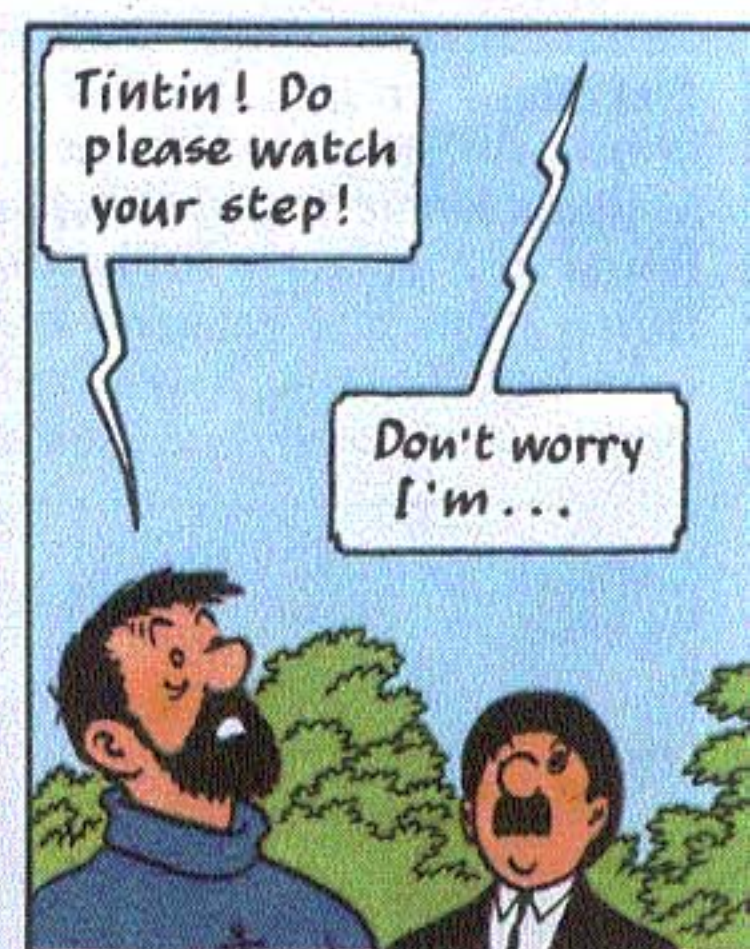
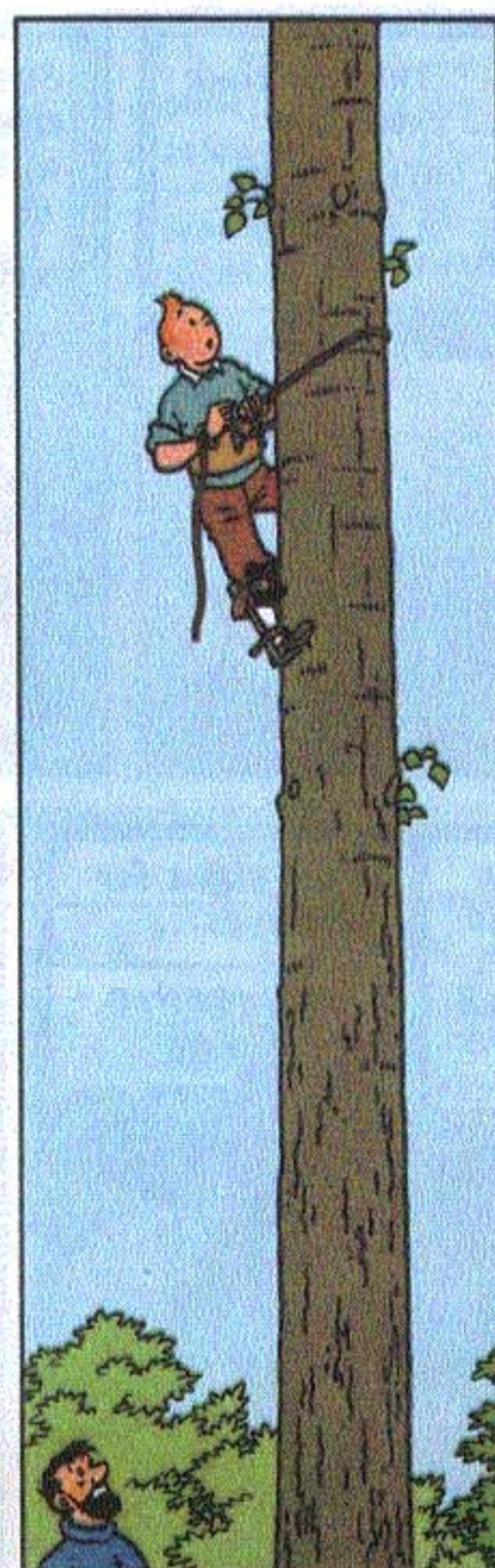
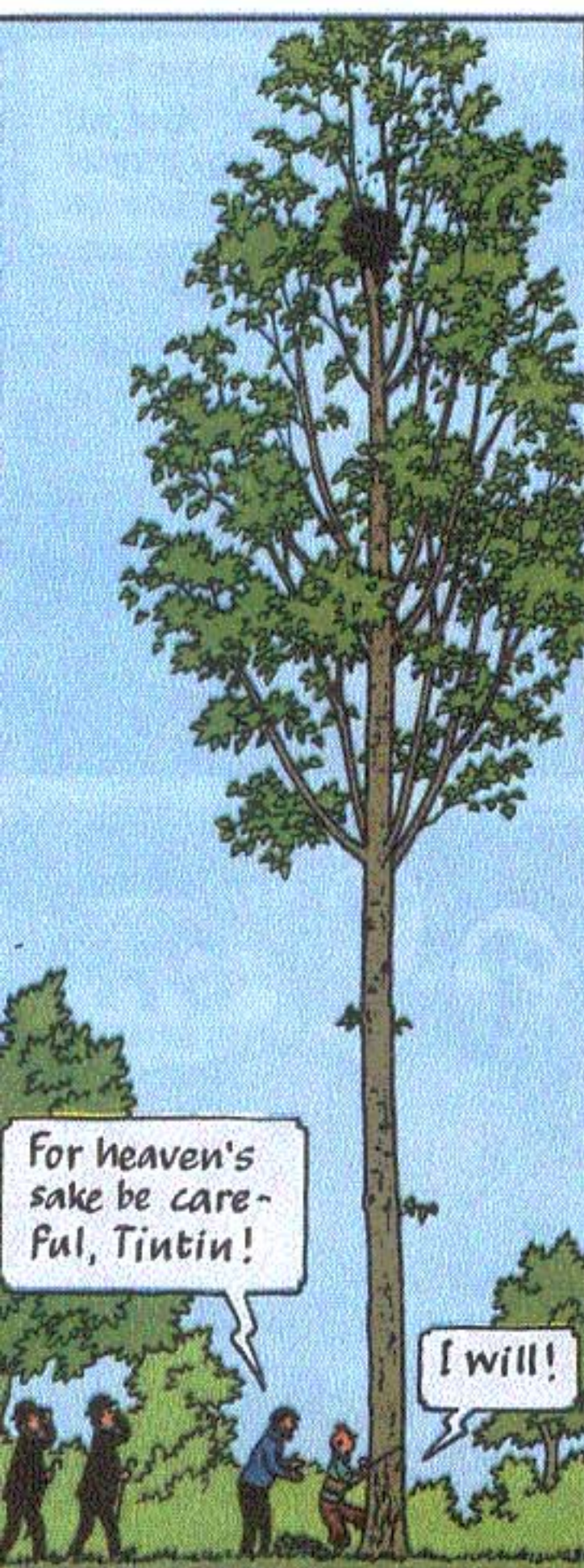
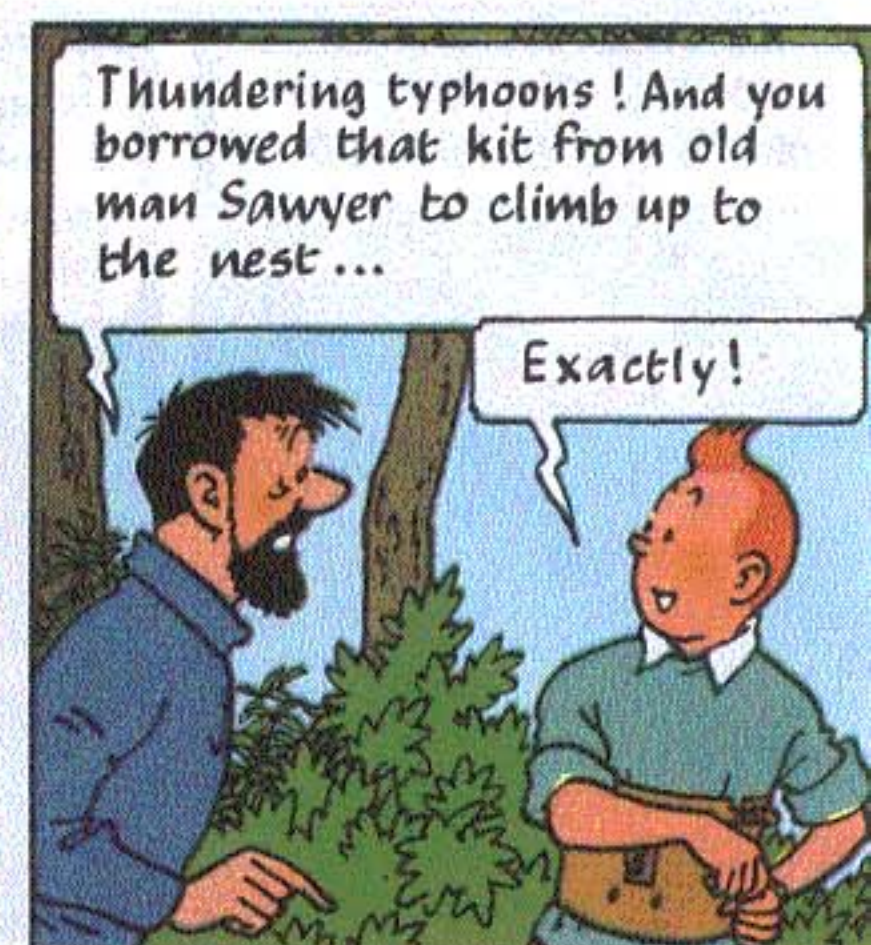
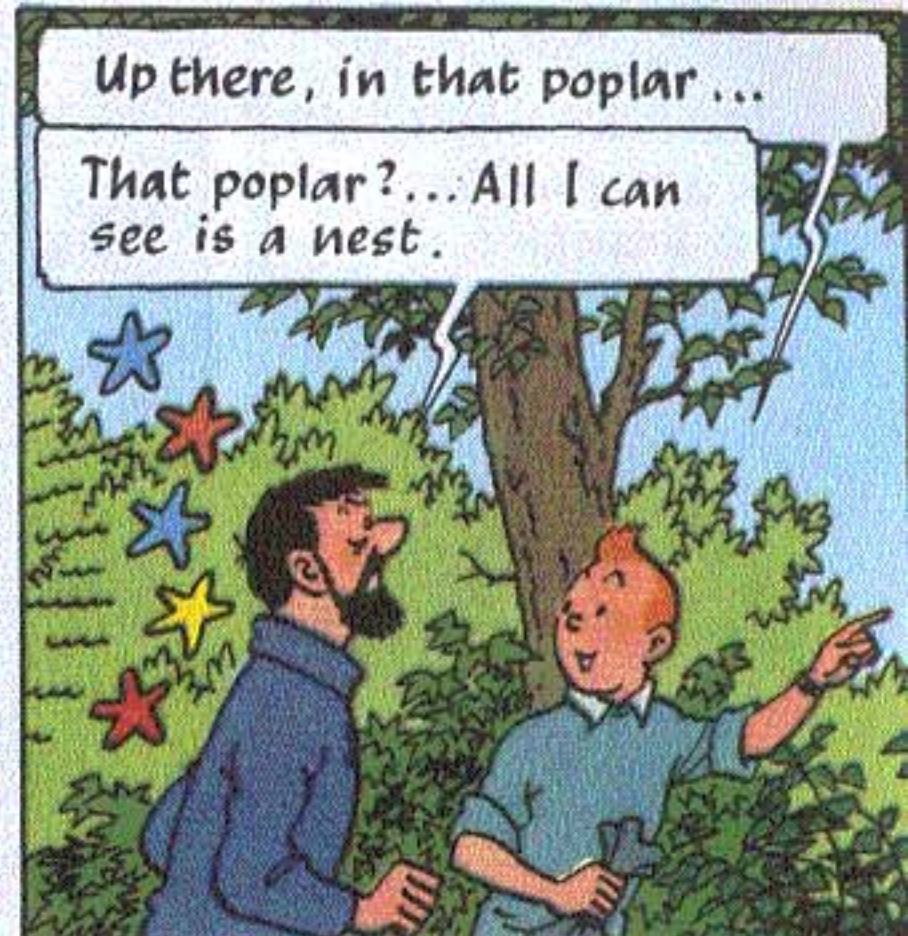
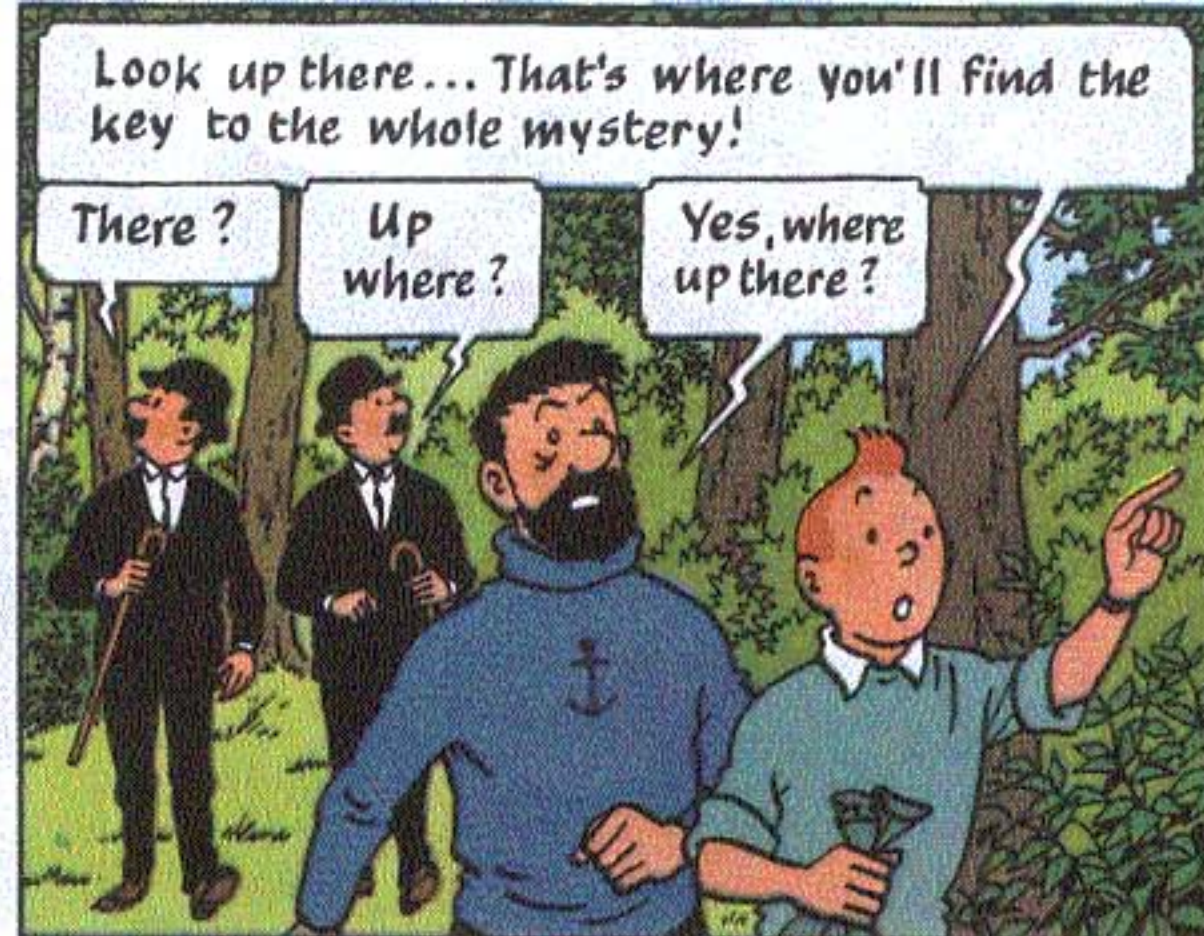
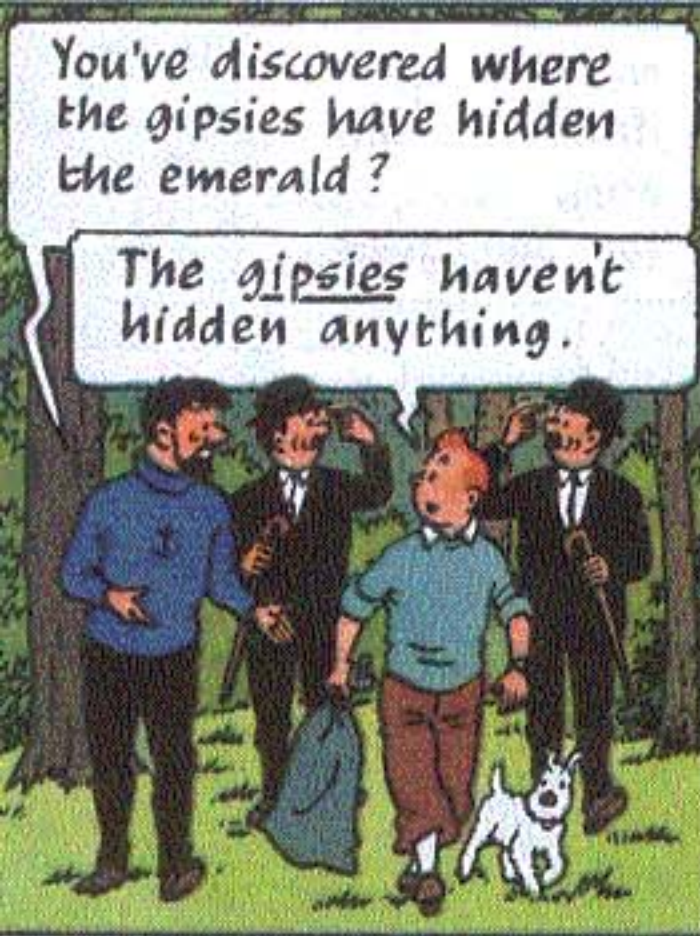
There's only one thing Tintin can tell us: where the emerald is hidden.

And if you'll come with me, gentlemen, I will do precisely that!

You?!

No?!

Yes?!





Look out for the dead branch!



No damage done!... What about you? Have you found anything?

Yes, and how! I've got Irma's thimble ...



AND THE EMERALD! HERE'S THE EMERALD!!



Some bits of glass... a marble... and a monocle... That's the lot... I'm coming down.

Chak-chak

Thief!



Wonderful!... Tintin, you're a genius!... But what on earth suddenly made you think of a magpie?

Do you remember the name of the opera they mentioned in the paper?



I don't know... "Pizza" or "Ragazza"... or something ...

"La Gazza Ladra"... in other words, The Thieving Magpie! Then the light dawned!



I thought to myself: "There's a 'gazza ladra' somewhere around... But where? ... What about the spot where Miarka found the scissors? They must have fallen from the robber's hiding-place!" ... So I ran to look, and there was the nest!... Well, that clears the gipsies!



Just our luck! The one time we manage to catch the culprits they turn out to be innocent! It's really too bad of them!

You'd think they'd done it on purpose!



Anyway, thanks to us, the emerald has turned up. And all we have to do is to return it to Signora Castafiore.

You know, Cuthbert Calculus is just leaving for Milan. Couldn't we give him the jewel?



Definitely not! We and we alone must restore the emerald: we are in beauty downed! ...

As you like: here it is.



You know, what pleases me is the relief for the gipsies. They'll be completely cleared of suspicion now.

It's a sight for sore eyes...

To be precise, I'd say...



?

OH!



What are you doing ?

It's...er...it's the... It's the emerald...it fell on the grass... and the grass is green...

As green as grass!



That's rich!... Yes, that's rich!... Oh, it's marvellous!

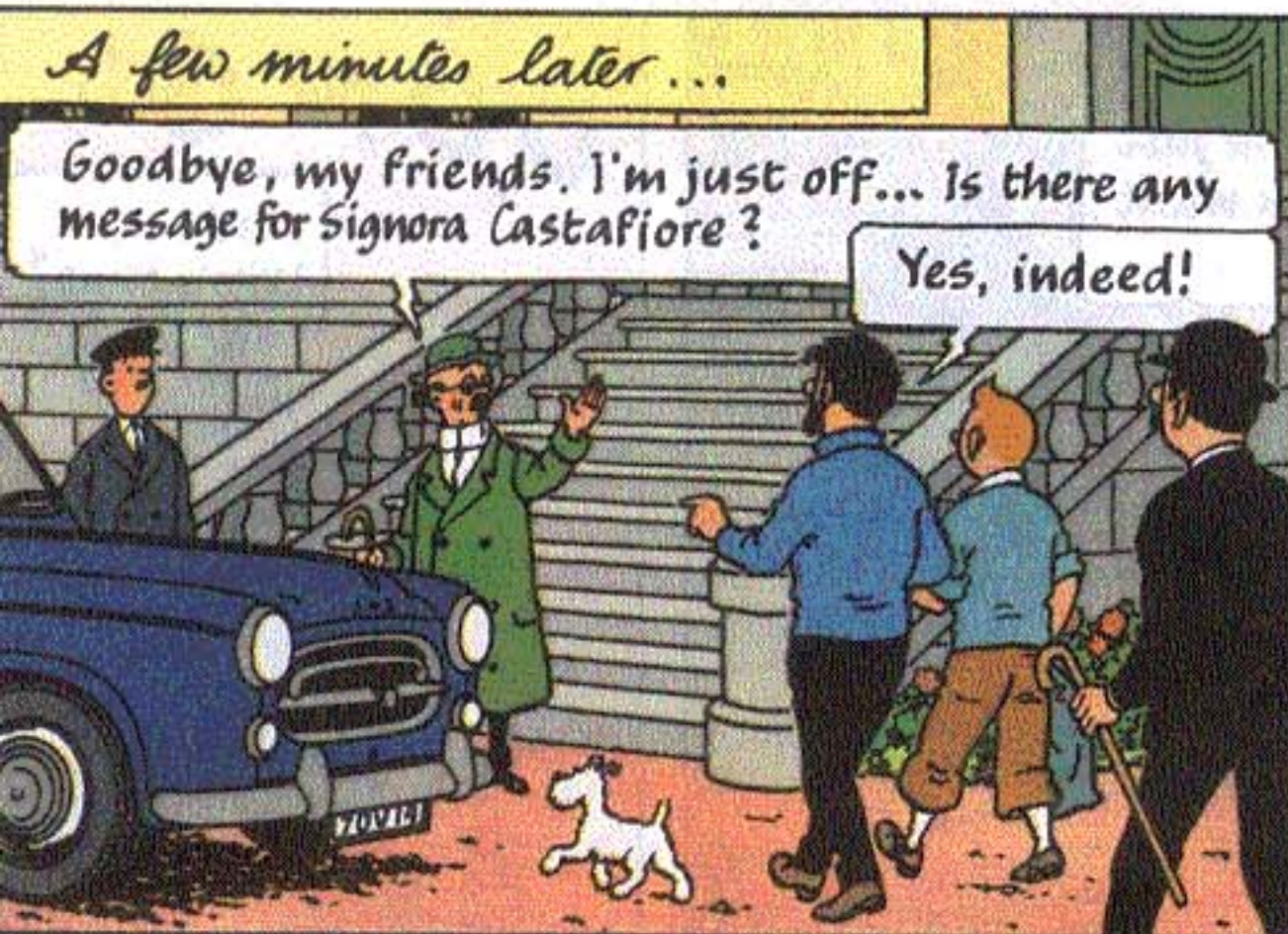
It could happen to anybody...



Wooah! Wooah! Here's your brandy-ball!

There! And hang on to it, this time!

Trust me!



A few minutes later...

Goodbye, my friends. I'm just off... Is there any message for Signora Castafiore?

Yes, indeed!



Wonderful news! You can tell her that her emerald has been found... by Tintin!

Oh no! I'm flying: it's so much quicker.



I said the Castafiore emerald has been found! The em-er-ald! THE EMERALD !!



Certainly not... I never do... I make it a point of honour to declare everything at the customs... Goodbye.



It's all right, Captain... Calm down! All we have to do is to send a telegram to Signora Castafiore.

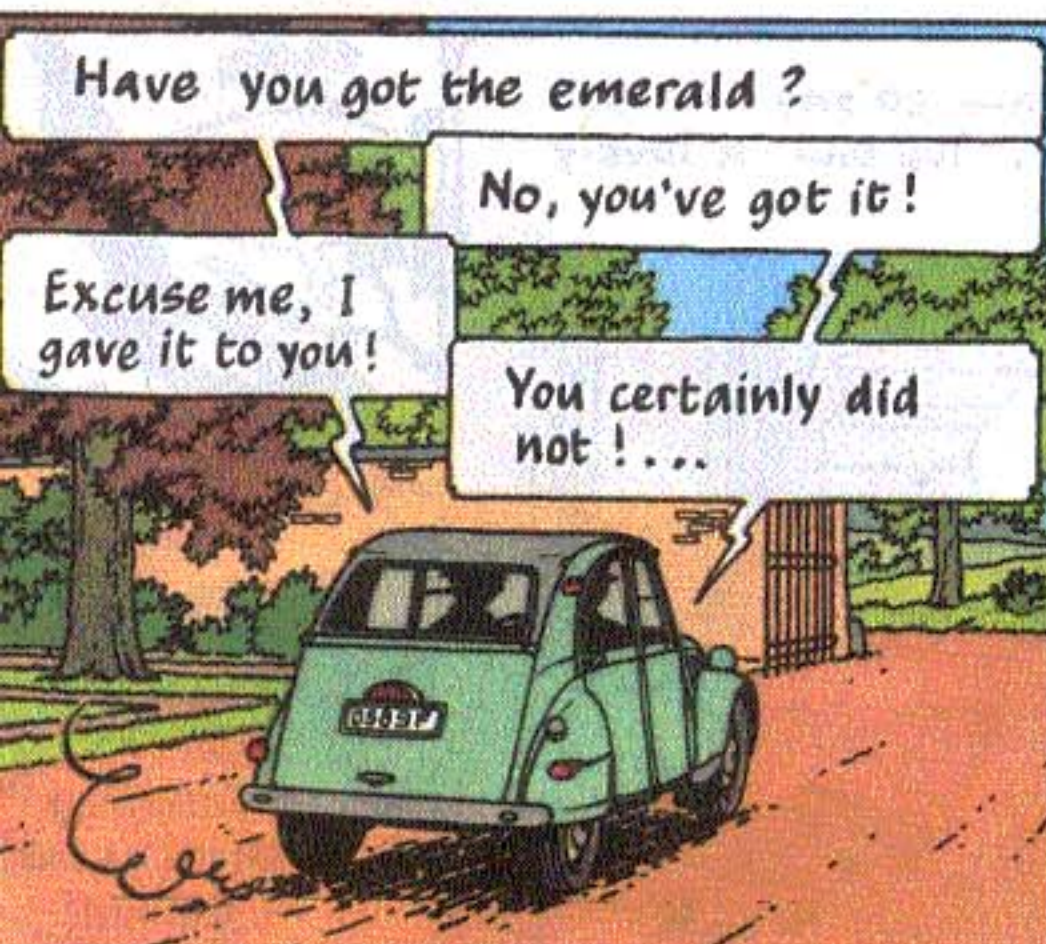
I won't forget to give her your invitation...



We're off now... taking the mule to Japan...er, making the gruel...faking the jewel... Anyway, goodbye, Captain.

Goodbye! Goodbye!

Goodbye! And thanks for trying to help with the case.



Have you got the emerald?

No, you've got it!

Excuse me, I gave it to you!

You certainly did not!...



Next morning...

What a glorious walk... Not a cloud in the sky! ... Perfect peace! ... Wonderful!...



Ah, there you are! Look here!

Why?... What's happened? ... Don't tell me SHE's come back!

Look! Mr. Bolt has been to mend the step.

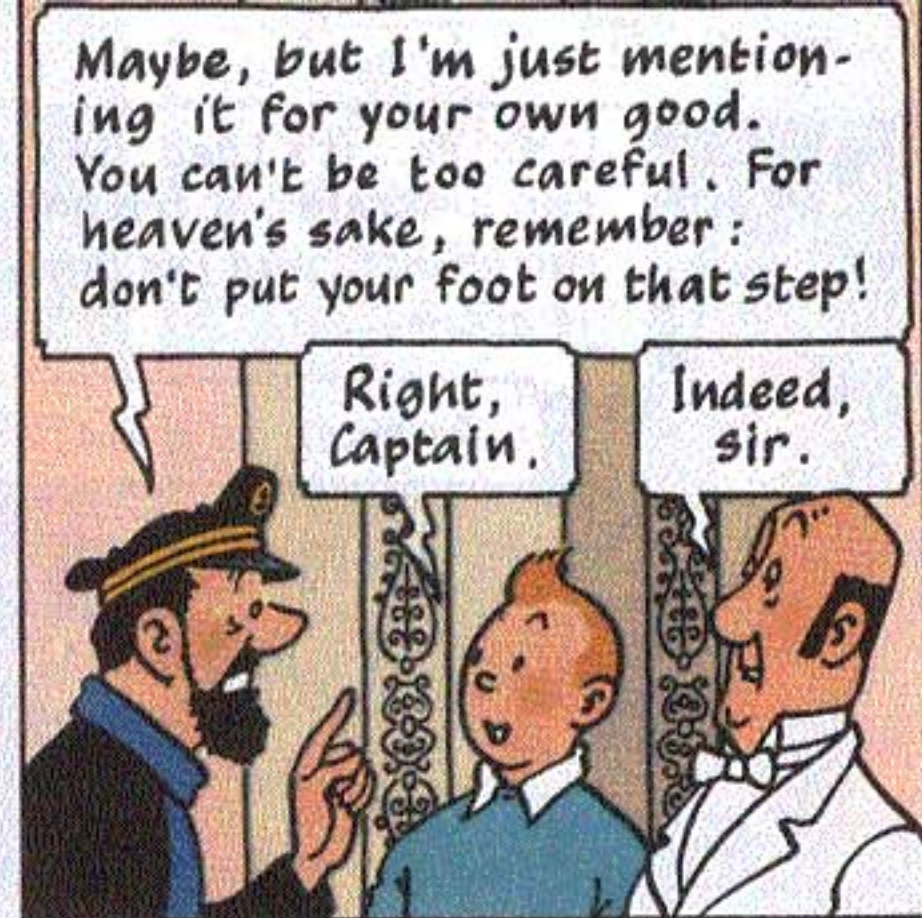


That's wonderful!... Ah, he's put a board across it: to give the mortar time to set. I expect he warned you.



No, he didn't. But it's quite obvious...

Maybe, but I'm just mentioning it for your own good. You can't be too careful. For heaven's sake, remember: don't put your foot on that step!



Right, Captain.

Indeed, sir.

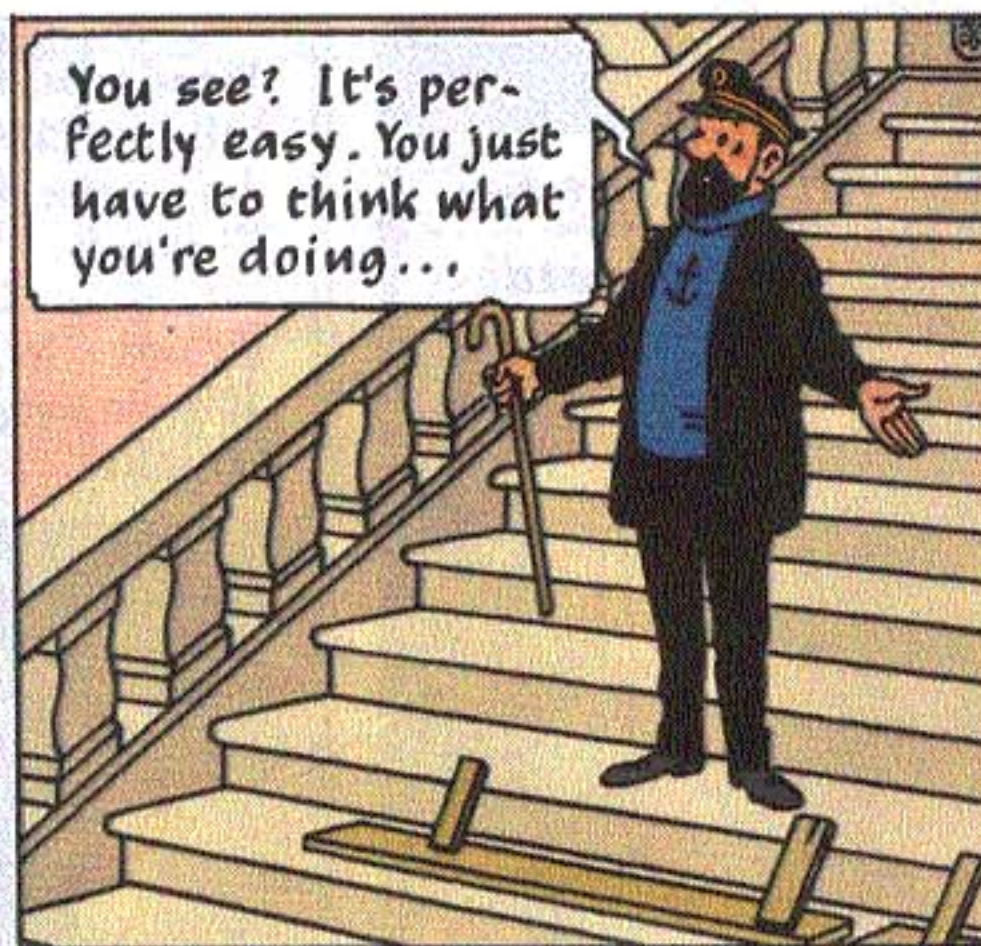
For the next few days you must step over... like tha-a-at! You understand?

Yes, Captain.

Very good, sir.



You see? It's perfectly easy. You just have to think what you're doing...

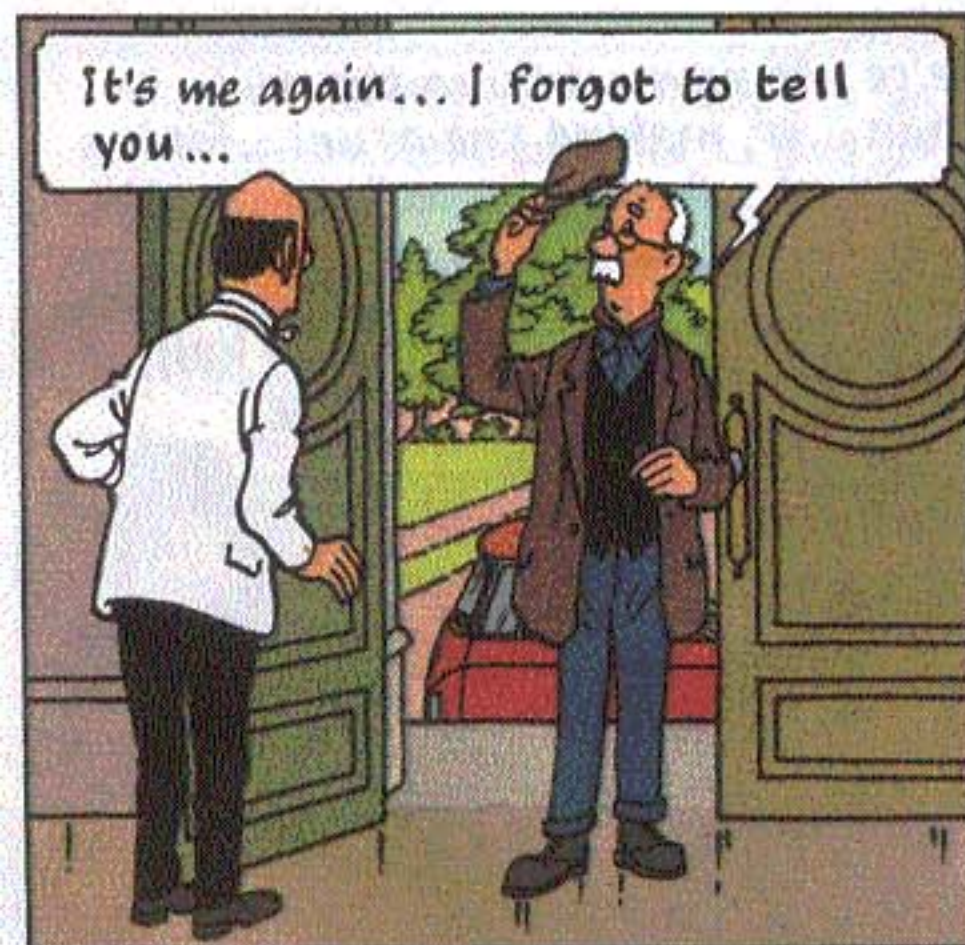


DONG!

Hello... Who's that?



It's me again... I forgot to tell you...



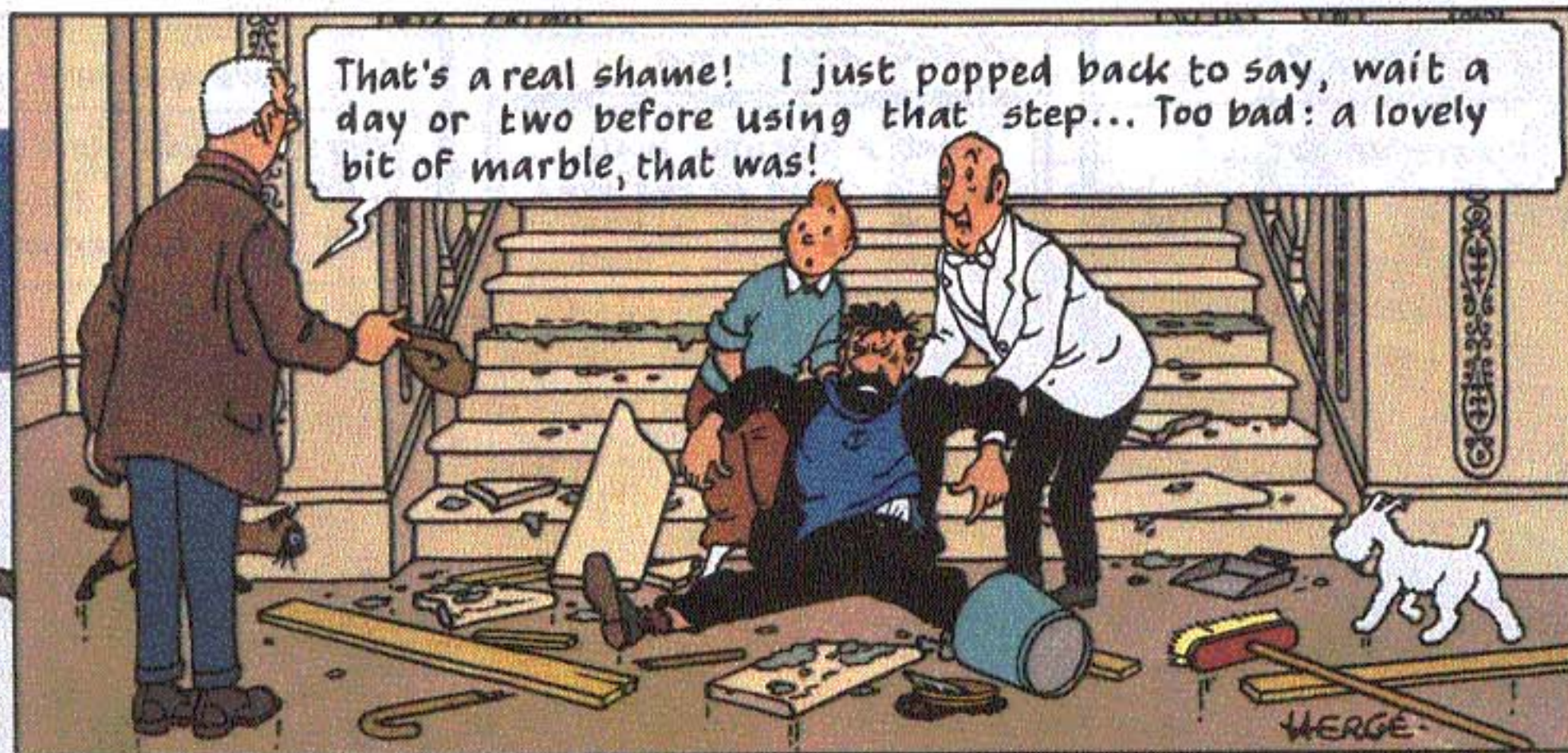
Ah, Mr. Bolt! It was nice of you to come...



TU-WHOO



That's a real shame! I just popped back to say, wait a day or two before using that step... Too bad: a lovely bit of marble, that was!



Chak-chak



Blistering barnacles, that's the end!